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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLUE DENIM—A well-staged account, by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, of the emotional confusions of the younger set. June Walker and Chester Morris are abetted by a number of attractive younger people. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. It probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FIRSTBORN—A verse play by Christopher Fry about Moses' liberation of the Israelites. Scholarly, dignified, and perhaps a little tiresome. Katharine Cornell heads a cast that includes Anthony Quayle, Mildred Natwick, Torin Thatcher, and Michael Wager. Mr. Quayle directed, and Boris Aronson has designed two stunning sets. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

JANE EYRE—A profoundly silly adaptation of the Charlotte Brontë classic, though there is a lively conflagration in it, and, of course, that lunatic in the attic. With Eric Portman, Blanche Yurka, and Jan Brooks. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

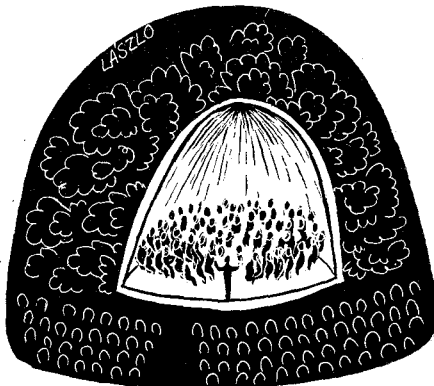
LOOK BACK IN ANGER—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. With Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, Victor Kilian, Arthur Hill, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day.)

SAY, DARLING—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and generally very gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Scharf's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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(Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIME REMEMBERED—Helen Hayes once more shows herself to be incomparable in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

TWO FOR THE SEESAW—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VISIT—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play, in a translation by Maurice Valency, which tells, with frightening impact, of the corruption of a village by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered who seduced her in her youth, and gets the residents of the place to cooperate with her. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, July 5.)

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WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH?—Some droll doings involving Peter Lind Hayes, as a professor who gets mixed up with the F.B.I.; Mary Healy, who plays his wife; and Larry Blyden (temporarily batting for Ray Walston), who is cast as a clumsy Mr. Fixit. The play was written by Norman Krasna, an old hand at this sort of comedy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: Greer Garson now is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. She will be replaced on Monday, June 2, by Beatrice Lillie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

JAMAICA—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is splendid in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH CAPTAIN!—An adaptation of an Alec Guinness film that isn't very subtle in its humor but is still genial. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

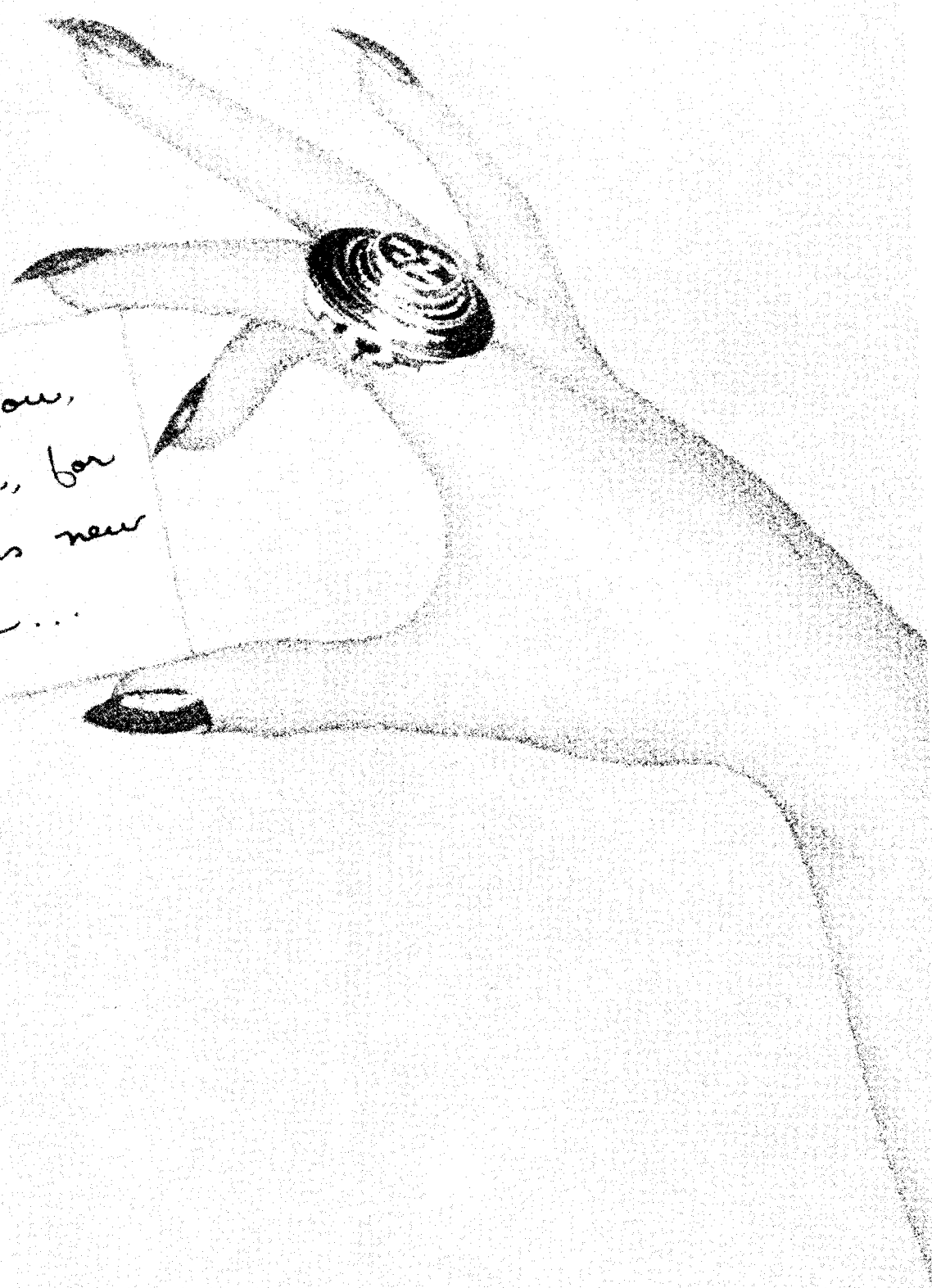
WEST SIDE STORY—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet" and even if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it still makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. With Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. Sydney Chaplin is also in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.) . . . **11' L' ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Wynne Miller, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1: "Aida." . . . Starting Fri-



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a FABERGÉ presentation

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, June 6: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BLOOD WEDDING—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinee Memorial Day at 3.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—Jack Cannon and Arthur Malet in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

COMIC STRIP—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

GARDEN DISTRICT—Two plays—"Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer"—make up this Tennessee Williams double bill. The cast includes Ann Harding and Anne Meacham. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE PHILANDERER—Shaw, with William Landis and Del Tenney. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SIGN OF WINTER—Ettore Rella's verse play, with Elizabeth Farrar and Jay Barney. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Madeline Lee. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

ULYSSES IN NIGHTTOWN—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast, directed by Burgess Meredith, includes Zero Mostel and Beatrice Arthur. Previews Monday through Wednesday, June 2-4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

THE BROKEN DATE—The Ballet-Théâtre Français in Françoise Sagan's ballet, with Toni Lander, Adolfo Andrade, and Noëlle Adam. Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

DANCE DRAMA COMPANY—A company headed by Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, in a program of ballet and modern, ethnic, jazz, and comic dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9123.

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Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is where you can easily become a leisure class, for the main disturbances are Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, and a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon. The sole touch of glitter is the song recital by Betty Bence, a breath of old Broadway. Closed Mondays. ... Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ted Straeter, one of the seven sartorial wonders of this world, presents his richly engraved piano style, his offhand tenor, and his virtuoso dance band from dinnertime on in the Persian Room. He gets an assist from Mark Monte's bouncy quintet. Twice a night, at dinner and supper, the ambient Celeste Holm, who not only keeps her wits about her but maintains them in perfect order, purrs meaningfully at the audience. Closed Sundays. ... The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximilian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. ... Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court, and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, there's music by Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which, in its enthusiasm for audience participation, tries to lure the customers right up onto the bandstand. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where, every night but Sunday, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's minute dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other and Patricia Wilson, one of the season's likeliest debutantes, has her say in a very young voice at dinner and supper, goes on its summer sabbatical at close of business on Wednesday, June 4. Next evening, the Shaws and the Baris climb to the handsome old Roof, where they will estivate

(Sundays excepted) until much further notice.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club, which hasn't so far been recaptured, still murmurs calm dinner music until nine; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, dim and beautiful, is just getting its eyes open for the summer, when the temperature will be kept well above average by the orchestras of Xavier Cugat and Tito Guizar, about as Latin as they come in this country. After the theatre, Abbe Lane, a Latin explanation of why men leave home, starts singing. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Béla Babai orchestra does the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage bumbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Al Mello, a new hand at the game, sits down to the piano at eight. Closed Mondays. ...

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Five is the new opening hour for both bar and music. Closed Thursday through Sunday, May 29-June 1. ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for strings and for sybarites alike. The strings, Teo Fanid's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. ...

RSVP, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The stage set, though enchanting, is too up-to-date to call to mind that adjunct to the Pitti Palace known as the Boboli Gardens, but the cuisine, mood, and management (Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years a mainstay of the Blue Angel) couldn't be more Florentine. A piano discourses decorously from eight until ten-thirty; a tiny revue (only four occupants) lets loose just before midnight. Closed Mondays. ... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the world of drawing-room pianism, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being moody. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course), and



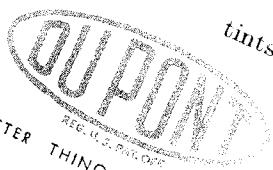


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lots more engines of war. Wandering un-
awed from table to table, Norbert Faconi
and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make
Château Yquem music from dinner through
supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**,
309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures
on the walls are a show in themselves; the
aural amusement comes from Cecil Young's
duo (up-and-at-'em) and Johnnie LaSalle's
quartet (lovelorn). One musician or another
is crooning a good part of the night. Closed
Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sher-
idan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all reso-
lutely Spanish, are restless at night, which
leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music,
mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as
well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th
St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in
an elegant new flowering, and offering an old
Spanish mixture—provencher and wine of the
country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and
song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays.
... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382):
The blue Danube, drifting as gently as the
sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate
surroundings. The instrumentation runs to
zimbabons and violins and sopranos, the
nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed
Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly
Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brevin, whose file
case bulges with good old musical-comedy
tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly
rumbled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music
Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Mac-
dougall St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and
not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an
ample supply of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**,
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600):
George Feyer, the social lion of the premises,
does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals be-
tween eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The
room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sun-
days. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL
1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of
an enterprise devoted to making life easy for
bon-vivants, rambles over the piano in a
manner indicating that he's now veering from
Old World toward a more 1958 concept. He
operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sun-
days. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st
St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of
oak panelling, there's desultory, easy-to-talk-
above piano from five-thirty to eight, and
from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but
Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at
79th St. (TR 9-8113): What is probably a
tiny Italian opera company that has lost its
way strolls down the aisles in mid-evening,
and violins flow like wine from dinnertime on.
The setting could be carnival in Venice.
Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave.
at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size
bar of the Stanhope Hotel and a study in
cool modern décor. From nine to twelve
every night but Monday, the guitar of Fer-
nando Sirvent, which is yearning, burning
Andalusian, is in charge.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48th St. (CI 6-1737):
Johnnie Ray, evangelist plenipotentiary, is a
versatile boy, either walking his baby back
home or walking and talking with his (and
presumably our) Lord. It's hypnotic stuff,
like the showgirls, the clowns, the tumblers,
the dancers, the homemade rainstorm, the
flying bird cages, and the whatnot of a
gallimaufry that takes two hours to pass a
given point. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998):
A pair of jokers good enough to open any

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

game—George Matson, whose pantomime
commentary on womanhood (present company
excepted) is outrageous and funny in approx-
imately equal measure, and Shelley Berman,
whose conversational duels with a wholly
imaginary mouthpiece prove that a telephone
line is not the shortest distance between two
points. Michelle Laura, willowy and French,
gives native tongue to a few ballads; Randy
Sparks, a newcomer from the West Coast,
sings songs of the hills and the backwoods.
Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio (Jim Raney,
who's a *Down Beat* medallist, and Beverly
Peer are his colleagues) and the piano of
Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for
all concerned. . . . Except on Sundays, Alex
Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and
dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where,
every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M.,
there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by
the Lyons group. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth
Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an
art form lately smothered to death by the
sheer weight of its own trappings, has here
been revived by a new miracle drug—humor.
It involves a quartet of engaging but not
altogether innocent little lambs (Ceil Cabot,
Jenny Lou Law, Gerry Matthews, and Jean
Arnold) and a new but nevertheless very
knowing big bad wolf (Mickey Deems).
The architect of this project is Julius Monk;
its rascally words and music come from
Ronny Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon
Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, Mr.
Deems, and Bud Redding; the orchestration
comes from the twin pianos of Arthur Siegel
and Carl Norman. Nine-thirty and twelve
are the zero hours; Sunday is the holiday. . . .
UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, Sixth Ave. at 51st
St. (CI 5-9465): The anteroom of the Down-
stairs Room, and also within the domain of
Julius Monk. Its design—the whiling away
of idle hours—is served by Isobel Robins,
a pale-gold troupiol whose evensong is laden
with pique, piquancy, and a couple of tender
passions; Ralph Strain, playing piano that
is well versed in the Romance languages;
and Warren Vaughn, a keyboard man who
ranges from sentiment to jump-for-joy.
Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth
Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar,
Joey Carter, who finds jokes everywhere,
even under spreading chestnut trees, is re-
tailing them in bland fashion. There's
also lots of piano by Bob Downey and
Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the
inn. Mr. Carter is off Sundays, when old
movies are added; Mondays, amateur tal-
ent has its brief moment. . . . **BAQ ROOM**,
1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107):
The whole thing, tucked away behind
the sort of jaunty Midtown Café, is prob-
ably something out of a dream, but the
amusement—the straightforward, healthy
ditties of a waif named Janice Mars and the
piano of the composer Baldwin Bergerson—is
as real as can be. All quiet Sundays. . . .
SHOWPLACE, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Pos-
sibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in
town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs
but large enough to house a revue in which
four young people are involved. The words
don't always distinguish between satire
and cliché, but the average is well above
the passing mark, and in Fia Karin the
establishment owns a balladeer of distinc-

tion. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eleven-
thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at ten and
twelve, Sundays at five-thirty and ten; closed
Mondays.

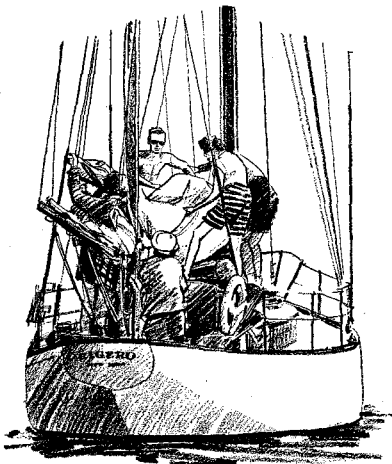
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550):
Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's
new and handsome place of business are Rex
Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder,
Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gas-
kin, and (whenever the moon is in the right
quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between
sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of
the Condon hierarchy, leads his trio (in which
Mousie Alexander operates) into action. The
speech pattern is distinctly Early American.
Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178
Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355):
Anita O'Day, an incredibly glib freehand
singer, and the trio of Mose Allison, a young
and resolute futurist, have the floor. There
are matinées Sundays as well as evening
performances, and the place is closed
Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St.
(PL 8-0310): The quartet run by Joe
Bushkin and the trio run by Teddy Wilson,
who are both stylists in their own right,
finish up on Saturday, May 31; the quartet
belonging to Tyree Glenn, a puissant winder
of horns, arrives on Monday, June 2, and so
does Steve Allen, a television pianist who's
courageously moving up into pretty fast com-
pany; i.e., the quintet operated by Terry
Gibbs and including Mundell Lowe. Their
base of operations is a hyperthyroid King
Arthur's court. On Sundays, by the way,
when the regulars take a holiday, other
musicians move in. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W.
52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney
de Paris, for whom the world stopped back
around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully
as possible the music of that long-ago sphere.
They are assisted in this memory course
by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber
Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pian-
ist. The place is shut Sundays. Monday, June
2, a jazz band from Franklin and Marshall
College will be among the house guests. . . .
THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683):
Billy Taylor, whose twenty fingers (no
thumbs) can do a four-minute mile with ease,
dominates his trio, the back room, and one or
two annals of modern music. He occasionally
eases off with a solo in the left hand. John
Bunch, a pianist who specializes in the right
hand and the upper reaches of the treble clef,
has a threesome on duty, too. The Bunches
are away on Sundays; the Taylors are off Mon-
days. Every night except Sunday, Johnny
Mehegan plays truly introspective piano from
the cocktail hour until nine. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678
Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The
forest primeval, alive at night with sounds
that are not always identifiable. In a byway,
Chico Hamilton's muscular quintet, J. J.
Johnson's eurythmic fivesome, and Johnny
Smith's close-order quartet think up episodes
not to be found in any ordinary book of dreams.
There are jam sessions Mondays, when the
regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY
HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside
the oval bar, after nine-thirty, there's music
every night but Monday. You need a swizzle
stick to get all the bubbles out of the dithy-
rambs of Don Shirley, an incredibly dexter-
ous keyboard technician, who, flanked by two
bassists, plays rhapsodies in blue, cerise, ma-
genta, and pistachio. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave.
S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus
is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which
has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions

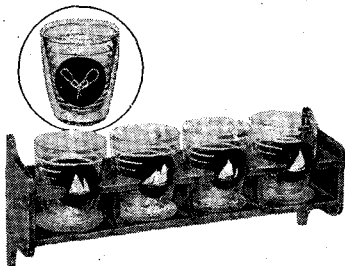


A&F



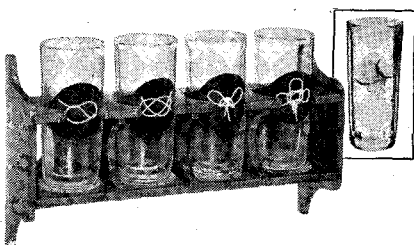
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . .
METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The hurricane warning is always prominently displayed, and with reason. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such Dixiecrats as Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music to shiver timbers by, done in primordial style. On Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, the housewreckers should include Tyree Glenn, Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Eddie Barefield, Pee Wee Erwin, Herb Fleming, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): If people would only stop talking, they'd discover that the trios of Dorothy Donegan and Stan Freeman are in residence. Both leaders are pianists, she in the manner of a champion lady wrestler, he in the manner of a concert musician turned progressive. The music begins around nine. The Freeman outfit goes on furlough as of Saturday, May 31; a threesome headed by Eugene Smith, on whose aptitudes there are no advance reports, reports for duty on Monday, June 2. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Any resemblance between this small planet and the one the rest of us live in is coincidental. At the moment, Gigi Gryce's quintet and Eddie Costa's trio, which can function in its rarefied atmosphere, should be around. The Costas move out on Sunday, June 1; Bobby Scott, fourth-dimensional pianist and fifth-dimensional conversationalist, checks in on Monday, June 2. Sundays, the doors open at five; nothing doing Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Charlie Mingus, a man with unfixed ideas about many aspects of the music of tomorrow, is wending its experimental way through many a flatted fifth and diminished ninth. This difficult assignment will be assumed on Thursday, June 5, by a quartet in which Lee Konitz and his old co-worker and tenor-sax man Warne Marsh are concerned. Sundays, the wending runs from six until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, which comes from a new world not yet completely explored. Randy Weston's quintet turns it out (or inside out) every night but Monday, when Mal Waldron's band does the housework. . . . **GOthic ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice sometimes joins in. Closed Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES DEMUTH—Water colors mostly; through Friday, June 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

LEE GATCH—Recent oils; through June 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by a noted Swiss-Italian artist; through Saturday, May 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

RUTH GIKOW—Circus subjects and other paintings; through Friday, June 6. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, except

Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Abstract oils and drawings; through Saturday, May 31. (Widdfield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

ROBERT KABAK—Neatly patterned abstract paintings, many of them nocturnal in mood; through Thursday, May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—New Abstract Expressionist paintings; through June 14. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

WALTER MEIGS—Abstract oils; through Thursday, May 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Street crowds and other city scenes, done in soft, shadowy tonalities; through Saturday, May 31. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and architectural photographs and models by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of this year's Academy and Institute awards, including Abraham Rattner, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, Jean de Marco, Henry R. Shepley, and Edward D. Stone; through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOWS—At the BRATA, 89 E. 10th St.: Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, Ibram Lassaw, and others of the New Sculpture Group; through June 20. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . 48 W. 10TH ST.: The third biennial showing in this Village garden. The dozen participants include Jacques Lipchitz, Hugo Robus, and Helena Simkhovitch; through June 8. (Daily, 2 to 6.)

ENGLISH SPORTING PAINTINGS—Works by J. N. Sartorius, John Wootton, Alfred Munnings, and others; through June 13. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

THE DAWN OF HISTORY: 1500-200 B.C.—An exhibition of some of the earliest sculptures found in the Americas, chiefly in Mexico; through Saturday, May 31. (Enmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, Herman Rose, and Moses Soyer; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A painting apiece by a number of artists, including Harold Baumbach, Geoffrey Holder, and Ralph Rosenborg; through June 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Oils by Landes Lewitin, Michael Loew, Esteban Vicente, and Adja Yunkers; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: 1865-1925 paintings by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Child Hassam, and George Bellows; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May offering consists of about fifty-five paintings selected by John Koch, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Botkin; through Thursday, May 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.) . . . **WILLARD**, 27 W. 56th St.: Lyonel Feininger, Mark Tobey, and Richard Lippold are three of the painters and sculptors in this gallery-group show; through Saturday, June 7. (Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: Eleven Europeans (including Jean Arp and Giorgio de Chirico)





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First Place for Performance



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and one American (Jackson Pollock) in a showing of paintings dated 1910-50; through June 14. (Thursdays, May 29, from 11 to 6. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31; thereafter weekdays, 2 to 6.)... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Botkin, André Lansky, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 60th St.: Drawings by, among others, Harold Altman, Marsden Hartley, Karel Appel, and Picasso; through Thursday, May 29... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Utrillo, Vlaminck, Archipenko, and other modern masters; through June 13. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such German artists as Willi Baumeister, Emil Nolde, and Hans Uhlmann in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Thursday through Monday, May 29-June 2.)... **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Four Paris painters—Serpan, Sugai, Dubuffet, and Zao Wou-ki; through Thursday, May 29. **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: A review of the season, consisting of paintings by Klee, Miró, Léger, and others; through June 28... **TRETYAKOV**, 11 E. 57th St.: Large academic paintings by a group of Russians, mostly of the nineteenth century and interesting for the view they give of life under the Czars; through June 20. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5:30.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57th St.: Katherine Barieau; starting Monday, June 2... **Group shows** at the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Closed Saturdays.) **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Closed Saturdays.) **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; starting Monday, June 2. (Closed Saturdays.) **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Closed Saturdays.) **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Closed Saturdays.) **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, June 2. **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.; starting Wednesday, June 4. (Weekdays, 1 to 5.) **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Closed Saturdays.) **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.; starting Tuesday, June 3.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 29.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Panoramic views of European and Near Eastern cities, as they appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, make up a travelling exhibition of prints from the Swedish Royal Library, in Stockholm; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of the Cubist artist Juan Gris; through Sunday, June 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7; Memorial Day, 11 to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29... **Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs** of the Brooklyn Bridge by Child Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27... **Paintings, sculptures, and graphics** by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Léger, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of the works of Zvi Gali, an Israeli artist. Included are oil and encaustic paint-

ings (Biblical themes, Israeli scenes, and abstractions), ceramics, and tiles. Through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 20 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred items (furniture, textiles, tapestries, silver, ceramics, stained glass, and so forth) by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards during the past ten years. After Sunday, June 1, the Museum will be closed until Friday, June 13, when there will be a new show. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, in bronze, wood, and so on; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, among others, George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; through June 15. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Maximilian Pilzer conducting, with Beatrice Krebs, contralto. (Central Park Mall. Friday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader)... Yankees vs. Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, June 2-3, at 8; Wednesday, June 4, at 2; and Thursday, June 5, at 1:30 (doubleheader)... Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 6, at 8, and Saturday, June 7, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 7.)

GOLF—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J., and Westchester Country Club, Rye. Monday, June 2)... United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Tuesday through Friday, June 3-6.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, May 29-31)... Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 1)... Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. Friday through Sunday, June 6-8.)

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S LIFEBOAT RACE—Around a dozen crews from American, Swedish, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 100th and 80th Streets, Brooklyn. (Friday, May 30. First heat at 12:30.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Carter Handicap, Friday, May 30; the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, May 31; the Juvenile, Monday, June 2; the Top Flight Handicap, Wednesday, June 4; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays and Memorial Day between 10:30 and 1:25)... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, May 31. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:15 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia)... NEW WOODBINE PARK, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 7.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Road Race Center, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1, at 2.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays, except Memorial Day, at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays and Memorial Day at 6:35 and 7:10)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Sara-

toga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 5, through Saturday, Aug. 23.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAY—"Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.)

PUPPETS—The Victoria Puppet Players presenting "Barney, the Forgetful Pirate," plus two puppet films. (New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 31, at 11 and 2. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—A new crop of lambs, ducks, piglets, kittens, rabbits, and such are on hand to be petted and admired by the little ones. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art; through June 29. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty paintings and drawings by European children, ranging in age from eight to seventeen; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 9, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS—Original manuscripts and related material by newly elected members of, and winners of this year's awards from, the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Edith Hamilton, Kay Boyle, Robert M. Coates, Arthur Miller, S. J. Perelman, Robert Graves, and William Maxwell. Through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including two leaves from the Spanish Antiphonary; a landscape drawing by Fra Bartolommeo; an indulgence printed by William Caxton; and autograph letters and manuscripts by such authors as Christina Rossetti, Rudyard Kipling, and D. H. Lawrence. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, at 1:45: Garden and terrace sculpture, furniture, and decorative objects; from the estate of Cornelius F. Kelley and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, May 29, and Tuesday through Thursday, June 3-5, from 10 to 5.)

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 3, and Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, Wednesday, June 4.



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OUR LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTWEAR
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Check Odd Jacket* that is unusually lightweight.
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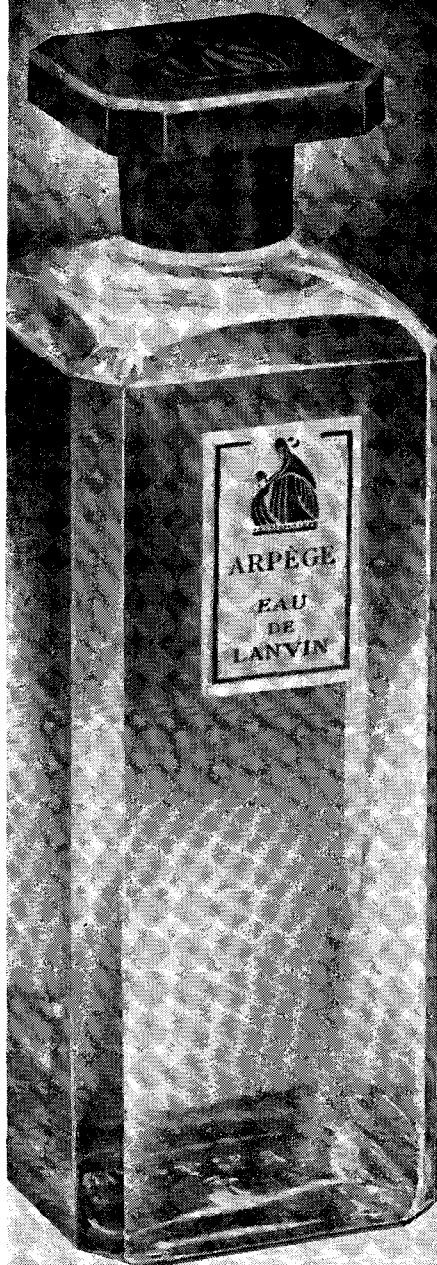
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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. The piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Memorial Day, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS—René Clair's funny and tender sketch of a denizen of a low area in Paris who discovers some sort of meaning to his life when he takes over the care and feeding of a criminal. Pierre Brasseur is wonderful in the leading role, and the support he gets from Henri Vidal and Dany Carrel is substantial indeed. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 30.)

GIGI—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the film is a handsome affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

ROUGE ET NOIR—A blurred version of the Sten-

dhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, with Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor in the cast. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 4.)

THE BRAVE BULLS (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 4.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 4.)

LUST FOR LIFE (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 1-3, tentative.)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 31.)

THE SILENT WORLD (1956)—Life underwater, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau. A French film, with an English narration. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 29.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Memorial Day at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing, Michael Gough.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"No Time for Sergeants," Andy Griffith, Myron McCormick.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 4: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi, Suzy Parker.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)

"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30; no reserved seats.)

ROYALE, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)

May 29: "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
From May 30: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens, Rod Steiger.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)

May 29: "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger; and "Nana" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Charles Boyer.

From May 30: "Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patissou, Anne Vernon.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 4 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 125 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 3 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
From June 4 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

LExINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 4: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 3: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.
From June 4: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 3 (tentative): "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.
From June 4 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 4: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-9468)
Through May 31 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
From June 1: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 31 (tentative): "Bed of Grass" (in Greek), Anna Brazzou; and "08/15," Joachim Fuchsberger.
June 1-3 (tentative): "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.
From June 4 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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1	2	3	4			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Through June 3: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

From June 4: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

WEST SIDE

WAVELY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 31: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.
June 1-3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From June 4: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 31 (tentative): "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.
June 1-3 (tentative): LUST FOR LIFE, revival.
From June 4 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 4 (tentative): "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 31: PRIVATE'S PROGRESS, revival; and "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
June 1-3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From June 4: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 3: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and

"Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

From June 4: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
May 29: THE SILENT WORLD, revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
May 30-31: "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Valerie," Sterling Hayden, Anita Ekberg.
June 1: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Apache," revival, Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters.
June 2-3: "Prince of Players," revival, Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara; and "The Virgin Queen," revival, Bette Davis, Richard Todd.
From June 4: BEAT THE DEVIL, revival; and THE BRAVE BULLS, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: KING SOLOMON'S MINES, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 29: "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noël; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From May 30: GATES OF PARIS (in French); and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 3: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.
From June 4: KING SOLOMON'S MINES, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 3: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.
From June 4: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through June 3: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.
From June 4: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.



"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock"

What makes Rolls-Royce the best car in the world? "There is really no magic about it — it is merely patient attention to detail," says an eminent Rolls-Royce engineer.

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2. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for seven hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is test-driven for hundreds of miles over varying road surfaces.

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4. The car has power steering, power brakes and automatic gear-shift. It is very easy to drive and to park. No chauffeur required.

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6. The finished car spends a week in the final test-shop, being fine-tuned. Here it is subjected to 98 separate ordeals. For example, the engineers use a stethoscope to listen for axle-whine.

7. The Rolls-Royce is guaranteed for three years. With a new network of dealers and parts-depots from Coast to Coast, service is no problem.

8. The Rolls-Royce radiator has never changed, except that when Sir Henry Royce died in 1933 the monogram RR was changed from red to black.

9. The coachwork is given five coats of primer paint, and hand rubbed between each coat, before fourteen coats of finishing paint go on.

10. By moving a switch on the steering column, you can adjust the shock-

absorbers to suit road conditions. (The lack of fatigue in driving this car is remarkable.)

11. Another switch defrosts the rear window, by heating a network of 1360 invisible wires in the glass. There are two separate ventilating systems, so that you can ride in comfort and silence with all the windows closed. Air conditioning is optional.

12. The seats are upholstered with eight hides of English leather—enough to make 128 pairs of soft shoes.

13. A picnic table, veneered in French walnut, slides out from under the dash. Two more swing out behind the front seats. The backrests on the front seats are individually adjustable.

14. You can get such optional extras as an Espresso coffee-making machine,

a dictating machine, a bed, hot and cold water for washing, an electric razor or a telephone.

15. You can lubricate the entire chassis by simply pushing a pedal from the driver's seat. A gauge on the dash shows the level of oil in the crankcase.

16. Gasoline consumption is remarkably low and there is no need to use premium gas; a happy economy.

17. There are two separate systems of power brakes, hydraulic and mechanical. The Rolls-Royce is a very safe car—and also a very lively car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.

18. Rolls-Royce engineers make periodic visits to inspect owners' motor cars and advise on service.

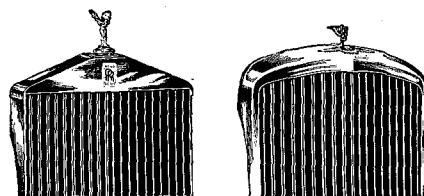
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Certain airlines have chosen Rolls-Royce turbo-jets for their Boeing 707's and Douglas DC8's. Rolls-Royce prop-jets are in the Vickers Viscount, the Fairchild F.27 and the Grumman Gulfstream.

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Rolls-Royce now employ 42,000 people and the company's engineering experience does not stop at motor cars and jet engines. There are Rolls-Royce diesel and gasoline engines for many other applications.

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ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY

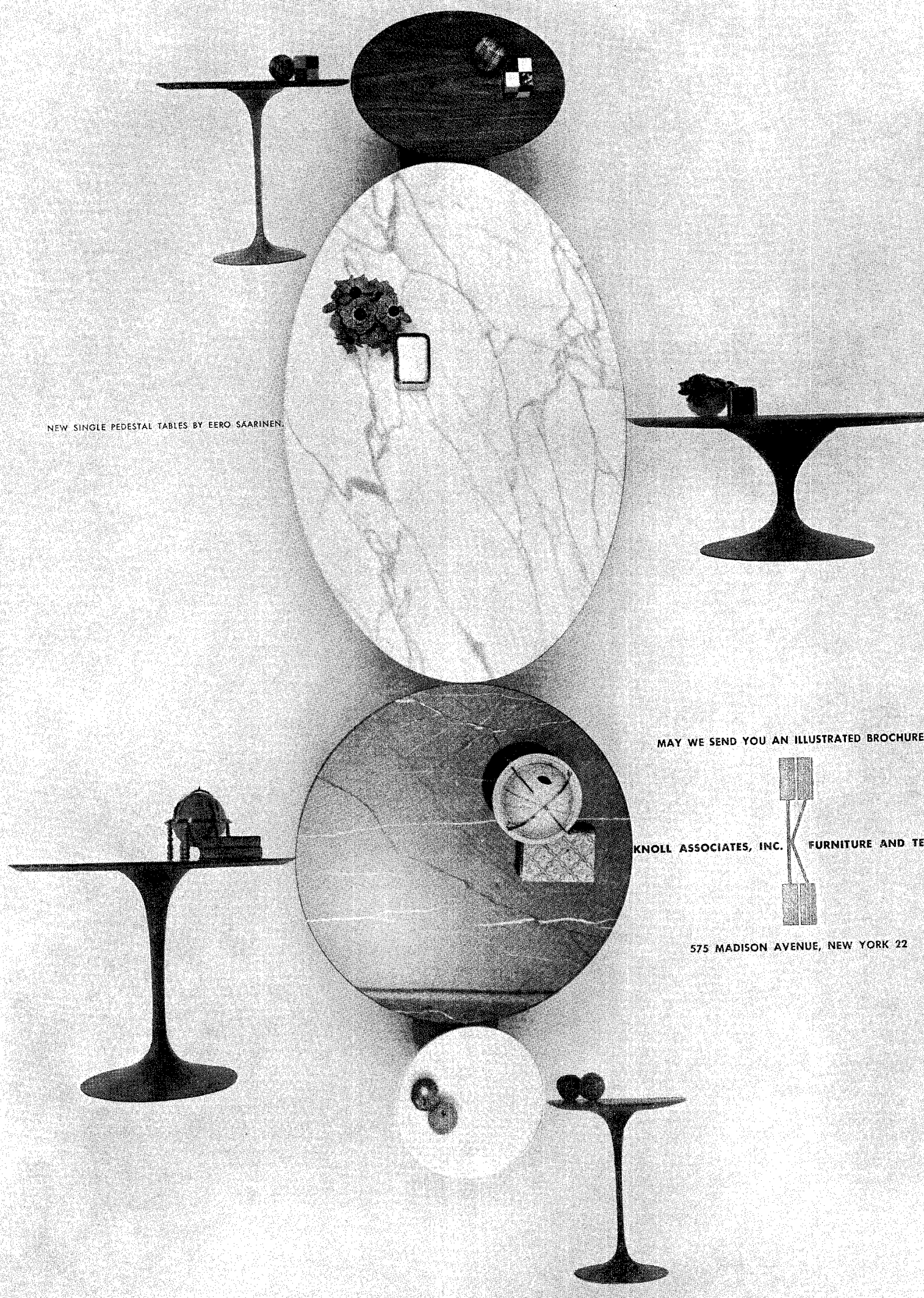
19. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiators, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. The Bentley costs \$300 less, because its radiator is simpler to make. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The car illustrated in this advertisement—f.o.b. principal ports of entry—costs \$13,550.

If you would like the rewarding experience of driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone to one of the dealers listed on page 54. Rolls-Royce Inc., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, Circle 5-1144.



THE VILLAGE GROCER



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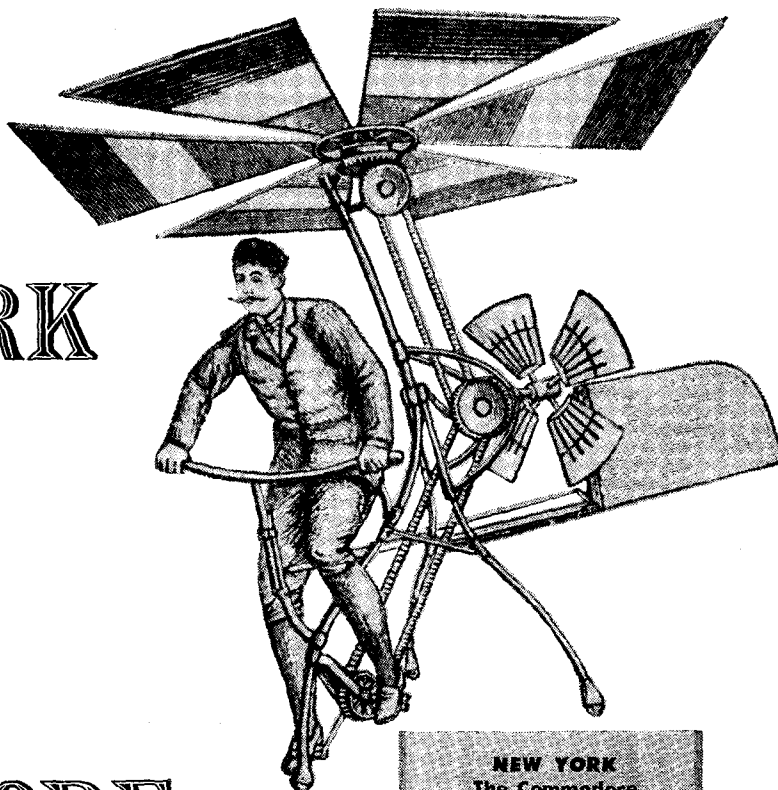
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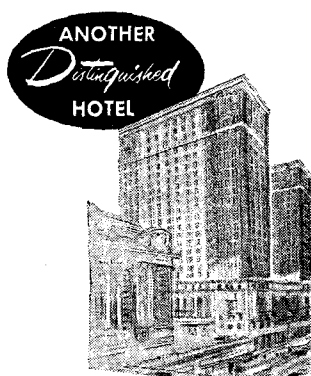
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WELLADAY! Eureka! O Gemini! Etc.! Homo Sapiens has homered again. After years of toying with fission, Freud and filters, Man has finally put his noggin to the grindstone and cranked forth A Miracle. The genuine, money-back article. A successor to the Sacred Ibis. In the flesh.

(Attention Fledgeling Ornithologists: Sacred Ibis, or Threskiornis Aethiopica; a feathered vertebrate of the Heron family. Worshipped by the Egyptians back when Anthony and Cleopatra were playing tag around the Sphinx.)

Particulars of this phenomena? Both intriguing and absorbing. A new breed of Bird of Paradise known as the Bristol Britannia. (Otherwise venerated as the "Whispering Giant.") First jet-age giant to serve the U.S. A mighty new jet-prop airliner—larger, faster, smoother, quieter, and other such unavoidable superlatives. Current deity of an overflow following throughout five continents.

And no wonder. As a flying vessel she's quite unique, deserving of prolonged oration. But not in The New Yorker. (They're quite tacky about drumbeating, horn-toting and other such commercialistic clamor. Jolly well right, too. Not only bad form—strictly infra-dig.)

Still, minimum claim our lawyers will allow is "Magnificent." A bit threadbare perhaps, but as the grey-flannel set say, at least worth running up the flagpole.

For one thing, you'll find the Britannia's pace magnificent we're sure. Loafs along at seven-league speed of seven miles a minute. Shows a fleet pair of heels to all other airliners.



Odzookens! A successor at last to the Sacred Ibis!

From New York you can laze non-stop to sunny Mexico City, arrive over an hour quicker courtesy of Aeronaves de Mexico. Or pop over to your local British pub for a quiet evening of darts and ale. BOAC Britannias cut hours off the transatlantic run . . . regaling you aloft with Elizabethan comforts, beefeater cuisine and other suitably blue-blooded delights.

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Lastly, if you are fed with convention and crave the uncommon, salve your Id with a romantic excursion. (Remember Stanley & Livingstone, Marco Polo, Walter Mitty.) Hasten to the Great Pacific Northwest, board a Canadian Pacific Britannia, traverse the exotic Polar Route to Europe. You'll feel right on top of the world, and comfy as can be.

Wherever your shoes are pointed, you're bound to put your best brogue forward by boarding a Britannia. It's such a peaceful, remarkably pleasant way to travel.

No jarring propeller-throb. No frazzling piston-vibration. The engines purr, harmonizing a languid lullaby (i.e., no rock 'n roll). The total effect is esthetically soothing and church-like. Atmospherically perfect for soul-searching, brain-storming, contemplative soliloquizing and such.

Smooth? The Britannia puts you on velvet. It's more like soaring than flying. No pitch, sway or piston-roughness. No weather worries either.

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A final word of friendly caution. The Britannia is remarkably luxurious. So much so that several passengers have refused to debark at journey's end.

Regrettably, only a show of force by the local constabulary has assured their removal. (Even this failed in the case of one elderly, and most irascible, Scottish lady whose knitting-needles wounded three constables in the course of a two-hour conflict centering on her eviction. She is orbiting to date and enjoying it hugely. The militia have been alerted for her next arrival.)



Hence, please prepare yourself for the Britannia's splendors. Among them, a wide, lofty, air conditioned cabin. Panoramic picture-windows. Thick-pile carpets and reclining airfoam seats. Stunning décor. Elegant trappings. Superb service. Banquet delicacies to titillate gourmet and gourmand.

Even the ozone is pure nectar. A unique system of humidity-control keeps it sweet, fresh and crystal clear.

A word to the worldly should be sufficient. But just in case, fortify your conclusions with this garnering of globular reaction to Britannia flights:

Egyptian Ornithologist: "Flies rings around the Sacred Ibis!" Tea Taster: "Wonderful lift." First Violinist: "A virtuoso!" Second Fiddle: "Magnificent tone." Soap Executive: "It floats!" Field Marshal: "Room for an army." Old Etonian: "Whacking good show!" Brigitt Bardoh: "36—24—36."

The World's Most Relaxing Way to Travel

NEW JET-PROP

BRISTOL

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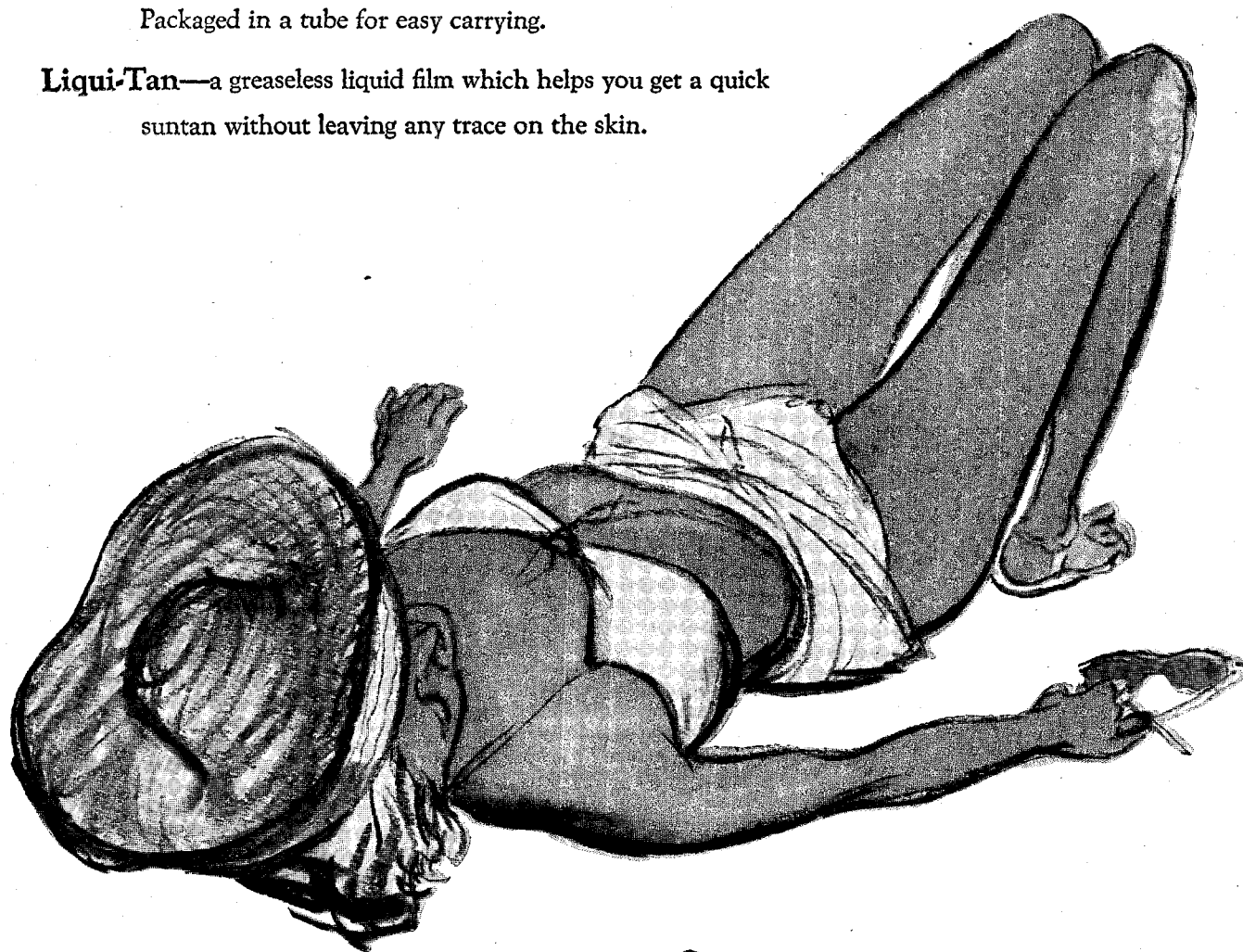
Bristol Aircraft Ltd.—The Bristol Aeroplane Co.
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*Monteil's suggestions
for a summer without burn*

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft greaseless film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Super-Sol—a subtly scented greaseless cream which disappears entirely into the skin, leaving a dry powdery surface for a more gradual tanning. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Liqui-Tan—a greaseless liquid film which helps you get a quick suntan without leaving any trace on the skin.



Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ZOOLOGICAL NOTE: A correspondent of ours in Washington, a lover of wildlife, tells us that he has become particularly attached to two squirrels down there, one in the White House grounds, the other in the Treasury Department garden. The squirrel in the White House grounds accepts peanut after peanut, shells each one, and eats it then and there. The squirrel in the Treasury garden invariably takes the first peanut; runs up a tree, and drops it down a hole before returning to accept, shell, and eat the rest.

WE were curiously heartened the other day to see in the *Times* that a so-called space-age clock, an instrument capable of measuring time to the nearest three-hundred-billionth of a second, and essential to our Army Signal Research and Development Laboratory, in New Jersey, was "so delicate that a messenger had to carry it on his lap from London." We read on, delighted, and learned that the messenger, a young man by the name of Roy Pook, had had to stay awake during



his entire transatlantic flight to make sure that his indispensable lap was keeping the space-age clock from being jarred. It was an account that left us with a sense of self-esteem. Perhaps, we thought as we put the newspaper aside, the human race is not destined to play second fiddle to its own cleverness after all. What a comedown for gadgetry, and how inspiring to all of us, for the space age, that concocted future of ours, to be compelled to find its safety in the same cushioned haven sought by sorrowing children, and happy ones, too. Mr. Pook's mission clearly demonstrates

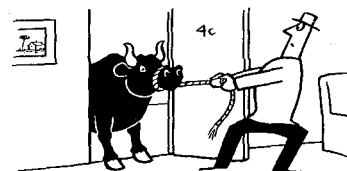
that the space age is our baby and not we its.

WE have never been able to comprehend much of the talk about business cycles, but societal cycles are in our line, and we think maybe we can place the exact moment at which the country's feverish rush to resurrect the nineteen-twenties reached its climax. It was not, we'd say, when Herbert Hoover repeated a speech he'd made thirty years ago, or when the raccoon coat had its flurry, or even when women on all sides turned up in the same clothes they were wearing in 1928—or, more accurately, in brand-new versions of the old glad rags. It was, rather, at three-fifteen last Friday afternoon, when we saw, strolling down Fifth Avenue in the Forties, a boulevardier whose attire was surmounted by a brown derby. Nobody but us gave him a second glance.

Stanley in Arkansas

OUR man Stanley, who has been spending a few days in Arkansas—only six hours from LaGuardia, including stops at Washington, Nashville, and Memphis, he says—showed up at the office the other morning, talking, as usual, but not about Governor Faubus, as we had expected he would. "I got interested in a new phase of the color problem," he said. "Santa Gertrudis cattle are a deep cherry red, a color that is supposed to discourage flies and other stinging insects. Unstung, they remain placid, profit by their food, put on a hundred pounds a month, and can live on sticks and stones, drink the dew, and resist heat four degrees beyond boiling point, after which they grow their own horseradish sauce. They are immune to cattle fevers and can be easily halter-broken to be led about by any child their own size. They were developed from a three-eighths-Brahma, five-eighths-Shorthorn cross." He pronounced the first breed "Brayma," like a true taurophile. "They stand heat so well because

they sweat. That's the Brahma in them. They and the Brahma are the only breeds that do. They go eleven hundred pounds at one year old. The reason the calves grow so fast is the cows give so much milk. That's the Shorthorn in them. Saw a two-year-old bull went an even ton; would have brought one home, but it would have been too big



for a New York apartment, even on the West Side. A fairly good bull sells for the price of a full-grown Cadillac."

We had never thought of Stanley as an aficionado, but there is a steady public for stories about *toros*, so we told him to sit down and type out his notes on this Arkansas *corrida*, or barbecue, or whatever it was, where he had seen the bulls. Returning after the time it would take a Santa Gertrudis to put on three-quarters of a pound, he supplied us with the following narrative:

"Have always been interested in stories about bulls, beginning with Theseus and the Minotaur, Europa, Reginald Front de Bœuf (in 'Ivanhoe'), Rudolph Valentino (in 'Blood and Sand'), Geraldine Farrar (in 'Carmen'), and then, as I matured, going on to 'Death in the Afternoon,' 'The Sun Also Rises,' 'The Brave Bulls,' 'Git Along, Little Dogie,' and so on. Have no patience with writers like Honor Tracy, who once called bullfight scribes 'toreabores.' Also interested in rich people. So when informed in Little Rock by friend Harry Ashmore, the editor, that Winthrop Rockefeller was holding first sale of homebred Santa Gertrudis cattle at Winrock Farm, on top Petit Jean Mountain, Morrilton, Conway County, Arkansas, was glad to go, on condition Ashmore drove.

"Winrock sixty-five miles northwest of Little Rock and pretty drive; coun-

try all the way except for main street of Perryville, 'Pop. 674' (read it off sign), seat of Perry County. 'Minnows for sale in Perryville,' read off next-biggest sign. Couldn't read more signs, because already out of Perryville. Landscape hilly, piny, rising steadily but not fast.

"Petit Jean Mountain is what would be called mesa farther west—only 1,100 feet high but looks higher. Flat top, like pool table, now, but had bumps on it when Rockefeller engineers tackled it five years ago, Ashmore told me. Winrock Farm attractive little place—only a thousand acres but well equipped. More Rockefeller land in valley below, called Rockwin Farm. Grass in pastures by road high and green; this has been rainy spring in Arkansas. Petit Jean hot and dry in summer, though. At first, engineers had to pipe and pump water from river eight hundred and fifty feet below to keep grass growing, but now have constructed two artificial lakes that hold moisture on mountaintop. Fields divided by fences of apparently silver rails; on closer look, proved to be oil pipes covered with silver paint.

"Arkansans arriving by car from as far as El Dorado and Texarkana. License plates: 'Arkansas—Land of Opportunity.' Heavy traffic on road up Petit Jean, mostly sightseers. Serious bidders already arrived by plane, Ashmore said; twelve planeloads supposed to have come into airport at foot of mountain. Master of Winrock built airport, then presented it to State of Arkansas. Had free beer at Winrock bunkhouse. Yellow cretonne bedspreads on bunks. Some bunkhouse! Got sale catalogue. Bulls and heifers listed by sale number, Winrock herd number, sex, birth date, sire, and breeder of dam; cover, rough paper decorated with brands of all breeders represented in Winrock strain; terms of sale, cash. Counted cash in pocket. Eighteen dollars and change.

"Winrock official suggested I have look about. My guide was bullman who supplied breed information I imparted earlier. Santa Gertrudis he showed me were deep red, all right; oblong side elevation, square rear and front. High in protein but lacked charm. Saw veterinary hospital with bovine operating table—tie patient down and then

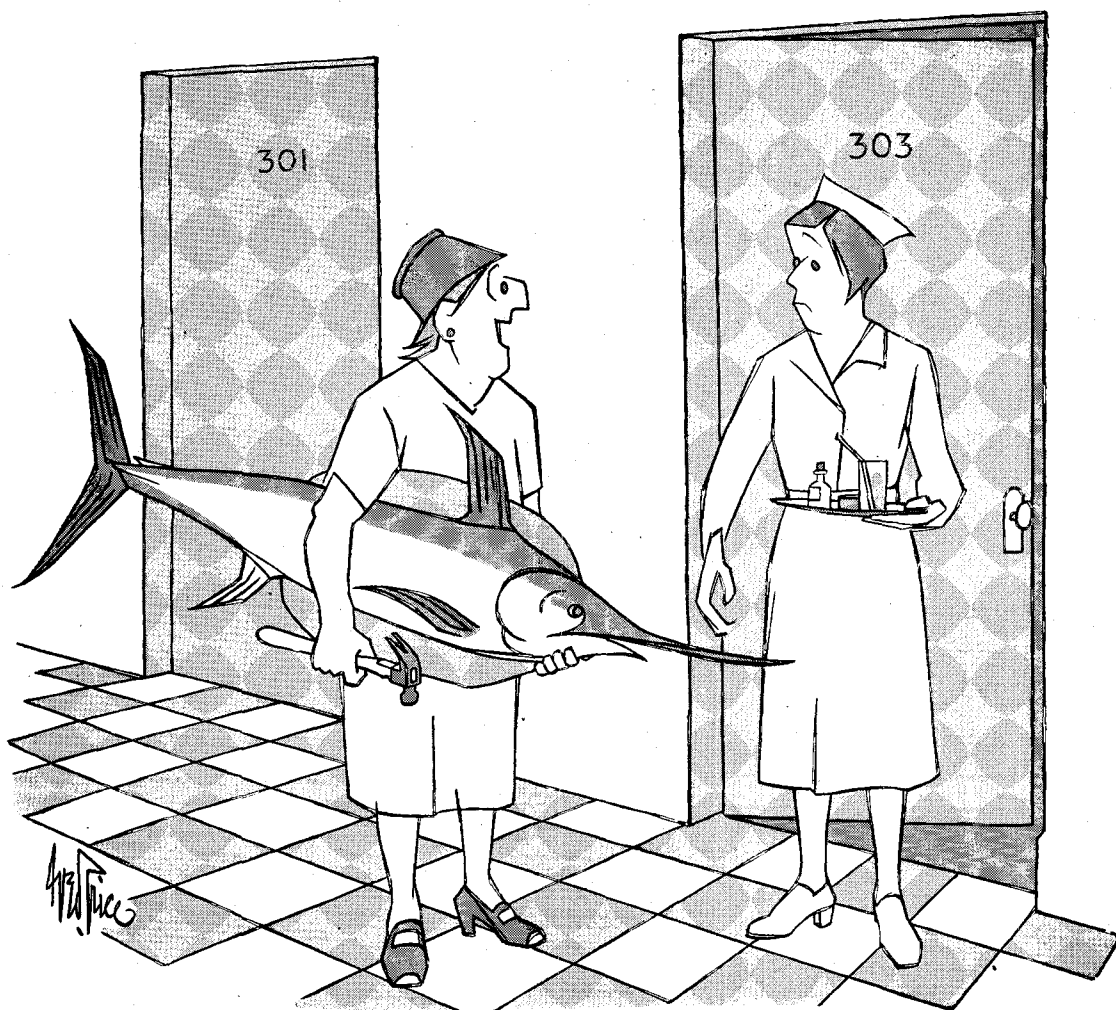
raise table with hydraulic jack. Saw automatic exerciser for bulls—long moving cable belt with chain hitches on side for twenty bulls. Leads them around and back, saves man-hours and danger, keeps bulls from developing sedentary habits.

"Near sale time then, so went over to auction tent, big as main top of old-fashioned travelling circus, with rows of camp chairs arranged in semicircle at ground level and bleachers rising behind them. Auctioneer on high, solidly constructed dais, like judge's bench, to keep him off horns of merchandise. Auctioneer solidly constructed, too; square, honest face. Absolutely trustworthy. Sales ring in front of dais floodlighted and railed in by steel pipes. Barrier eight feet high. Ring floor covered with chopped green grass. More Texas millionaires than you could shake a five-hundred-dollar bill at.

"Got a seat in first row of camp chairs, between two men in big hats but not Texans. One from Brownsville, Tennessee, other from Muskogee, Oklahoma, both Santa Gertrudis breeders. 'There are big bidders here from just about everywhere,' Oklahoma said. 'Florida, Texas—even one fella from

Australia. There's a bull here that if I can get him for thirty-nine-fifty I'll buy, but I won't go four thousand.' Asked him what he thought over-all average would be and he said thirty-two hundred. Tennessee more conservative, predicted twenty-five hundred; thought cheapest beast would go seventeen-fifty. Decided my eighteen dollars no use.

"Mr. Rockefeller welcomed bidders and visitors from auctioneer's stand. Tall, handsome cattleman, wearing white hat same diameter as fountain in Rockefeller Plaza. Has grown dashing deep-cherry-red mustache. Said he had tried to build a good farm, hoped they liked it. Applause. Followed by Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., of Texas, master of King Ranch, where Santa Gertrudis breed was developed. Oklahoma told me Kleberg had sold Rockefeller his root stock. Kleberg said, 'We're here because we're interested in beef cattle.' More applause, and auctioneer took over. Mr. Rockefeller



"May I? I want to give him the will to live."

looked pretty anxious. 'He wants to make a good average his first time out,' Oklahoma explained. 'Then he'll know where he stands in the world.'

"Auctioneer a Mr. Britten, full of earnest good will and sound commercial principles. 'Remember, folks,' he said. 'It's not what you pay that counts, but what you take home with you. . . . Remember, boys, there are two ways of getting a good herd. Either you got to marry it or buy it. And if you marry it, it costs you more in the long run. . . . Now, don't tell me this bull's not worth another bid. He's the kind of bull that can go out and get the job done for you.'

"'Sorriest bull been in th' ring today,' Oklahoma said during the sale of animal. 'Look how he falls off behind—that's a fault—and the legs. No bone in them. Got a head like a cow, too.'

"'Lotta white on his belly,' said Tennessee. 'That's the Shorthorn coming out in him.'

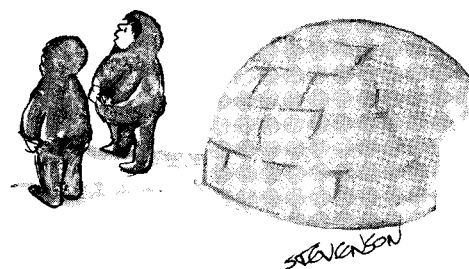
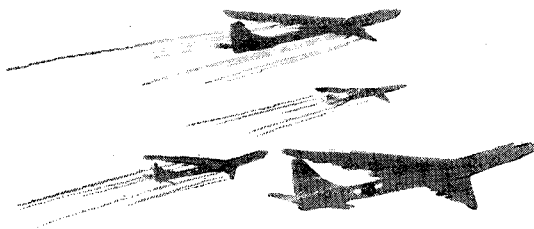
"Bulls opposed to public appearance. Every bull chased attendant who led him into ring. Double utility of pipe rails then evident. Man would go up them like gym equipment. Heifers quieter. Florida man bought one heifer for \$11,000—world record for female of the breed.

"Mrs. Rockefeller sitting in front row with pencil and catalogue, making notations. Glum at first, began to smile later. Tall woman, shell-rimmed glasses, orange scarf, quiet.

"Auctioneer said heifer had been 'exposed to a good bull, so the calf may pay for the cow.' Tired of sale, accompanied Ashmore to Rockefeller main house, where bar. Took drinks and sat outside on rim of mountain, looking down at soaring buzzards. Noticed metal tablet affixed to rock and inscribed:

And what doth the Lord
Require of thee but to do justly
And to love Mercy
And to walk humbly with thy God—
MICAH 6-8

"Was told Mr. Rockefeller had put it there himself. Time to start back for



"...and then, for some reason, right about here they always turn around and go back again."

Little Rock. Leaving main house, met Rockefellers coming from sale, now finished. Learned I had missed Governor Faubus, who came in time to be introduced after last heifer. Mr. Rockefeller looked pleased as Punch, said he had sold thirty-nine head for \$170,400—over-all average, \$4,369. Likely to make his fortune."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The New England Pretzel Company, of Lincoln, Rhode Island, is in the popcorn business and has not made a pretzel in nineteen years.

One Language

EXCLUSIVE of dialects, two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six languages are in spoken use throughout the world, and, according to Mario Pei, professor of Romance philology at Columbia, this has created a state of confusion that is becoming worse all the time. It's becoming worse because the increasing ease and speed of transportation encourage people to travel more than they used to, thus getting them into linguistically untenable situations, and because, in this day of growing inde-

pendence, new countries have added their national tongues to the list of languages that have to be taken seriously. "Look at the Philippines," Dr. Pei said to us the other day. "They're still very friendly to the United States, but they've thrown out English as their official language and put in Tagalog. Why Tagalog I can't imagine—there are more Visayans than Tagalogs there—but we have to go along with it. Look at Indonesia. In the old days, an American mining engineer sent out by Standard Oil didn't have to know Indonesian. He didn't even have to know Dutch; everyone spoke English. Today, the official language is Indonesian. What was the official language at the Congress of Vienna? French. At Versailles? French and English. And what is it at the United Nations? Why, there are *five* official languages—English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese. What is happening to international relations? They're being hamstrung by the lack of a common linguistic medium."

Dr. Pei, who has a fluent command of French, Italian, Spanish, and English, a working command (foreign accent, occasional mistakes) of German, Portuguese, Russian, Dutch, and Ru-

manian, and a smattering of two or three hundred other languages ("In Hungary, I can bring a big smile to the face of the elevator operator by calling out the floor, but I can't deal with a taxi"), has just written a book, "One Language for the World," in which he proposes to solve the linguistic dilemma by teaching children the world over a universal language in addition to their native tongue. "Any old language will do," he told us. "Esperanto, English, Turkish. It doesn't matter what it is, but it should be selected by an intergovernmental linguistics commission. All languages are equally easy for children. No language has ever been known to be difficult for its native speaker. The Russians all speak Russian, the Chinese all speak Chinese. Any child, bright or dull, can learn two languages fluently. In thirty years, with an international language, you'd get easy communication between all people who had had access to education."

Dr. Pei, a man with a big smile, a bald head, a ruddy complexion, and gold-rimmed spectacles, had access to Italian in Rome, where he was born in 1901; to English in New York City, where he arrived when he was seven; and to French, along with Latin and Greek, at St. Francis Xavier High School. "My father had a drygoods store in Rome," he told us, "but it failed, and he brought his family here and became director of room service at the Buckingham Hotel. The name Pei was originally Catalan, from the Vulgar Latin '*pedinus*,' meaning 'infantryman.' I graduated from Xavier when I was seventeen, then taught at its grammar school and studied at City College nights for an A.B. degree. It took me seven years to get it. Around 1920, I spent a year in Cuba as private tutor to three nephews of the president, Mario Menocal. I taught them everything, and they taught me Spanish and jai alai. Wonderful game! Wonderful language! Well, later on I began to develop literary tastes, and studied Russian so as to read Tolstoy and Dostoevski in the original, German so as to read Goethe, and so on. My interest in languages increased and my interest in literature diminished. I took up Arabic, Old Church Slavic, Gothic, Umbrian, and Sanskrit. Do you know what the Arabic for 'United States' is? 'Alwellat Almotaheda!'"

Upon returning from Cuba to Alwellat Almotaheda, Dr. Pei taught French and Spanish at the Franklin School, on West Eighty-ninth Street, for a year, and then taught the same languages at City College while finish-

ing up the work for his degree there. He stayed in that post fourteen years, during which he took a Ph.D. at Columbia. In 1937, he began to teach at Columbia. "All graduate work," he said. "I live on Hamilton Place, opposite City College, with my wife and my eighty-eight-year-old mother. I've written eight books about linguistics, including 'The Story of Language,' which fifty publishers turned down and which has sold over fifty thousand copies, and one historical novel, 'Swords of Anjou,' which twenty-five publishers turned down and which you can buy at subway stations in a paper edition, titled 'Swords for Charlemagne. Have you ever heard of Professor Georges Gougenheim, of the University of Strasbourg? He's the father of Basic French, which never got off the ground. Not related to the Guggenheims."

Problem

BEST timely one-sentence short story received in the mail this month is by an eight-year-old named Sandra, of Alexandria, Virginia, and goes as follows:

Once upon a time there lived an old woman in a shaggy old house in which there was hardly enough room for her five little children and her husband and herself and they were poor because her husband's job was to sell guided missiles and nobody was rich enough to buy them.

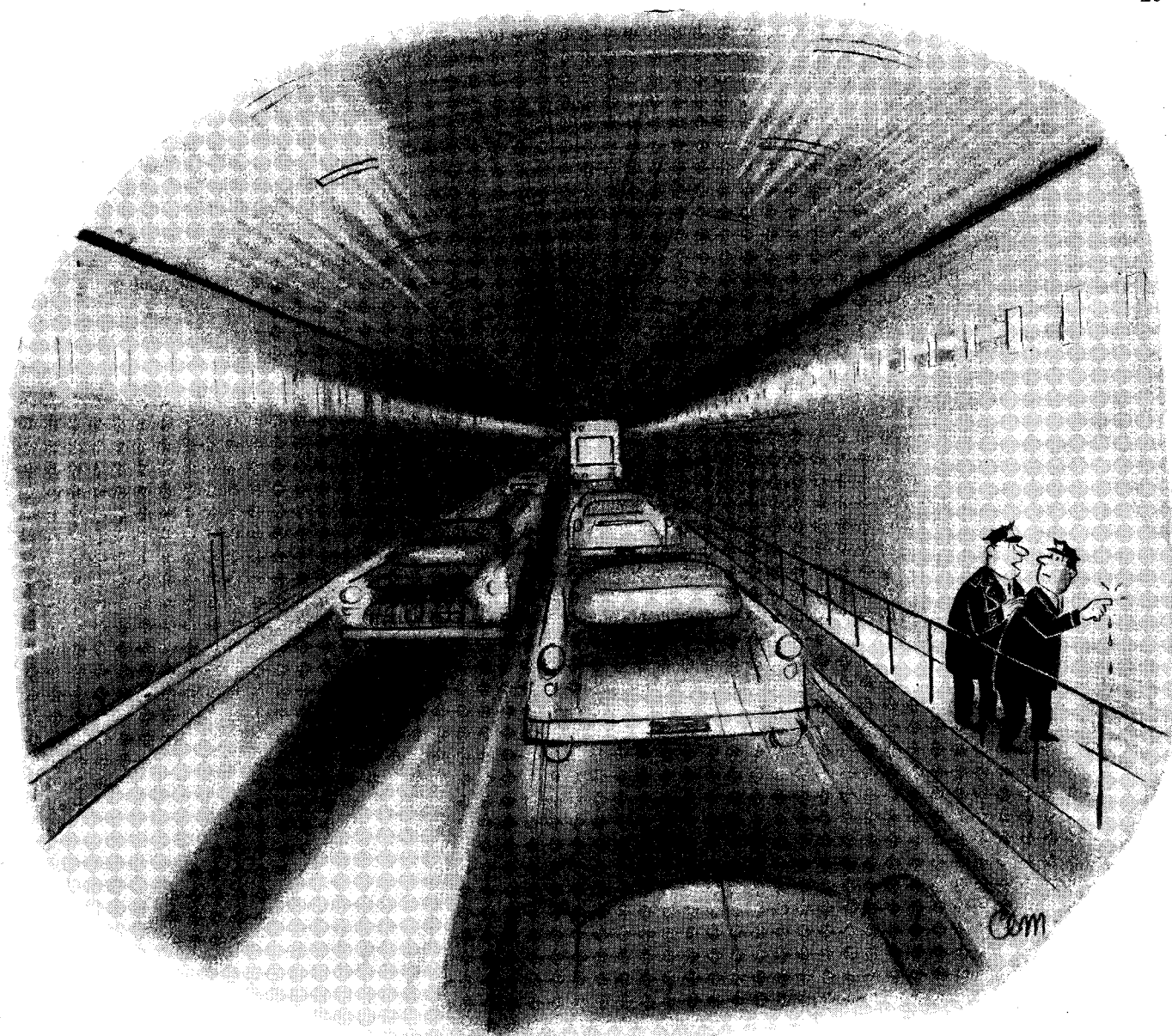
Tribute

MAN and boy, we have been to a good many official lunches, but never one quite like that tendered last week, in the Empire Room of the Waldorf, by the Honorable Robert F. Wagner to Van Cliburn, the Texas pianist who won you-know-what in you-know-where. For one thing, although the dais was crowded with the usual quota of music-loving city officials (the Honorable Abraham Beame, Director of the Budget; the Honorable James J. Lyons, President of the Borough of the Bronx; the Honorable Richard C. Patterson, Jr., Commissioner of Commerce and Public Events), we could not spot, either in the audience or on the dais, the Honorable Carmine DeSapio, the head of Tammany Hall. For another, off to one side of the dais stood a huge grand piano, a symbol of the art and the artist

being honored. The luncheon was scheduled for twelve-thirty, and about five hundred persons arrived with startling punctuality, seated themselves, and waited. Some guests, hungrier than others, began to dig into their halibut flakes Antoine. Harry Hirschfield glanced impatiently at his watch. Someone must have gummed up the ticker-tape parade for Van Cliburn and the subsequent ceremonies at City Hall, for neither artist nor Mayor arrived until one-twenty, when they entered the room together briskly, to a thunderclap of applause. The Mayor is short and compact, the pianist extremely tall and thin, with immense hands, a great shock of orange-blond hair, a downy chin, and a boyish exuberance of mammoth proportions, and they made quite a pair mounting the dais. Following the national anthem, hordes of people left their tables and rushed to the dais to receive bear hugs from Van. He also provided autographs for all who wanted them, and he bear-hugged and blew kisses with such ferocity that Commissioner Patterson asked the people to wait until after lunch, when Van would be delighted to take on all comers. Van then took on his halibut flakes Antoine, but not for long. While the rest of us were deep in tenderloin of beef, with broiled tomatoes (topped with mushrooms) and braised Michigan celery, Van roamed up and down the dais, dispensing bear hugs. A lady sat down beside us and said she had just got her bear hug. "He's so affectionate and wonderful," she said. "I haven't seen him in ten years—not since the days when he would come and sit very quietly and listen to my husband's piano pupils. I've known his mother for years." She pointed to a distinguished-looking woman, wearing a white orchid corsage, who was seated on the dais. "That's his daddy beside her," the lady said. "Van was a very fat little boy."

The Mayor rose to toast Van's mother and daddy in Beaulieu Vineyard Georges de Latour Cabernet '48. Van joined with Vichy water. The Mayor then toasted Van. Van blew kisses, bobbed his head up and down, and made a stab at the beef. Speeches followed, by William Schuman, president of the Juilliard School ("Your alma mater is proud of you, Van"); by Richard Rodgers ("This young, very old diplomat"); by Rosina Lhevinne, his piano teacher, who said that she was happy to be of service to the United States, the country that she and her husband had adopted and made their home; and by Kiril P. Kondrashin, the Russian conductor, who spoke in Russian,





"Believe me, Garvey, the Port of New York Authority is not going to forget this."

referred to Van Cliburn as "Wuan," and said, according to his interpreter, a Tass man, "You must be happy to have in this country such great piano player." During the speeches, Van rested his chin on the palm of first one hand and then the other, ran his hands through his hair, blew kisses to friends, and nibbled at the beef. The Mayor rose to say that he was a frustrated violin player—had had a violin as a boy, and was an honorary member of Local 802. He greeted Van warmly and presented him with the medal of the city. Van shook his head incredulously, threw some kisses, and rose, quite shaken, to say that he wished all his friends would say an occasional prayer for him to enable him to live up to all that had happened. He knew, he said, that it could have happened to somebody else. "Ah appreciate everything," he said. "You will never know. Ah love you." He blew kisses to all, and

strode to the piano. A hush fell over the Empire Room, the waiters stopped serving dessert, and Van Cliburn, transported now, played two numbers.

After he had finished, he rose from the piano and threw some more kisses. Men and women swarmed around him. Each received a bear hug. "Hello, sweetie," he said. "How wonderful of you to come! . . . *You* here, honey! . . . Is this really me? Ah can't believe it! . . . Polly! Oooooom! . . . It all seems like a dream. . . ."

"Get him home," said one of his managers. "He's knocking himself out."

"Where's mah citation?" cried Van. "Ah want mah official citation!"

"We've got it," said the manager.

An old lady apologized for intruding for an autograph.

"Ah know ah'm dead," said Van, "but isn't it wonderful to be dead!" He swept from the Empire Room.

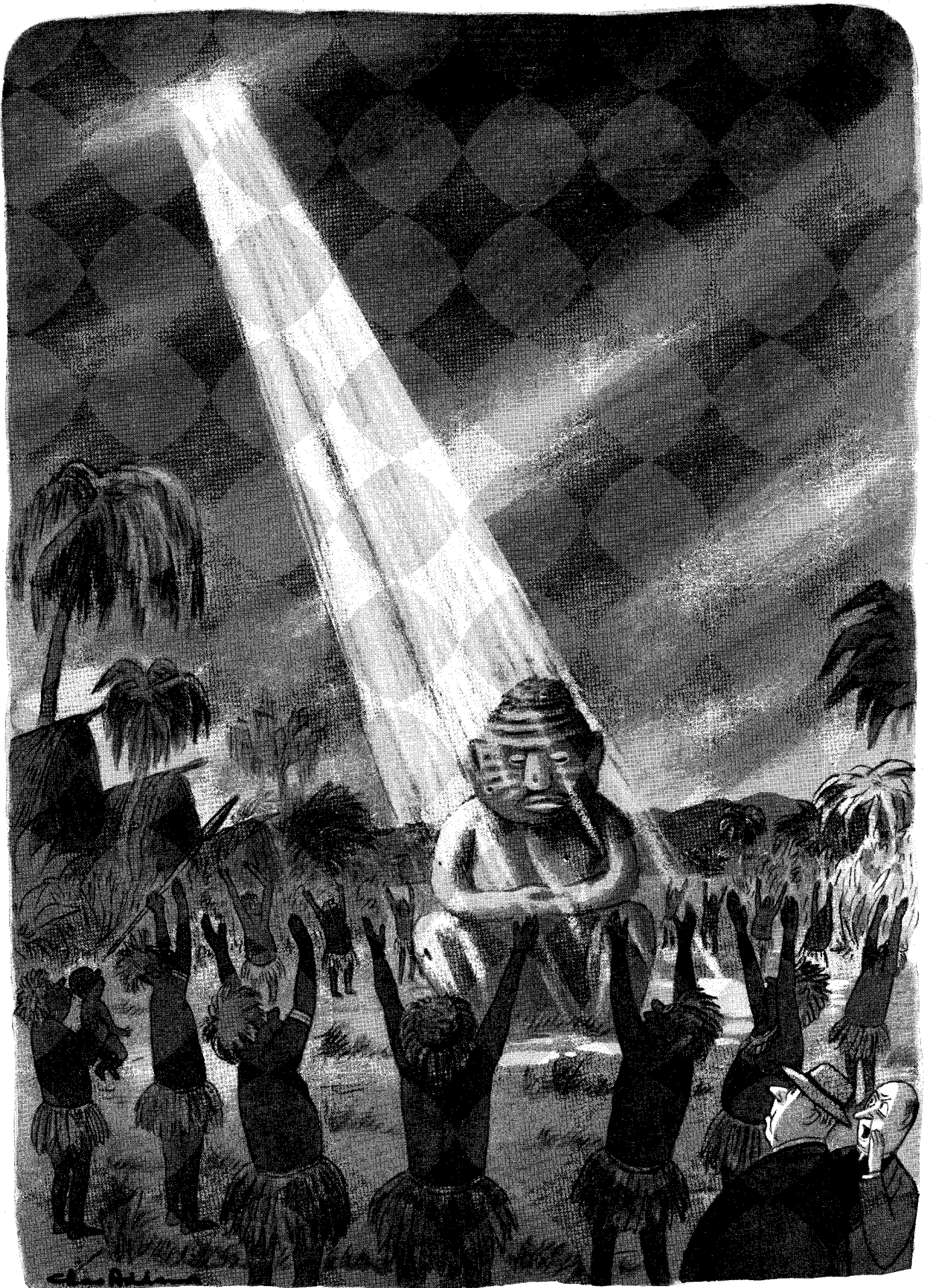
We strolled out with the Mayor. "Remarkable lunch," he said. "Everybody stayed right to the end."

We asked the Mayor what had become of his violin.

"It's in the attic at Gracie Mansion," he said wistfully.

Precisionist

A COLLEAGUE tells us that he sent a telegram to a friend of his one evening last week, with instructions that it be delivered the following morning at seven. "My pal is barely speaking to me now," he says. Seems the Western Union lady called him up at 2:30 A.M. and said, "Sir, I have a telegram for you to be delivered at 7 A.M., but our messenger boys do not report for work until 8 A.M., so would you like me to call you back at 7 A.M. and read it to you?"



"I must say, He certainly isn't making our job any easier."

THE LETTER WRITERS

AT eleven o'clock, Emily went down to the village to fetch the lobsters. The heat unsteadied the air, light shimmered and glanced off leaves and telegraph wires, and the flag on the church tower, spreading out in a small breeze, then dropping, wavered against the sky, as if it were flapping under water.

Emily wore an old cotton frock and meant to change it at the last moment, when the food was all ready and the table laid. Over her bare arms the warm air flowed; the sun seemed to touch her bones—her spine, her shoulder blades, her skull. In her thoughts, she walked nakedly, picking her way, over dry-as-dust cow dung, along the lane. All over the hedges, trumpets of large white convolvulus were turned upward toward the sky—the first flowers she could remember. Something about them had, in her early childhood, surprised her with astonishment and awe, a sense of magic that had lasted, like so little else, repeating itself again and again, most of the summers of her forty years.

From the wide-open windows of the village school came the sound of a tinny piano. "We'll rant, and we'll roar, like true British sailors," sang all the little girls.

Emily, smiling to herself as she passed by, had thoughts so delightful that she began to tidy them into sentences to put in a letter to Edmund. Her days were not full or busy, and the gathering in of little things to write to him about took up a large part of her time. She would have made a paragraph or two about the children singing, the hot weather—so rare in England—the scent of the lime and privet blossom, the pieces of tin glinting among the branches of the cherry trees. But the impulse was at once checked by the realization that there would be no letter writing that evening after all. She stood before an alarming crisis, one that she had hoped to avoid for as long as ever she lived—the crisis of meeting for the first time the person whom she knew best in the world.

"What will he be like?" did not worry her. She knew what he was like. If he turned out different, it would be a mistake.

She would be getting a false impression of him, and she would know that it was temporary and would fade. She was more afraid of herself, and wondered if he would know how to discount the temporary, and false, in her. Too much was at stake, and for herself she would not have taken the risk. "I agree that we have gone beyond meeting now. It would be retracing our steps," he had once written to her. "Although, perhaps, if we were ever in the same country, it would be absurd to make a point of *not* meeting." This, however, was what she had done when she went to Italy the next year.

In Rome, some instinct of self-preservation kept her from giving him her aunt's address there. She would telephone, she thought; but each time she tried to—her heart banging erratically within a suddenly hollow breast—she was impeded by thoughts of the booby trap lying before her. In the end, she skirted it. She discovered the little street where he lived, and felt the strangeness of seeing on a wall its name, which she had written hundreds of times on envelopes. Walking past his house on the opposite pavement, she had glanced timidly at the peeling apricot-colored plaster. The truth of the situation made her feel quite faint. It was frightening, like seeing a ghost in reverse—the insubstantial suddenly solidifying into a patchy and shabby reality. At the window on the first floor, one of the shutters was open. There was the darkness of the room beyond, an edge of yellow curtain, and, hanging over the back of

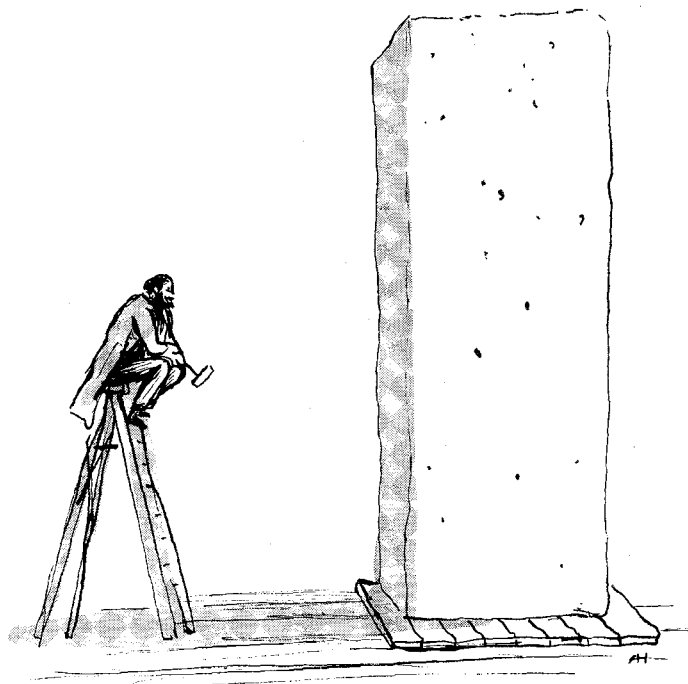
a chair set near the window, what looked like a white shirt. Even if Edmund himself threw open the other shutter and came out onto the balcony, he would not know that the woman across the road was one of his dearest friends, but, all the same, she hastened away from the neighborhood. At dinner, her aunt thought she might be ill. Her visitors from England so often were—from the heat and sightseeing and the change of diet.

The odd thing to Emily about the escapade was its vanishing from her mind; the house became its own ghost again, the house of her imagination, lying on the other side of the road, where she had always pictured it, with its plaster unspoiled and Edmund inside in his tidied-up room, writing to her.

He had not chided her when she sent a letter from a safer place explaining her lack of courage—and explain it she could, so fluently, half touchingly, yet wholly amusingly, on paper. He teased her gently, understanding her decision. In him, curiosity and adventurousness would have overcome hesitation; disillusionment have deprived him of less than it might have deprived her: her letters were a relaxation to him; to her, his were an excitement, and her fingers often trembled as she tore open their envelopes.

They had written to one another for ten years. She had admired his novels since she was a young woman, but would not have thought of writing to tell him so; that he could conceivably be interested in the opinion of a complete stranger did not occur to her. Yet sometimes she felt that without her

as their reader the novels could not have had a fair existence. She was so sensitive to what he wrote that she felt her own reading half created it. Her triumph at the end of each book had something added of a sense of accomplishment on her part. She felt it, to a lesser degree, with some other writers, but they were dead; if they had been living, she would not have written to them, either. Then one day she read in a magazine an essay by him about the boyhood of Tennyson. His conjecture on some point she could confirm, for she had letters from one of the poet's brothers. She looked



for them among her grandfather's papers and (she was never impulsive save when the impulse was generosity) sent them to Edmund, with a little note to tell him that they were a present to repay some of the pleasure his books had given her.

Edmund, who loved old letters and papers of every kind, found these especially delightful. So the first of many letters from him came to her, beginning, in those days, "Dear Miss Fairchild." His handwriting was very large and untidy and difficult to decipher, and this always pleased her, because his letters took longer to read; the enjoyment was drawn out, and often a word or two had to be puzzled over for days. Back, again and again, she would go to the letter, trying to take the problem by surprise—and that was usually how she solved it.

Sometimes she wondered why he wrote to her—and was flattered when he asked for a letter to cheer him up when he was depressed, or to calm him

when he was unhappy. She guessed that although he could not any longer work well in England—for a dullness came over him, from the climate and old, vexatious associations—he still liked to have some foothold there, and her letters refreshed his memories.

Once, he had chided her for being a novelist *manqué*, for diffusing her gift; then in another letter had retracted this opinion; he had forgotten, he explained, that letter writing is an art by itself, a different kind of skill, though with perhaps a similar motive—and one at which Englishwomen have excelled.

As she wrote, the landscape, flowers, children, cats, and dogs sprang to life memorably. He knew her neighbors and her relation to them, and also knew people, who were dead now, whom she had loved. He called them by their Christian names when he wrote to her and reëvoked them for her, so that, being allowed at last to mention them, she felt that they became light and free

again in her mind, and not an intolerable suppression, as they had been for years.

COMING to the village, on this hot morning, she was more agitated than she could ever remember being, and she began to blame Edmund for creating such an ordeal. She was angry with herself for acquiescing when he had suggested that he, being at last in England for a week or two, should come to see her. "For an hour, or three at most. I want to look at the flowers in the *very* garden, and stroke the cat, and peep between the curtains at Mrs. Waterlow going by."

He knows too much about me, so where can we begin, she wondered. She had confided such intimacies to him. At that distance, he was as safe as the confessional, with the added freedom from hearing any words said aloud. She had written to his mind only. He seemed to have no face, and certainly no voice. Although photographs had once passed between them, they had seemed meaningless.

She had been so safe with him. In *ten* years, there had been no inadvertent hurts of rivalry, jealousy, or neglect. It had not occurred to either to wonder if the other would sometime cease to write; the letters would come, as surely as the sun.

But will they now, Emily was wondering.

She turned the familiar bend of the road and the sea lay glittering below, its wrinkled surface looking solid and without movement, like a great sheet of metal. Now and then a light breeze came off the water and rasped together the dried grasses on the banks; when it dropped, the late-morning silence held, drugging the brain and slowing the limbs.

FOR years, Emily had looked into mirrors only to see if her hair was tidy or her petticoat showing below her dress. This morning, she tried to take herself by surprise, to see herself as a stranger might, but failed.

He would expect a younger woman, from the photograph of some years back. Since that was taken, wings of white hair at her temples had given her a different appearance. The pho-



"And I'd like a Bloody Mary, John. Tell Freddie it's for me."

tograph would not, in any case, show how poor her complexion was, unevenly pitted from an illness when she was a child. As a girl she had looked at her reflection and thought, No one will ever want to marry me. . . . And no one had.

When she went back to the living room, the cat was walking about, smelling lobster in the air; barked, troubled by desire, he went restlessly about the little room, the pupils of his eyes two thin lines of suspicion and contempt. But the lobster was high up on the dresser, above the Rockingham cups and covered with a piece of muslin.

Emily went over to the table and touched the knives and forks, shook the salt in the cellar nicely level, lifted a wineglass to the light. She poured out a glass of sherry and stood, well back from the window, looking out between hollyhocks at the lane.

Unless the train was late, he should be there. At any moment, the station taxi would come slowly along the lane and stop, with terrible inevitability, outside the cottage. She wondered how tall he was. How would he measure against the hollyhocks? Would he be obliged to stoop under the low oak beams?

The sherry heartened her a little—at least, her hand stopped shaking—and she filled her glass again. The wine was cooling in a bucket down the well, and she thought that perhaps it was time to fetch it in or it might be too cold to taste.

The well had pretty little ferns of a very bright green growing out of the bricks at its sides, and when she lifted the cover, the ice-cold air struck her. She was unused to drinking much, and the glasses of sherry had first steadied her, then almost numbed her. With difficulty she drew up the bucket, but her movements were clumsy and uncertain, and greenish slime came off the rope onto her clean dress. Her hair fell forward untidily. Far, far below, as if at the wrong end of a telescope, she saw her own tiny face looking back at her. As she was taking the bottle of wine from the bucket, she heard a crash inside the cottage.



"I have it! They get to the moon, and then they run out of cigarettes."

She knew what must have happened, but she felt too muddled to act quickly. When she opened the door of the living room, she saw, as she expected, the cat and the lobster and the Rockingham cups spread in disorder about the floor.

She grabbed the cat first—though the damage was done now—and ran to the front door to throw him out into the garden; but, opening the door, was confronted by Edmund, whose arm was raised, just about to pull on the old iron bell. At the sight of the distraught woman with untidy hair and her eyes full of tears, he stepped a pace back.

"There's no lunch," she said quickly. "Nothing." The cat struggled against her shoulder, frantic for the remains of the lobster, and a long scratch slowly ripened across her cheek. Then the cat bounded from her and sat down behind the hollyhocks to wash his paws.

"How do you do," Emily said. She took her hand away from his almost as soon as she touched him, and put it up to her cheek, brushing blood across her face.

"Let us go in and bathe you," he suggested.

"Oh, no, please don't bother. It is nothing at all. But, yes, of course, come in. I'm afraid . . ." She was incoherent, and he could not follow what she was saying.

At the sight of the lobster and the china on the floor, he understood a little. All the same, she seemed to him to be rather drunk.

"Such wonderful cups and saucers," he said, going down on his knees and filling his hands with fragments. "I don't know how you can bear it."

"It's nothing. It doesn't matter. It's the lobster that matters. There is nothing else in the house."

"Eggs?" he suggested.

"I don't get the eggs till Friday," she said wildly.

"Well, cheese."

"It's gone hard and sweaty. The weather's so . . ."

"Not that it isn't too hot to eat anything," he said quickly. "Hotter than Rome. And I was longing for an English drizzle."

"We had a little shower on Monday

evening. Did you get that in London?"

"Monday? No, Sunday we had a few spots."

"It was Monday here, I remember. The gardens needed it, but it didn't do much good."

He looked around for somewhere to put the broken china. "No, I suppose not."

"It hardly penetrated. Do put that in the wastepaper basket."

"This cup is fairly neatly broken in half. It could be riveted. I can take it back to London with me."

"I won't hear of it. But it is so kind. . . . I suppose the cat may as well have the remains of this—though not straight away. He must be shown that I am cross with him. Oh dear, and I fetched it last thing from the village so that it should be fresh. But that's not much use to you, as it's turned out."

She disappeared into the kitchen with her hands full of lobster shells.

He looked around the room, and so much of it seemed familiar to him. A stout woman passing by in the lane and trying to see in through the window might be Mrs. Waterlow herself, who came so amusingly into Emily's letters.

He hoped things were soon going to get better, for he had never seen anyone so distracted as Emily when he arrived. He had been prepared for shyness, and had thought he could deal with that, but her frenzied look, with the blood on her face and the bits of lobster in her hands, made him feel that he had done some damage that, like the china, was quite beyond his repairing.

She was a long time gone, but shouted from the kitchen that he must take a glass of sherry—as he was glad to do.

"May I bring some out to you?" he asked.

"No, no, thank you. Just pour it out and I will come."

When she returned at last, he saw that she had washed her face and combed her hair. What the great stain all across her skirt was, he could not guess. She was carrying a little dish of sardines, all neatly wedged together as they had been lying in their tin.

"It is so dreadful," she began. "You will never forget being given a tin of sardines, but they will go better with the wine than the baked beans, which is the only other thing I can find."

"I am *very* fond of sardines," he said.

She put the dish on the table and then, for the first time, looked at him. He was of medium height after all, with broader shoulders than she had imagined. His hair was a surprise to her. From his photograph, she had imagined

SISYPHUS

When Sisyphus was pushing the stone up the mountain,
Always near the top
As you remember, at the very tip of the height,
It lapsed and fell back upon him,
And he rolled to the bottom of the incline, exhausted.

Then he got up and pushed up the stone again,
First over the grassy rise, then the declivity of Dead Man's Gulch,
Then the outcroppings halfway, at which he took breath,
Looking out over the rosy panorama of Helicon;
Then finally the top

Where the stone wobbled, trembled, and lapsed back upon him,
And he rolled again down the whole long incline.
Why?
He said a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what is Hades for?

He said it's not the goal that matters but the process
Of reaching it, the breathing joy
Of endeavor, and the labor along the way.
This belief damned him, and damned, what's harder,
The heavy stone.

—JOSEPHINE MILES

it white—he was, after all, ten years older than she—but, instead, it was blond and bleached by the sun. And I always thought I was writing to a white-haired man, she thought.

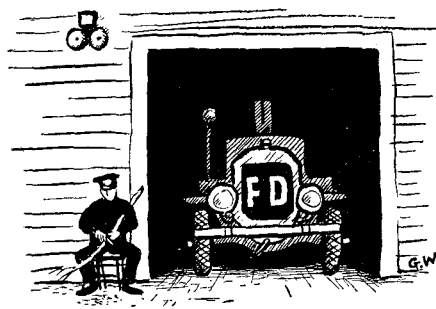
Her look lasted only a second or two, and then she drank her sherry quickly, with her eyes cast down.

"I hope you forgive me for coming here," he said gravely. Only by seriousness could he hope to bring them back to the relationship in which they really stood. He approached her so carefully, but she shied away.

"Of course," she said. "It is *so* nice. After all these years. But I am sure you must be starving. Will you sit here?"

How are we to continue, he wondered.

She was garrulous with small talk through lunch, pausing only to take up her wineglass. Then, at the end, when she had handed him his coffee, she failed. There was no more to say, not a word more to be wrung out of the weather, or the restaurant in Rome they found they had in common, or the annoyances of travel—the train that was late and the cabin that was stuffy.



Worn out, she still cast about her for a subject to embark on. The silence was unendurable. If it continued, might he not suddenly say "You are so different from all I had imagined," or their glances might meet and they would see in one another's eyes nakedness and total loss.

"I DID say Wednesday," said Mrs. Waterlow.

"No, Thursday," Emily insisted. If she could not bar the doorway with forbidding arms, she did so with malevolent thoughts. Gentle and patient neighbor she had always been, and Mrs. Waterlow, who had the sharp nose of the total abstainer and could distinctly smell alcohol on Emily's breath, was quite astonished.

The front door of the cottage opened straight into the living room, and Edmund was exposed to Mrs. Waterlow, sitting forward in his chair, staring into a coffee cup.

"I'll just leave the poster for the Jumble Sale, then," she said. "We shall have to talk about the refreshments another time. I think, don't you, that half a pound of tea does fifty people. Mrs. Harris will see to the slab cake. But if you're busy, I mustn't keep you. Though since I am here, I wonder if I could look up something in your Encyclopædia. I won't interrupt, I promise."

"May I introduce Mr. Fabry?" Emily said, for Mrs. Waterlow was somehow or other in the room.

"Not Mr. Edmund Fabry?"

Edmund, still holding his coffee cup

and saucer, managed to stand up quickly and shake hands.

"The author? I could recognize you from your photo. Oh, my daughter will be so interested. I must write at once to tell her. I'm afraid I've never read any of your books."

Edmund gave an apologetic murmur, and smiled ingratiatingly.

"But I always read the reviews of them in the Sunday papers," Mrs. Waterlow went on. "I'm afraid we're rather a booky family."

So far, she had said nothing to which he could find any reply. Emily stood helplessly beside him, saying nothing. She was not wringing her hands, but he thought that if they had not been clasped so tightly together that was what would have happened.

"You've really kept Mr. Fabry to yourself, Emily," said Mrs. Waterlow.

Not so *you to me*, Edmund thought. He had met her many times before, in Emily's letters, already knew that her family was "booky," and had had her preposterous opinions on many things.

She was a woman of fifty-five, whose children had grown up and gone thankfully away. They left their mother almost permanently, it seemed to them, behind the tea urn at the village hall—and a good watching place it was. She had, as Emily had once put it, the over-alert look of a ventriloquist's dummy. Her head, cocked slightly, turned to and fro between Emily and Edmund. Dyed hair, she thought, glancing away from him. She was often wrong about people.

"Now, don't let me interrupt you. You get on with your coffee. I'll just sit quiet in my corner and bury myself in the Encyclopædia."

"Would you like some coffee?" Emily asked. "I'm afraid it may be rather cold."

"If there is some going begging, nothing would be nicer. 'Shuva to Tom-Tom'—that's the one I want." She pulled out the Encyclopædia and rather ostentatiously pretended to wipe dust from her fingers.



"This country could use a little more of that kind of optimism."

She has presence of mind, Edmund decided, watching her turn pages with speed, and authority. She has really thought of something to look up. He was sure that he could not have done so as quickly himself. He wondered what it was that she had hit upon. She had come to a page of photographs of tapestry and she began to study them intently. There appeared to be pages of close print on the subject. So clever, Edmund thought.

She knew that he was staring at her, and looked up and smiled, her finger marking her place. "To settle an argument," she said. "I'm afraid we are a very argumentative family."

Edmund bowed.

A silence fell. He and Emily looked at one another, but she looked away first. She sat on the arm of a chair, as if she were waiting to spring up to see Mrs. Waterlow out—as indeed she was.

The hot afternoon was a spell they had fallen under. A bluebottle zig-zagged about the room, hit the window-pane, then went suddenly out of the door. A petal dropped off a geranium on the window sill. Occasionally—but not often enough for Edmund—a page was turned, the thin paper rustling silkily over. Edmund drew his wrist

out of his sleeve and glanced secretly at his watch, and Emily saw him do it. It was a long journey he had made to see her, and soon he must be returning.

Mrs. Waterlow looked up again. She had an amused smile, as if they were a couple of shy children whom she had just introduced to one another. "Oh dear, why the silence? I'm not listening, you know. You will make me feel that I am in the way."

You preposterous old trollop, Edmund thought viciously. He leaned back, put his fingertips together, and said, looking across at Emily, "Did I tell you that Cousin Joseph had a nasty accident? Out bicycling. No heir, either. But Constance very soon consoled herself. With one of the Army padres out there. They were discovered by Joseph's batman in the most unusual circumstances. The Orient's insidious influence, I suppose. So strangely exotic for Constance, though." He guessed—though he did not look—that Mrs. Waterlow had flushed and, pretending not to be listening, was struggling hard *not* to flush.

"Cousin Constance's Thousand and One Nights," he said. "The padre had courage. Like engaging with a boa constrictor, I'd have thought."

If only Emily had not looked so



"You had me worried. For one horrible moment I thought you were going to slide and soil your uniform."

alarmed. He began to warm to his inventions, which grew more macabre and outrageous—and as he did so, he could hear the pages turning quickly, and at last the book was closed with a loud thump. "That's clinched *that* argument," said Mrs. Waterlow. "Hubert is so often inaccurate, but won't have it that he can ever be wrong." She tried to sound unconcerned, but her face was set in lines of disapproval.

"You are triumphant, then?" Edmund asked, and he stood up and held out his hand.

When she had gone, Emily closed the door and leaned against it. She looked exhausted.

"Thank you," she said. "She would never have gone otherwise. And now it is nearly time for *you* to go."

"I am sorry about Cousin Joseph. I could think of no other way."

In Emily's letters, Mrs. Waterlow had been funny, but she was not in real life, and he wondered how Emily could suffer so much before transforming it.

"My dear, if you are sorry I came, then I am sorry, too."

"Don't say anything. Don't talk of it," she begged him, standing with her hands pressed hard against the door behind her. She shrank from words,

thinking of the scars they leave, which she would be left to tend when he had gone. If he spoke the truth, she could not bear it; if he tried to muffle it with tenderness, she would look upon it as pity. He had made such an effort, she knew, but he could never have expected to protect her from her own behavior.

He, facing her, turned his eyes for a moment toward the window; then he looked back at her. He said nothing, but she knew that he had seen his taxi drawing to a standstill beyond the hollyhocks.

"You have to go?" she asked.

He nodded.

Perhaps the worst has happened, she thought. I have fallen in love with him—the one thing from which I felt I was completely safe.

Before she moved aside from the door, she said quickly, as if the words were red-hot coals over which she must pick her way, "If you write to me again, will you leave out today, and let it be as if you had not moved out of Rome?"

"Perhaps I didn't," he said.

At the door, he took her hand and held it against his cheek for a second—a gesture both consoling and conciliatory.

When he had gone, she carried her grief decently upstairs to her little bedroom and there allowed herself some tears. When they were dried and over, she sat down by the open window.

She had not noticed how clouds had been crowding into the sky. A wind had sprung up, and bushes and branches were jiggling and swaying.

The hollyhocks nodded together. A spot of rain as big as a half-penny dropped onto the stone sill, others fell over leaves down below, and a sharp cool smell began to rise at once from the earth.

She put her head out of the window, her elbows on the outside sill. The soft rain, falling steadily now, calmed her. Down below in the garden the cat wove his way through a flower bed. At the door, he began to cry

piteously to be let in, and she shut the window a little and went downstairs. It was dark in the living room; the two windows were fringed with dripping leaves; there were shadows and silence.

While she was washing up, the cat, turning a figure of eight around her feet, brushed her legs with his wet fur. She began to talk to him, as she often did, for they were alone so much together. "If you were a dog," she said, "we could go for a nice walk in the rain."

As it was, she gave him his supper and took an apple for herself. Walking about, eating it, she tidied the room. The sound of the rain in the garden was very peaceful. She carried her writing things to the table by the window, and there, in the last of the light, dipped her goose-quill pen in the ink and wrote, in her fine and flowing hand, her address, the date, and then, "Dear Edmund."

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"We have something pretty big here, but we're not drum-beating our success," comments a spokesman for Central Leduc. "Our business is to find oil, not publicity." The company has drilled 000 of the 000 wells, and is producing and selling 000 barrels daily.—*The Wall Street Journal*.

Come on, wham that drum!

RAISINS

VEGETARIAN liver sandwiches, roasted-soy-bean crackers, goat-cheese salad, sunflower-kernel-oil dressing, and orange-and-carrot-juice cocktails are not favored by everybody or found in any old restaurant, but they do grace the menu of a place on Lexington Avenue I will call the Open Gateway to Health. I have been self-consciously patronizing the Open Gateway for a couple of years, but during that time I have never sampled goat cheese or any of the other strange foods sold there in packaged form—dietetic rice flakes, alfalfa seeds, sea salt, yeast flakes, blackstrap molasses, Hi-Protein Cookies, fig-tea bags, the contents of cans labelled “Vege-burgers,” or pills in bottles labelled “Liver-All” and “Bone-All.” The most I have done has been to lunch regularly on a cottage-cheese salad with grated raw vegetables, and to make an occasional try at the handiwork of the Gateway bartender, whose job it is to squeeze the juices out of various fruits and vegetables. The bartender wears red rubber gloves and operates a machine that mangles carrots, parsley, celery, apples, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, radishes, watercress, spinach, and pineapple. These he serves up in a number of combinations as “cocktails” called by such names as Tom Collins (carrot, parsley, apple, and celery juices), Cuba Libre (spinach, radish, celery, and pineapple), and the Garbo (watercress, spinach, and celery).

The Open Gateway to Health can seat a dozen customers at a time—seven at a counter and five at tables—and has a staff of six to serve them. Besides the bartender—a thin, round-shouldered young man with a pale face, thick black hair sleeked back on his head, and burning black eyes—there are: the boss, a chubby, pink-cheeked, clear-eyed, tousle-haired, large-toothed gentleman with a vaguely fatherly but noncommittal manner of doling out his health foods; a counterman named Teddy, a serious young man who wears horn-rimmed glasses, has a five-o’clock shadow by noon, and maintains the same degree of deep sun tan all year round, and who never seems to catch a cold; a counterlady named Betty, a tall, broad-shouldered young woman with an Irish brogue and the freckled face of a ten-year-old child; a buxom middle-aged lady with a fluffy mop of pink hair, who sells packaged goods and tends to the cash register; and a dishwasher, who lurks behind the scenes and emerges every so often to hand a basket of carrots or a tub of watercress to the

bartender for squeezing. All six wear crisp white uniforms.

Conversation in the Open Gateway to Health is at a minimum. The bartender, the boss, Teddy, Betty, the cashier, and the dishwasher never seem to talk to each other except when taking or giving orders. They are even less conversational with the customers, always looking blank and speaking in a condescending, slightly scornful tone. They do not indulge in any of the pleasantries characteristic of ordinary lunch-counter life, such as “So how goes it?” or “And what’ll it be today?” or “The usual?” Although I have been what I consider a regular customer, there has never been any recognition of my constancy. The other customers don’t seem to mind not being noticed. Either they are too absorbed in doing something about their health or they are themselves opposed to lunch-

counter banter. There is really no give-and-take at all across the counter of the Open Gateway to Health.

The boss’s semi-fatherly attitude toward the customers is expressed in the vaguest possible nods or smiles, usually delivered while looking over their heads. The cashier keeps her attention centered on the cash register. The dishwasher seems to have only dishes and baskets of carrots on his mind. But the bartender always seems to me the one who most conspicuously avoids contact with the customers. His red rubber gloves, the contemptuous sound his squeezing machine makes, and his collection of iced whole vegetables and fruits waiting to be squeezed combine to give him a remote and forbidding air.

As a matter of fact, until quite recently I was convinced that the entire staff of the Open Gateway, including the boss, felt superior to me and to the other customers; they seemed to be the kind of people who had no problems at



“Now, of course we’re all familiar with the story of how jazz came up the Don from Rostov . . .”

all, and who therefore disapproved of anyone who made a fetish of what he ate. I might go as far as to say that the Gateway staff seemed united in considering us all a bunch of nuts. I thought every now and then that by sticking to my cottage-cheese dish I was demonstrating that I was really on the conservative side. But I might as well have been indulging myself in goat cheese or sunflower oil.

The only customer I have ever heard talked to is the cop on the neighborhood beat. He has dropped in a few times when I was there. He is very handsome and normal-looking, but he seems to feel at home in the place anyway, ordering spinach-and-soy-bean sandwiches, and things like that. The one member of the staff who ever gives him as much as a look is Betty. She sometimes smiles at him briefly, and once I heard her actually make a joke with him.

"Let's see, what'll I stuff myself with today?" the cop asked, in the intimate way of a man accustomed to being fed well by a close friend.

"Take Teddy on soy toast," Betty replied.

The cop and I were the only people in the place who laughed.

A PERSON can put up with just so much, and I was beginning to feel that affairs at the Open Gateway to Health had reached a point where not even the superior quality of the fresh cottage cheese and the fresh shredded vegetables washed down with a fresh, cool Garbo cocktail was enough to make up for all that scorn. Then something happened to put all the members of the staff in perspective and show what they really are, the way a near crash of a transatlantic airliner can reveal the inner natures of passengers and crew.

I arrived at the Open Gateway to Health the other day at the tail end of the luncheon rush, when the staff members take turns having their own midday meal. I sat down at the counter and ordered my usual cottage-cheese salad. Except for the unfriendly crunching of the bartender's machine and the occasional "ping" and "pang" of the cash register, all was, as usual, quiet. The place thinned out further, and the bartender took off his rubber gloves, left his post, and sat down on the stool next to mine.

Teddy came over and looked at him without expression.

"The fruit," the bartender said, as though it took all his strength to get the two words out. He gave me a quick, sad, disapproving sidelong glance as Teddy handed me my salad, then

CALLING THE CHILD

From the third floor, I beckon to the child
Flying over the grass. As if by chance,
My signal catches her and stops her dance
Under the lilac tree;
And I have flung my net at something wild
And brought it down in all its loveliness.
She lifts her eyes to mine reluctantly,
Measuring in my look our twin distress.

Then, from the garden, she considers me
And, gathering joy, breaks from the closing net
And races off like one who would forget
That there are nets and snares.
But she returns and stands beneath the tree
With great solemnity, with legs apart,
And drops her head at last, and makes a start,
And starts her dutiful marching up the stairs.

—KARL SHAPIRO

looked away, toward the window and the street.

Teddy filled a bowl with slices of orange, grapefruit, pineapple, apple, and pear, added a date, sprinkled a few raisins on top of the concoction, and splashed a thick layer of sour cream over it. He placed the bowl before the bartender, who gazed down at it glumly. He made no move to start eating. He just sat there. After a while, Teddy, who was preparing a dish of grapefruit, radishes, avocado, and goat cheese for a husky gentleman on the other side of me, paused, looked at the immobile bartender, and did a double take.

"Matter?" Teddy asked.

The bartender gave him a bitter look. "No raisins," he said softly.

"Forgot," said Teddy. "So don't eat the raisins." He gave the husky man the goat-cheese dish, and set a small plate of soy crackers next to it.

"You know I don't eat raisins," the

bartender said, raising his voice slightly.

Betty came up and studied the bartender's dish. "Eat the fruit," she said. "Leave the raisins."

"He knows I hate raisins," the bartender said, not making a move. "He knows I can't eat raisins."

The cashier left her station and, fluffing out her hair, came over and put her face down close to the fruit bowl. "One, two, three—eight raisins," she said, and went back to her cash register.

"Leave the raisins, leave the raisins," Betty said.

A heavyset, intellectual-looking woman a few seats down the counter said to the place in general, "It's bad to get excited and tense when you eat."

The dishwasher came out with a basket of carrots, which he placed on the cocktail bar.

"No raisins!" the bartender said in a loud, firm, excited, and tense voice.

At the front of the store, the boss, who had been stamping copies of a magazine called *Nutrition Digest—New Hopes and New Horizons* with the name and address of the Open Gateway to Health, put down his work and started over. The dishwasher was in his way, and the boss nudged him to one side as he passed.

"Squeeze the raisins," the dishwasher muttered to the bartender. "Put the raisins in the machine, and they'll disappear."

"No raisins," the bartender said, looking as though he might start to cry.

My husky neighbor waved a forkful of avocado in the air, and said, "Hell of a lot of people can't eat raisins. They got raisin allergies."

"Squeeze the raisins, and poof—like that!" the dishwasher said, throwing





"Well, folks, I see by the little ol' clock on the wall that it's come around to that time again."

out his arms to demonstrate how the raisins would disappear.

"No raisins," the bartender said again.

Teddy slammed a bunch of celery down on the counter. "Don't eat the raisins!" he yelled, pushing his glasses up on his nose. "Ignore the raisins!"

"Don't let it upset you," the intellectual-looking woman said to Teddy.

"No raisins," the bartender said, almost in a whisper. He got up abruptly from the counter, went behind the scenes, where the dishwasher was stationed, and emerged in a few moments wearing, instead of his white uniform, a plaid jacket and matching cap. He started for the door of the Open Gateway to Health.

The boss went after him and stopped him just inside. "Sit down, sit down," he said, in a gentle, placating voice. "Teddy will make a new bowl for you, without raisins."

The bartender hesitated, looking at the floor.

"Go sit down," the boss said lovingly. "Here. See?" He went behind the counter and hugged Teddy around the shoulders. "See?" the boss said. "Teddy is making a new bowl of fruit, and Betty is helping him." The boss hugged

Betty. She gave a long, loud sigh, removed the offending bowl, and set it under the counter, out of sight.

"See?" said the boss, going back to the bartender. "Take off your cap. Take off your coat. Sit down. By the time you sit down, we'll have a nice new bowl of fruit for you."

He gave Teddy a stern look. Teddy slowly threw some fresh slices of orange, grapefruit, pineapple, apple, and pear into a bowl, tossed in a date, and splashed the fruit heavily, and meanly, with sour cream. The bartender went backstage. He reappeared wearing his uniform, sat down at the counter without a word, and calmly started to eat.

Everybody in the place looked happy and relieved.

"When people can't eat raisins, they can't eat raisins," said the husky gentleman. "What you can't eat, you can't eat."

"When you work, you can't let things bother you," said the intellectual lady. "In business, when you work, you have to take everything."

THE bartender gave no sign that he had heard the husky man or the intellectual lady. Neither did Teddy or Betty. The boss was busily stamping

magazines again. There had been no bridging of the gap. Customers were customers.

"You want some nice crackers with the fruit?" the boss asked the bartender, looking up from his work as though he had been hit by a sudden inspiration.

The bartender shook his head and said nothing.

"A few nice crackers?" the boss persisted. "Or something?"

The bartender did not acknowledge the offer.

For myself, I felt that things were going to be different at the Open Gateway to Health; from now on, I would go in there and feel at home. I was just as good as they were.

—LILLIAN ROSS

These days a hit song can come from the most unexpected of sources. Example: one of the workers installing a swimming pool on Al Hibbler's New Jersey property hummed an original composition for Al. Al flipped over it and it will be part of his act at the Apollo as soon as he can get an arrangement on it. The song is called "My Widow Weeps Too." (That's Window, Mr. Typesetter, not Widow.)—*Sherman (Texas) Democrat*.

Don't go pushing a typesetter around!

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SEVEN CENTURIES THIRTY~FIVE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS

NO man likes to admit reaching foggyhood, yet there are times when its frank acceptance can bring pleasure. And so, on returning to Oxford recently, after an absence of thirty-five years and four months, I indulged without shame in that undeniable fogysm—*Having a Look at the Old Room*. It was amusing to see that most of the furniture (Boer War Chippendale) that had been there in the early twenties, when I arrived from America and moved into the room, was still there. And when I learned that only yesterday, so to speak, my room had been lived in by Roger Bannister, the first human being ever to run a mile in less than four minutes, I became so stimulated that an hour or two later I chased a bus for almost half a block. What did it matter that I didn't catch it? Roger Bannister's college and mine was Exeter, and we were founded in 1314.

The University of Oxford embraces thirty-six colleges and halls, just as the United States of America embraces forty-eight states. And, just as some of our states are older, richer, more beautiful, higher in educational accomplishment, more populous, or larger than others, so the colleges differ in many ways. (A college with three hundred undergraduates is considered large.) Thirty of the colleges are for men, five are for women, and one is for men *and* women—an anomaly that I will bring up later.

On what might be termed the federal level, the University performs such functions as examining you for your degree, running a worldwide book-publishing business, quelling riots on Guy Fawkes Night, and worrying about where to get more money for research. Whenever an undergraduate organization represents the University in any given endeavor, from snooker pool to the choral singing of Bach or rowing against Cambridge, the organization is always a distillate of the best talent that the combined colleges can produce, like the fifteen stalwarts, representing the cream of all the Oxford college Rugger clubs, who went to Twickenham last

December and smeared Cambridge at Rugby football. The University's titular head is the Chancellor (currently the Earl of Halifax), but his office is honorary; he is an absentee dignitary, rather than a career educator comparable to the president of an American university. The actual boss of the place is the Vice-Chancellor, who is appointed from among all the Heads of House by the Chancellor, according to seniority of headship, and who never holds office for more than three years. This practice is rooted in the independent colleges' fear that an entrenched bureaucracy at the top might get too big for its breeches.

A typical men's college at Oxford consists of one or more quadrangles surrounded by buildings in which undergraduates are bedded, fed, and watered. The college also provides them with facilities for worship (its chapel), sport (its playing field and boathouse), and relaxation (its Junior Common Room, where stationery, newspapers, magazines; coffee, and conversation are obtainable; Exeter's J.C.R. is hung with modern paintings, which its membership chipped in to buy, along with a board for playing shove-ha'penny). Each college also looks after its undergraduates' intellectual needs, providing its own teaching staff of fellows (in-

formally known as dons), who serve as tutors and, with the head of the college, govern the establishment. For their own relaxation, the dons of a college have a Senior Common Room; when the circumstances are favorable, you can hear some of the best talk in the world in the Senior Common Rooms of Oxford.

Talk is the quintessence of Oxford—and Cambridge—teaching; it is what makes their tutorial system unique among the world's universities. In the three years that the average undergraduate devotes to studying for his degree, he goes for an hour each week to his tutor's rooms, where he reads aloud an essay he has written on a subject that the tutor has assigned. If the tutor is an elderly one, he often seems to doze during the reading, but at its conclusion he comes to and starts to talk. About a hundred hours of talking with one or more dons who are experts in some particular field of knowledge constitutes the core of an Oxford—or Cambridge—education. Only unmarried dons are permitted to live within college walls. When a married don returns home after a heavy day of teaching, his family may find that he converses in little but mumbles or grunts. If he is a newly married don, this vocabulary may give rise to complaints, in

which case he is apt to say something like "Darling, I talk for my living, and at the moment I'm completely talked out. Please take over until I can recharge my batteries." In addition to having an academic tutor, every undergraduate has a moral tutor, to whom he reports once a term. These sessions are generally perfunctory, but if a really serious problem is bothering an undergraduate, his moral tutor can often be a very good friend indeed. (At New College, a dozen dons are assigned to moral tuition, and each of them receives a drink allowance of twenty pounds a year to help put his troubled charges at ease.)

Oxford's academic year is divided into three terms—Michaelmas, Hilary, and Trinity—each eight weeks long. The



Christmas and Easter vacations last six weeks apiece, and the long one, in summer, lasts four months. Because the terms are so short and offer so many tempting extracurricular activities, the bulk of an undergraduate's intellectual weight-lifting is supposed to be done by intensive reading in the "vacs." (At Oxford, a student doesn't take or major in a subject; he reads it.) R. R. Marett, a Jovian anthropologist who was Senior Tutor at Exeter in my day, used to say, "You put on the blacking in vacations, and we'll put on the polish in the terms." At the end of the undergraduate's third year of putting on the blacking and being polished, he undergoes written examinations mornings and afternoons for a solid, soul-shattering week. His final academic standing is rated as First, Second, Third, or Fourth Class—or he is ploughed, as flunking is called. (A Greek

classmate of mine at Exeter was ploughed in preliminary Greek.) Getting a First requires genuine brilliance, and a Second is highly creditable.

MY career as an undergraduate was neither brilliant nor creditable—scholastically, athletically, or socially. But the portion of my youth spent at Oxford has always seemed very pleasant in retrospect, and my return there was inspired by an affectionate, avuncular sort of curiosity about what, if anything, had happened to the place since my departure. On my way from London, by train, I speculated on this matter. Although the world had changed a great deal, I could not believe that anything very basic had altered at Oxford; to a university that had been tick-tocking away for more than seven centuries, I thought, thirty-five years and four months could have meant little, and I recalled the St. Scholastica affair as characteristic of the way Oxford has traditionally liked to take its time. This celebrated fracas occurred in 1355—two years before Chaucer became a page to the Duke of Clarence. On February



"Next!"

• •

10th, the feast day of St. Scholastica, a row broke out in an Oxford tavern called the Swyndlestock between the tavern keeper and some students over the quality of the wine that the students had been served. The row quickly blew up into the worst town-and-gown fight in the University's history. The air was filled with archery from both factions, a score of University buildings were pillaged or burned, Merton College was besieged by the townies for a week, and, according to one account, "the gutters of Brewer's Lane . . . ran with academic blood." When the battle was over, sixty-three students lay dead. As punishment, the Crown reduced the city to a condition of vassalage under the University, and stipulated that annually thereafter the Mayor of Oxford and sixty-two other prominent citizens must attend a service at the University's Church of St. Mary the Virgin on February 10th and leave sixty-three pence on the altar—one for each student slain. This yearly penance was not abolished until 1825, after continuing for nearly half a millennium, and its abolition then was really nothing more

than an armistice. Complete town-and-gown peace was not officially declared until St. Scholastica's Day, 1955—the six-hundredth anniversary of the battle—when the Vice-Chancellor of the University was given honorary freedom of the city, and an honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on the Mayor (who happened to be a Cambridge man). Any institution that took six hundred years to button up one tavern brawl was hardly likely to have become unrecognizable.

In addition to just seeing Oxford again, I wanted to find out who, if any, of my contemporaries might still be aboveground. Among these contemporaries I numbered a girl named Ruby, in my day Oxford's most popular barmaid. She had violet eyes, bewitching legs, and a magnificent screaming laugh that made every male who heard it laugh himself. Some fairly dogged research around several pubs during the early part of my return visit disclosed that she was still very much alive, and was happily married to a master mechanic who worked in one of the vast factories built by Lord Nuffield in the environs of Ox-

ford to make Morris automobiles. Ruby and her husband, who were living in the suburbs, had no telephone, so I wrote her a note. "This is a voice from the tomb," it began. "In the early nineteen-twenties, I used to sit in the back room of the pub and play the ukulele. . . ."

But I'm leapfrogging. My formal investigations began, naturally, at Exeter, and my first duty, as I saw it, was to call on its Rector. The title of the head of a college at Oxford depends on which college he is head of; at some colleges he is known as the Master, and at others as the Warden, the Provost, the Censor, the President, the Dean, the Principal, or the Rector. The Rector of Exeter in my day was a Pindaric scholar, getting along in years, and an authority on the Hellenic religions. Though he always treated me kindly, I sometimes felt that we had difficulty communicating with each other. I especially remember one of the lunches he regularly gave for small groups of undergraduates in their last year, at which he floored me during a lull by turning to me and saying, "And now, Mr.—ah—Sears, do tell us all about this remarkable James Fenimore Cooper of yours." On another occasion, I attended a Sunday-night program of chamber music in the rectorial drawing room. It was bitter cold outside, and when the undergraduate who was going to play the clarinet arrived, he stood his instrument, bell down, on the drawing-room hearth to thaw out the keys. Amid the hubbub of greeting and seating, I saw the Rector broodingly wander to the hearth, pick up the clarinet, and start reaching with it toward the coals. I was so paralyzed with horror that I was unable to cry out, but luckily his wife also saw him. She emitted a full-throated shriek and

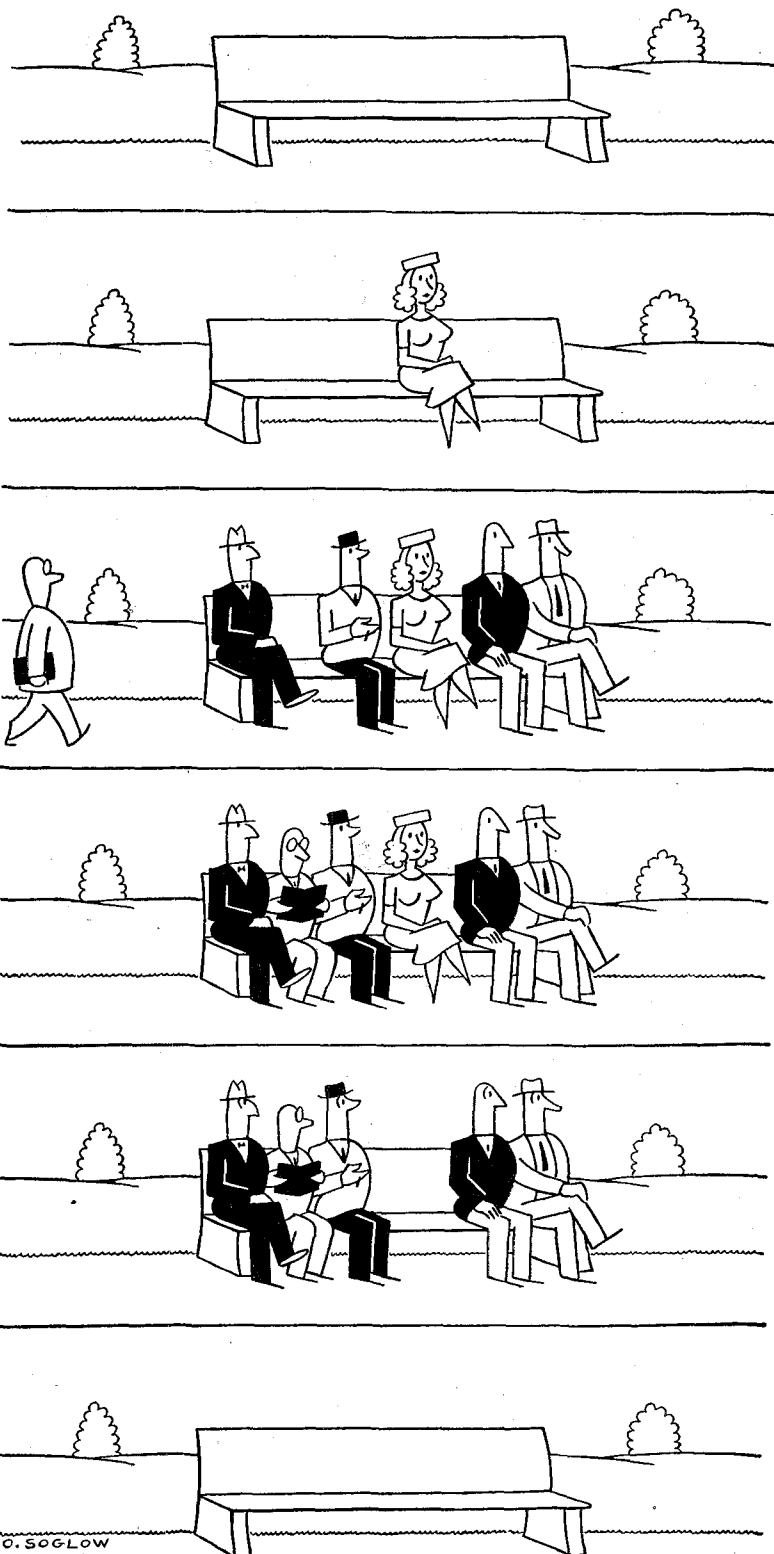
flew to the clarinet's rescue. "But, my dear," the Rector said, "I thought it was the poker."

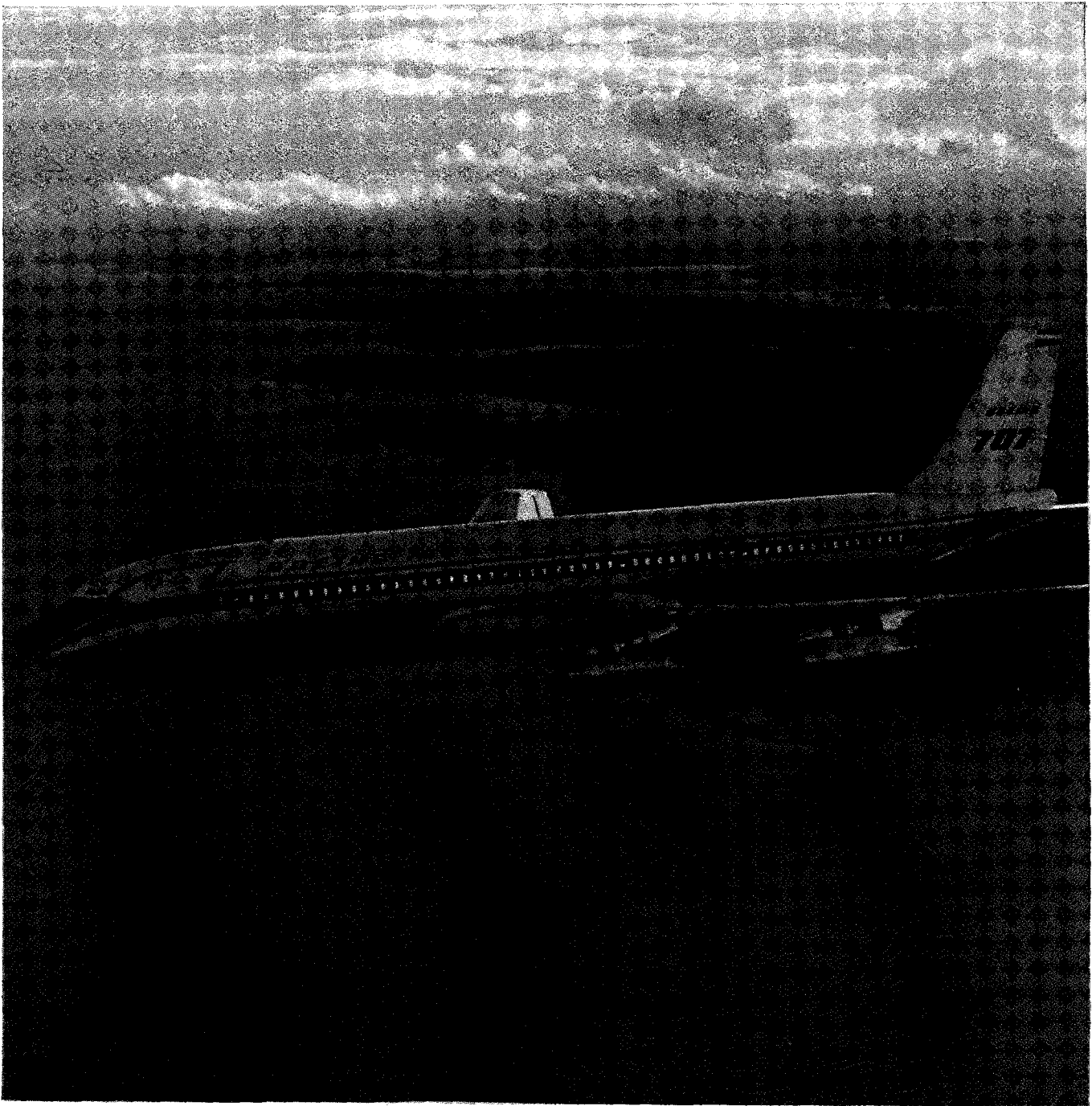
The present Rector of Exeter (thrice-removed from the Rector of my time) is K. C. Wheare, a fifty-one-year-old Australian who is an eminent authority on government and public administration; among his many distinctions are a C.M.G. (Companion of St. Michael and St. George) from the Queen and an honorary doctorate from Columbia University. I have never met anybody easier to communicate with,

and I doubt if you'd ever catch him trying to poke a fire with a clarinet. When he is supposed to give an official tea for a large group of undergraduates, he scratches the tea and substitutes a keg of beer, which greatly simplifies the washing-up problem. Oxford, too, has a servant shortage.

When I attended Oxford, all the men's colleges were plentifully supplied with male servants; each college had at least one who did nothing but fill and empty the undergraduates' bathtubs. The residential parts of these colleges

had no corridors; their rooms opened directly on staircases leading down to entrances that gave on the quadrangles. Looking after the undergraduates who lived on each staircase—usually from six to ten in number—was a manservant called a scout. Since all the undergraduates ate breakfast in their rooms, and their lunches, too, if they wanted to, and since there was no plumbing whatever on any of the staircases, a scout had to work tremendously hard lugging trays of food and cans of hot water up from the college kitchen, which might be a quadrangle or two away. On top of that, he had to clean the rooms, make the beds, and do countless other chores, and finally, at the end of the day, wait on table at dinner in Hall. It was common for the male members of a servant's family to work in the same college for several generations; a boy would start at the age of thirteen or fourteen as helper to a scout or as a scullion in the kitchen and stay on with the college, in one capacity or another, until he was too old to move around any more. To support themselves and their dependents during the four months of the long vacation, college servants would get jobs in summer-resort ho-





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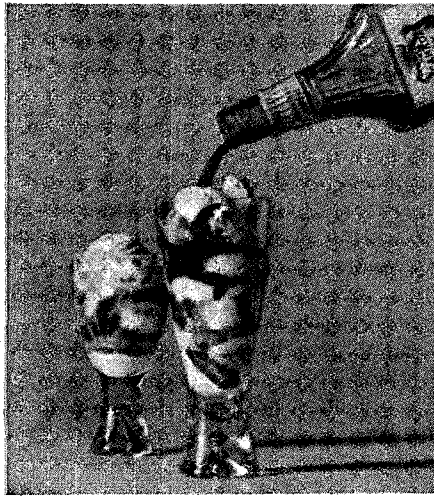
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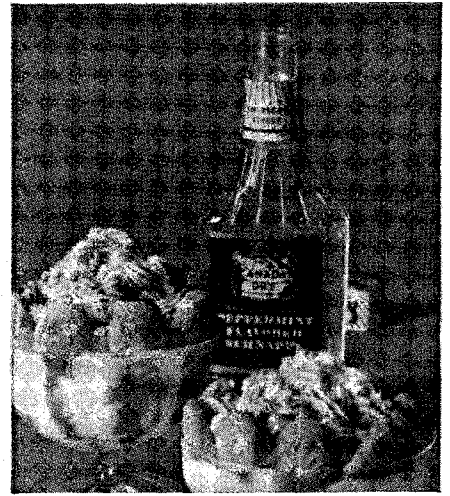
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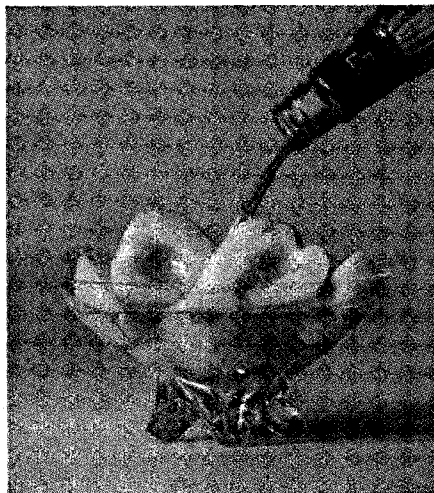
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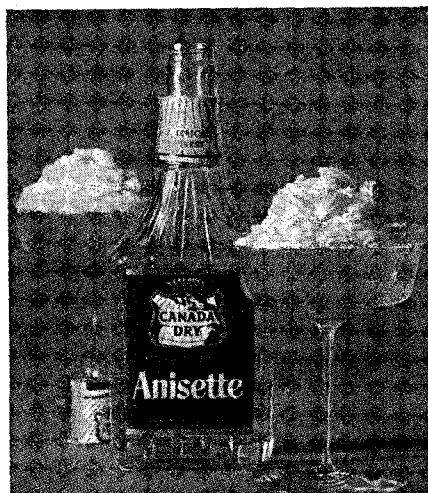
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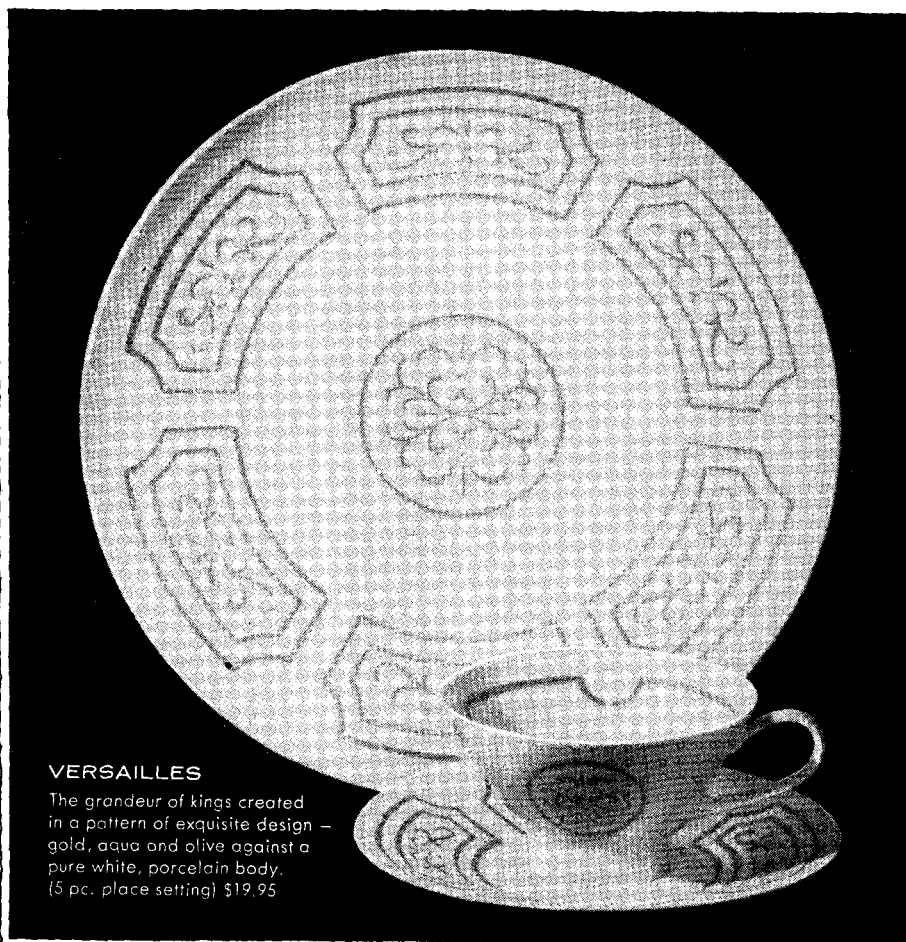
tels. Despite the hard work and the years it took to achieve promotion, employment in college service was much sought after. The head porter, the butler, and the steward of a college were all men of stature, respected by everybody connected with it. At Magdalen, where from 1912 to 1914 one of the undergraduates was the Duke of Windsor—then, of course, the Prince of Wales—some of the senior servants were reputed to have menservants of their own.

Oxford colleges still have servants, but you no longer see many young ones among them. Rather than start washing dishes in a college kitchen, the modern local adolescent gets a job in one of Lord Nuffield's automobile plants, at thrice the wages and half the wear and tear. Plumbing has been installed on some of the staircases, and the undergraduates don't eat breakfast in their rooms any more; if they want breakfast, they know they'd better turn up in Hall on time. The once servant-studded Magdalen, though it still maintains a Royal Suite for visiting royalty, now feeds itself by the cafeteria system. The service staff of St. Edmund Hall, a men's college, is made up almost entirely of women—a situation that in my time would have been unthinkable. In summer, Oxford servants no longer have to carry trays in the mountains or at the seaside in order to stay alive, for since the war colleges have been required by law to pay them full wages throughout the vacations. To meet this payroll, colleges often rent their premises during the summer to conventions of teachers, trade unionists, bankers, learned societies, or virtually any other group that wants to hold one, nudists excepted.

THE servant shortage and its consequences, however, are of only minor significance compared to some of the other changes I encountered. After talking with the heads of three colleges, as well as with several sorts and conditions of dons, and listening to many undergraduates, individually and collectively, I became convinced that Oxford *has* changed—basically and immensely. There was, in fact, a whole new dispensation that I had to catch up on. To begin with, since the war the University has swollen to about twice its former size. At the last nose count, there were eight thousand two hundred and twelve undergraduate and graduate students in residence, with males outnumbering females by about six to one; approximately half the males had completed their obligatory

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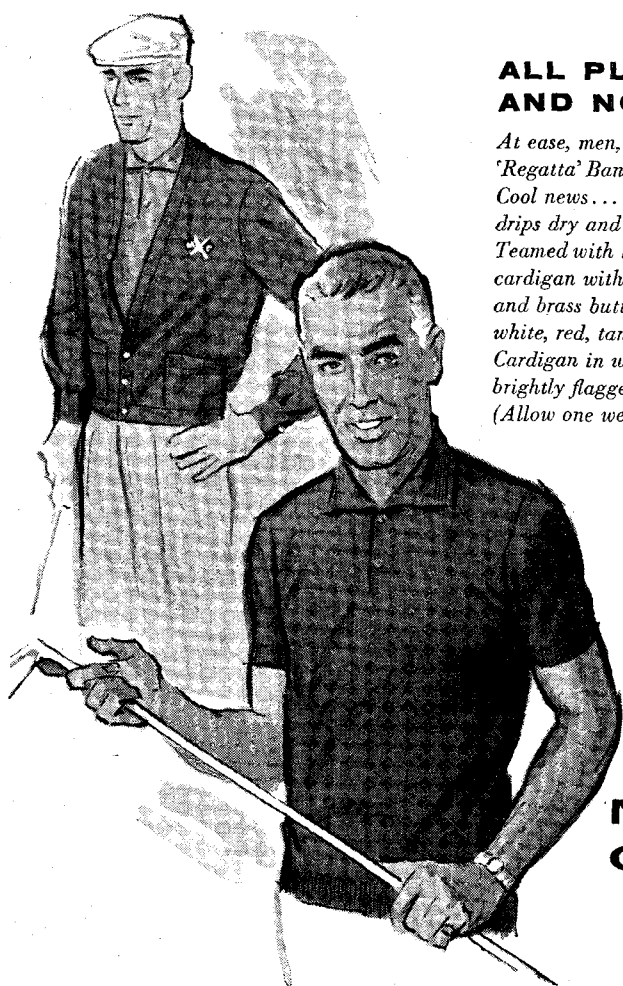
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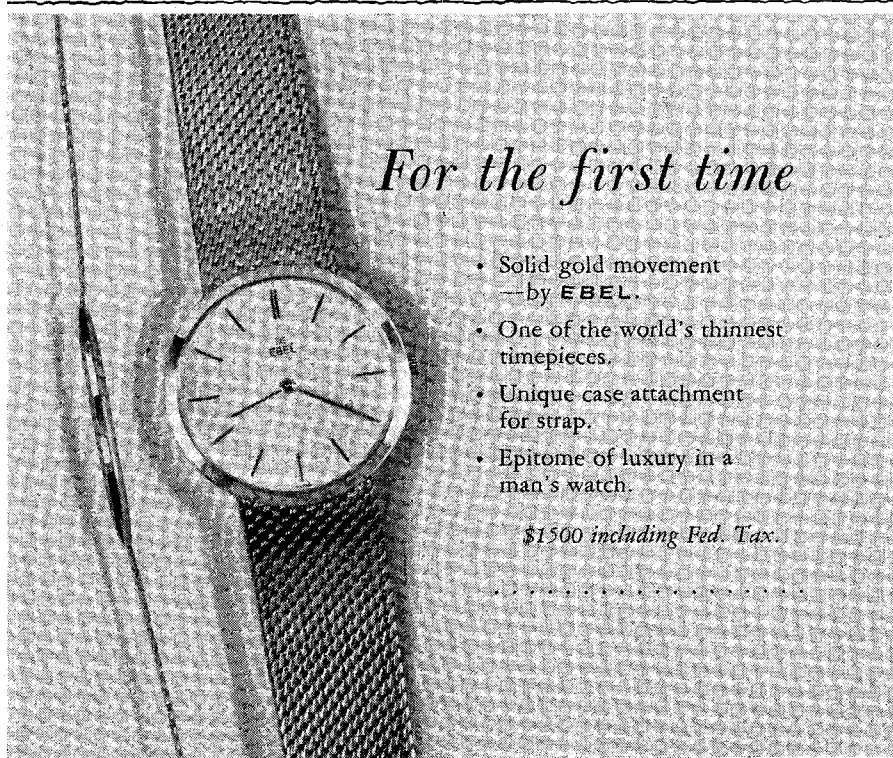
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two years of National Service in the Army, Navy, or Air Force. Some colleges are so crowded that meals in Hall have to be served in several sittings, as on an ocean liner. In the old days, you lived in college your first two years and in lodgings your last (when you would be cramming for your final examinations); now many undergraduates live their freshman year in college and the two others out, with the landladies.

Actually, none of this seemed particularly startling to me, for many American universities have also swollen since the war and are similarly cracking at the seams. What did startle me was who most of the undergraduates were, and where they came from. Thirteen per cent of the students, or more than a thousand, are sons or daughters of manual workers—miners, factory hands, railroaders, agricultural laborers, and so on. When I went to Exeter, it was not a fashionable college; I mean it did not draw heavily from England's exclusive public schools, such as Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby, and we were therefore not interlarded with the sons of millionaire peers, as some of the glossier colleges were. Just about everybody came from a middle-class professional or business family that was fairly secure economically, I would say, although there were a few impoverished students, all of them bright and all trying to live on scholarships that didn't provide enough money for their essential needs, even food. (A friend of mine, who had one of the best minds in the college, was in constant misery because of having to skip meals in order to make ends meet.) Nobody at Exeter then—nobody that I heard of, anyway—was the son of a manual worker. Had such an undergraduate existed, his background, I am sure, would have been kept a secret, not only by him but by anyone else who knew of it; to bring it out in the open would have caused painful embarrassment all around. Except for its Rhodes Scholars, Oxford in those days was extremely class-conscious; the majority of the undergraduates came from public schools, and they observed gradations of snobbery that were Oriental in their complexity. But now, I discovered, while Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, and the other famous public schools still send much of their product to Oxford (though not as much as to Cambridge), public-school men make up only about a third of the male student body. Most of the other students come from day schools that nobody at Oxford in my time would ever have heard of, and if



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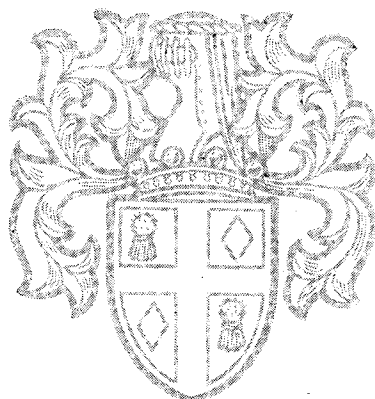
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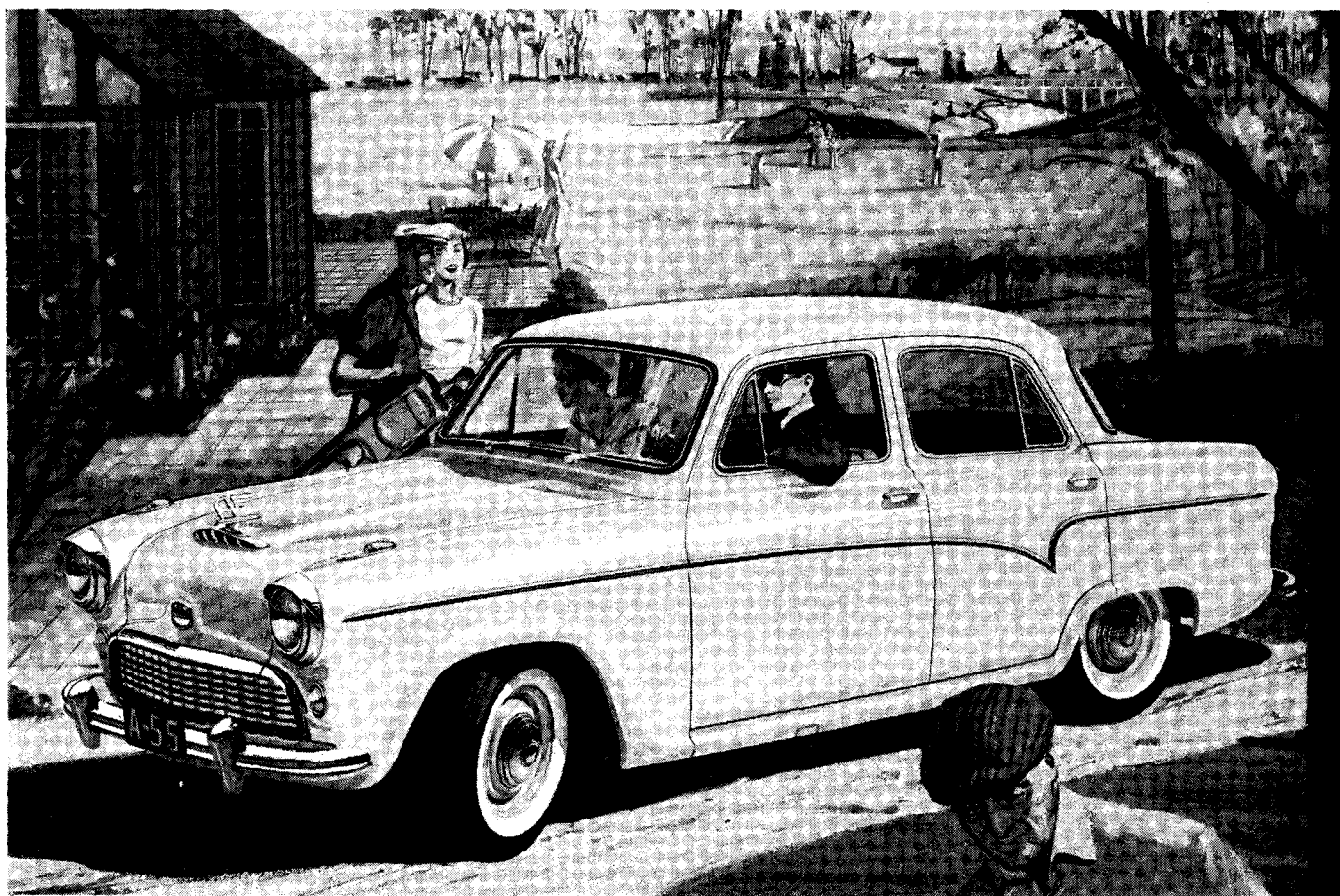
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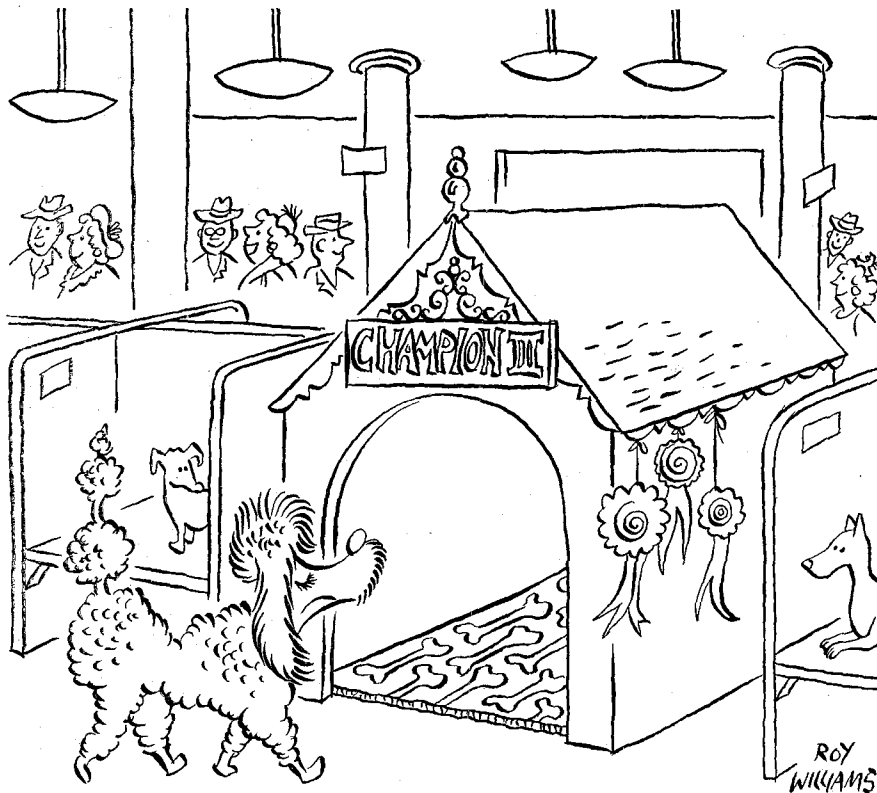
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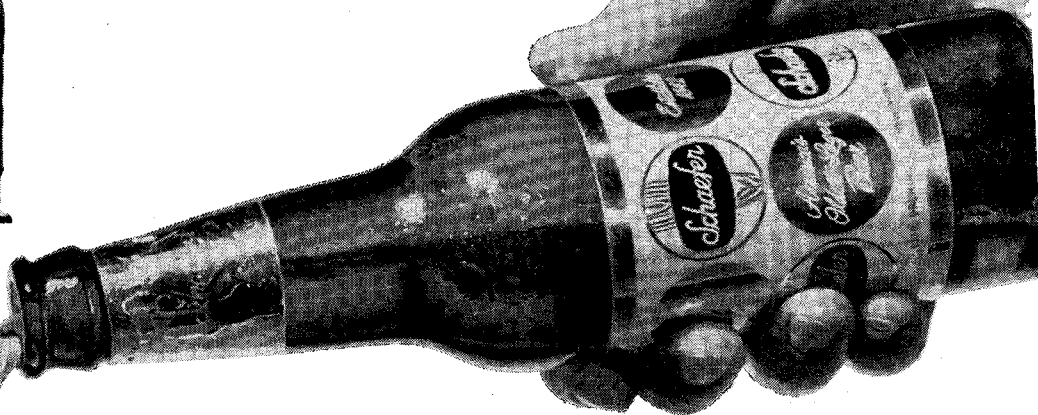
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any of their graduates *had* somehow found their way there, they would have unquestionably been severely snubbed.

In my quest for light, I called on Arthur Lehman Goodhart, who is Master of University College, Professor Emeritus of Jurisprudence, a New Yorker related to the Lehman and Altschul banking families, and the first foreigner ever to become the head of an Oxford college. Before his election as Master, in 1951, he taught law for several decades at both Cambridge and Oxford, so he is thoroughly familiar with the old and the new dispensations. "The other afternoon, I was giving tea to half a dozen of our freshmen whom I hadn't met before," he told me. "They started discussing what the best make of car was. Finally, one boy, who had been quietly listening, spoke up. 'I think all of you are wrong,' he said, 'and I'll tell you why. My father's a chauffeur and he's driven all kinds of makes. In his opinion, the So-and-So's the best.' He then proceeded to explain what his father based his opinion on, and the others listened with complete respect. Such a thing would have been simply out of the question before the war. Since the war, though, class distinctions have almost disappeared from Oxford. There are a few of the small snobbish cliques left, but they don't cut nearly the ice they once did. Consideration for others has improved immeasurably, and so have manners in general."

The welfare state (founded in 1945) brought most of the new dispensation about. More than seventy per cent of Oxford's undergraduates receive financial help from the state or from their home-town educational authorities. There is cutthroat competition to obtain these grants, for they are very desirable, amounting to three or four times as much as the "capitalist" type of scholarship offered by the University's colleges and the public schools. A young man cannot live in luxury on one of them, but it will pay all his necessary expenses—food, lodging, tuition, and the like. (He has to watch his step, though, when it comes to smoking, drinking, and buying clothes and books.) The University will not allow an applicant for admission to matriculate until he has been accepted by one of its colleges, and for every opening available in most of these there are at least ten candidates lined up. The Rector of Exeter told me that his college had recently given examinations and interviews to fifty applicants when it had just two vacancies. Not only is Oxford far more difficult to get into



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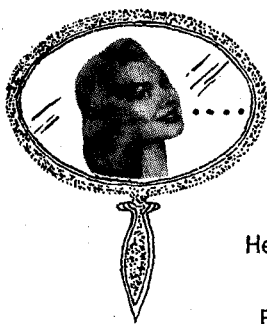
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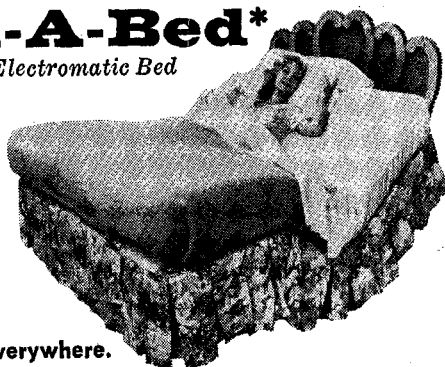
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than it used to be but, once in, a student finds it far more difficult to stay in. In my day, those who ended up with Firsts or Seconds worked hard and the rest of us enjoyed ourselves; now almost everybody works hard. As Sir Maurice Bowra, the Warden of Wadham, put it, "The congenital idler, no matter how agreeable or picturesque, is likely to be discovered and removed." The men with state or local grants, I was told, work particularly hard, as if diligence were the price they felt bound to pay for the privilege of being there. Cynical critics of the welfare state say that these subsidized undergraduates are hardboiled, humorless, selfish, and obsessed with their own careers, but the Warden of Wadham insists that they have raised the intellectual level of the University.

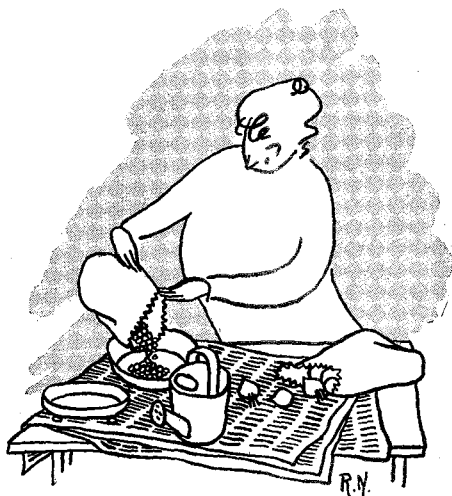
At sixty, Sir Maurice rather resembles a small-scale John Bull, though his silhouette is more svelte; he is a man of vigor and an interesting embodiment of both dispensations, for he was at New College before joining the field artillery during the 1914-18 war. After the war, he returned to Oxford and completed Greats—undergraduate slang for the fearfully difficult four-year Literæ Humaniores course in the classics, philosophy, and ancient history—so successfully that he got a First. He was then appointed a fellow of Wadham, and twenty years ago he became its Warden. From 1946 to 1951, he was University Professor of Poetry (a post currently held by W. H. Auden), and then he served outstandingly as Vice-Chancellor; in 1951 he was knighted for his distinguished services to the University. Under his wardenship, Wadham, which in my day was a small college, somewhat also-ran scholastically, has become large, and vies with the best of them—Balliol, Magdalen, and New College—for leadership in the attainment of Firsts.

From the Warden of Wadham, I learned of still more changes. In my time, almost everybody read one of the humanities; Cambridge was where you went if you wanted to be a scientist. Now, however, Oxford is a hotbed of science; almost twenty-five per cent of the students read science, and the Warden predicts that within ten years the figure will be more like fifty per cent. Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, an Exeter Fellow, was a co-winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry two years ago, and is president of the Royal Society, the premier association of scientists in Britain. In certain branches of physics, the University is second to none, and research of

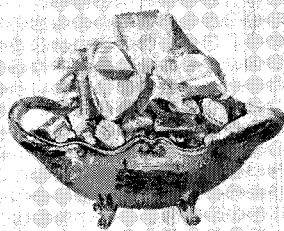
capital importance is being carried on in lots of other fields.

Many of the undergraduates get jobs during vacations, the Warden told me; in the short vacs they sort letters in post offices, tutor backward schoolboys, or do unskilled factory work, and in summer quite a few become waiters at resorts, some doubtless filling vacancies left by scouts of their own colleges. "As waiters, they make themselves affable to the guests," the Warden said, "and if there are plenty of Americans staying at their hotels, they earn packets of notes. The most money—perhaps fifty pounds a week—is earned by boys who have shown promise in engineering or the sciences. They are in great demand. Some of the old-fashioned high-and-drys among the tutors are shocked at this job-taking in vacations, but as long as we know about it and can control its volume and timing so that the boys can get their reading done, I think it's a good thing. Nearly all the boys need more money, and I want them to have it. But, of course, even those who earn the most money haven't anywhere near as much as Oxford boys once had. As a result, some long-standing undergraduate pleasures have disappeared, while others have acquired a communal pattern. For instance, private lunch and dinner parties in one's room have become rarities. Nowadays, the boys club together and give drinks parties. We've built an extension to our Junior Common Room large enough to accommodate a drinks party for sixty. Do you remember the holocausts?"

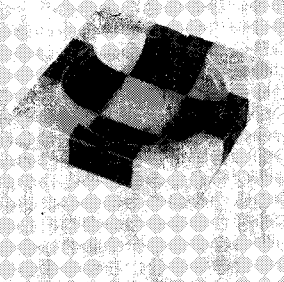
I certainly did remember them—those wreckings of people's rooms by young gentlemen, mostly sporting types and heady with drink, which started off with what Evelyn Waugh has described as "the sound of the English country families baying for broken glass." "Well," the Warden went on, "de-



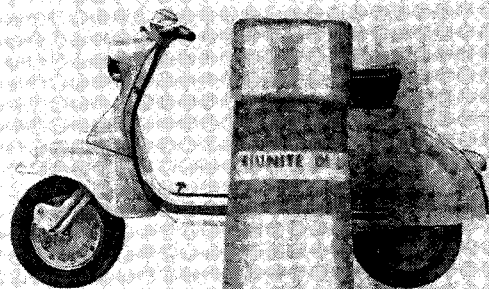
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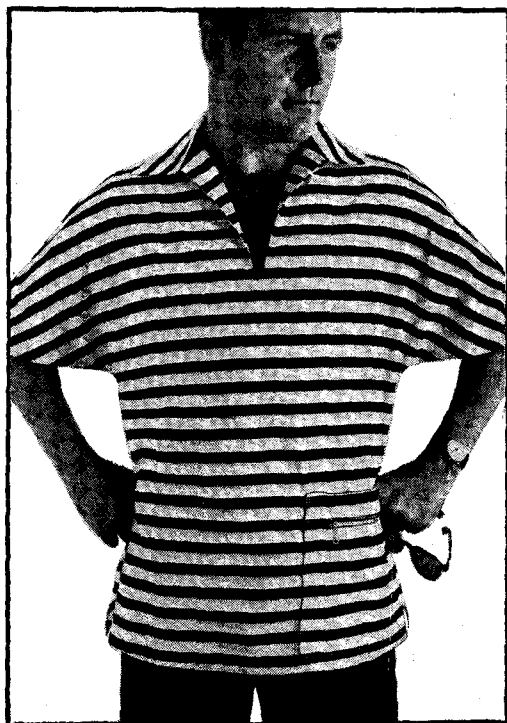
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stroying property is out of fashion today. Nobody can afford to pay for it afterward. Besides, holocausts were entirely caused by boredom, and nowadays the boys haven't time to be bored. But it's nonsense to claim that they're obsessed by their careers. We're really very gay here at Wadham. You should see the revues our dramatic society puts on every term. They're not obscene or angry—just uproarious. Last term, one of the boys did a sham rock 'n' roll that made me shout with laughter." He reflected a moment, said "Sham rock 'n' roll" again, and then shouted with laughter. Communication between the Warden and me functioned perfectly except for one occasion, when I remarked that the Master of University College had taken a private census and discovered that in all Oxford only eight undergraduates kept horses. "Yes," the Warden said. "They've all gone over to cows." "Cows!" I exclaimed, thinking that Oxford really *had* changed. "Automobiles," he said, translating, and we were back on the rails. His observation about cars was certainly true. The undergraduates may be far from affluent, but almost everybody has, or shares ownership in, a car of some kind. Jalopies abound, and there are also what the Warden called "perilous homemade vehicles."



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THE change in Oxford that impressed me most, I think, was the status of women studying there. In my day, the official attitude toward them was partly that of St. Paul, partly that of an elderly bachelor misogynist immured in his club, and the rest that of a small boy who thinks the only way to treat girls is to throw bricks at them. Women students then were forced to live in a manner that was almost conventual. If you were going to have tea with one in her college room, your first act, after knocking on her door and greeting her, was to help roll her sofa out into the corridor, as a guarantee to the authorities that there would be no cutting up beyond tea drinking and high-toned conversation. Before my time, the regulations designed to safeguard women students were even more galling. The Warden of Wadham told me that in 1914, when he was a freshman, a female student caught merely talking to a male student was in grave danger of being sent down, which is Oxfordese for being expelled. And if a girl wanted to play tennis, she had to go to the court in a closed cab, since it was considered unseemly for her even to be seen on the streets carrying



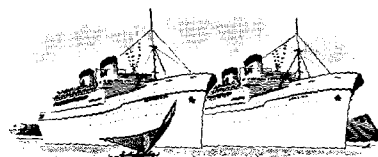
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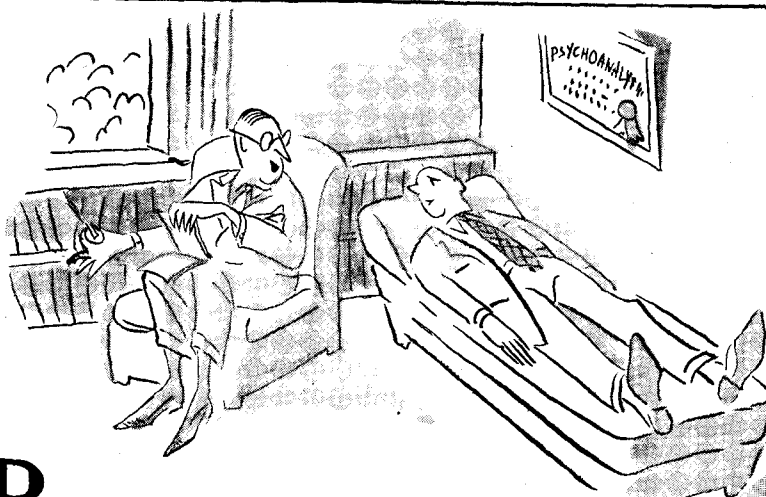
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a racket. Now Oxford girls compete with Cambridge girls in the far less seemly sport of lacrosse, and the drivers of closed cabs must look elsewhere for business.

Even more sensational, though, to one with my memories, is the sight, visible all over Oxford, of male and female undergraduates strolling along together, overtly holding hands and drawing scarcely a glance from the University's proctors—dons, chosen from the staffs of the various colleges, who wear academic robes and caps while on duty—or from their bowler-hatted, middle-aged, non-academic assistants, known as bulldogs, who are reputedly selected for their fleetness of foot and skill at catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Among the many duties of these monitors is the policing of undergraduates outside college walls but still in the town, and back when I was one of the policed, if a proctor or bulldog spotted you holding hands with any girl other than your little sister you would be apprehended and booked for "i.i.," or "intended immorality." Being charged with i.i. wasn't as bad as being caught red-handed trying to burn down the Bodleian Library, but it was a very serious jam for an undergraduate to find himself in all the same. From time to time, the innocent and incredibly dreary public dances held every Wednesday night at the Masonic Hall, on High Street, were subjected to proctorial raids; unless a visiting scholar managed to escape by the back way, his presence in the hall would be classified as i.i. even if, when apprehended, he was simply standing alone, a stag among the potted palms. Needless to say, it was not women students we vainly tried to teach the toddle to on those dismal Wednesday evenings; at that hour, their colleges had them locked up like so many vestal virgins. Now women students, in addition to being permitted to hold hands with men right out in the open, may go to dances and—what is even more revolutionary—may call on their undergraduate friends in men's colleges. The Rector of Exeter told me that the girls generally begin showing up at the college at about nine in the morning and that the place isn't cleared of them until nine in the evening—or even eleven on Saturdays, when there are apt to be parties. I hate to keep sounding like Mr. Anachronism of 1958, but I was dumfounded at the notion of girls' attending a Saturday-night party in a college room. Both the Rector of Exeter and the Warden of Wadham considered the innovation salutary. "The girls keep order at parties," the



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Rector said, and the Warden declared firmly, "They civilize the boys." Then he added, "And don't you agree that their looks and getups have improved enormously?"

I did indeed. After a week of wandering around town, I was very well aware that the women students of today are prettier and infinitely better dressed than they were when I was an undergraduate. Oh, those caps they used to make the poor girls wear! It was the same square black academic cap that the men wore, but while the men's version had a stiff, flat top and was trimmed with an attractive tassel, the girls' version had been divested of its pasteboard stiffener and turned into a shapeless inverted pudding bag that dangled at the corners. Men carried their caps (they seldom wore them at all) only on solemn occasions like matriculation, degree taking, and reporting to the Senior Proctor on a charge of i.i.; women wore theirs practically all the time, with disastrous effect. One of the few truly beautiful women students at Oxford in my day was a Connecticut girl named Helen McLanahan, but, gorgeous though she was, when she appeared in her cap she looked, as Ring Lardner used to say, like general housework.

Now liberated from their caps to the same extent that the men are, Oxford's women students look as cute as pins, and, being outnumbered six to one, they are naturally in great demand. But emancipation of the University's females has posed one problem that has yet to be solved. The college for men and women, Nuffield (named for the motor mogul who endowed it), is open to graduate students of both sexes who are reading the social sciences. For several years, its dons have occupied its administration building, but its residential building for students is still under construction. What will happen when it is completed and both graduate sexes start living there? "We've been wondering if we should provide a chaplain on the premises for marriage ceremonies," one of the Nuffield dons told me, with only a hint of a smile. Shades of St. Scholastica!

SHORTLY after breakfast one morning toward the end of my stay, I was in my hotel room, reading an account of Queen Elizabeth I's visit to Oxford in 1566, when Ruby phoned. "You and your voice from the tomb!" she said. "Made me come all over queer, that did." Then she gave the magnificent screaming laugh. We made a date

to meet at ten-thirty that morning at the Bag o' Nails, a pub near her home, and I was so delighted at the prospect of seeing Ruby again that I got there half an hour before opening time. It was cold that day, and I paced up and down to keep warm, meanwhile scanning the surroundings for my esteemed contemporary. I couldn't see anyone who even remotely resembled her. I walked past an elderly woman pushing a bicycle with a wicker market basket attached to its handle bars, and then I heard a voice say, "Is that you?" Turning, I saw that she had stopped and was talking to me. I had to look deep into her eyes to see that it was Ruby. Then, without waiting for an answer, Ruby began making ukulele-strumming motions with her right hand and singing, "Ah, my freckle-faced, consumptive Sarah Jane," but before she got halfway through the next line, she gave up and bent over the handle bars in a paroxysm of laughing and screaming so violent that a tear rolled down her left cheek. That was a woman for you, I reflected bitterly; if she *had* to recall one of my songs, why couldn't it have been "Dardanella," "Allah's Holiday," "The Japanese Sandman," "Poor Butterfly," or any of at least a dozen others? But no; the only one she saw fit to remember was the rottenest number in my whole repertoire.

There was still about a quarter of an hour to go before the Bag o' Nails opened, and when Ruby said she had to buy some chops for her husband's dinner, I suggested that I accompany her to the butcher shop—anything to get her mind off that Sarah Jane song. It was an unfortunate suggestion. There were half a dozen customers in the shop, and after Ruby had introduced me to a short middle-aged butcher and a tall young butcher, she explained, "I knew this gentleman thirty-five years ago," and then added, wholly irrelevantly, "He had thick, curly, golden hair." At this, all the customers turned and stared at me in naked astonishment. My hair is no longer any of those things—particularly not thick—and I was glad that I had kept my hat on against the cold. "We're having a few at the Nails to make up for lost time," Ruby said. The tall young butcher leaned over his chopping block and, slapping it loudly with his palms and forearms, simulated a man dragging himself along on all fours in a state of acute distress, presumably induced by age. Quite a comedian, he apparently thought himself, and the customers apparently agreed with him.

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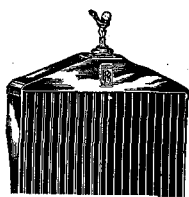
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at the Bag o' Nails were pleasantly warming, and after Ruby and I had filled each other in on a good deal of personal history, I began to tell her of the changes I had found in Oxford, and then, probably because it had just occurred to me, of something I felt about the impact of the welfare state on education. Its program was still in the transitional stage, I pointed out, but there was already one superb achievement it could indisputably claim—the discovery of a great reservoir of brains and talent among people of meagre means. It was a reservoir that England had never tapped before, and someday it would be a wonderful asset not only to Great Britain but to the whole world. I must have expressed myself badly, however, for her sole comment was "What's it all in aid of?" And then it came over me that while Ruby and I might have changed out of all recognition, Oxford hadn't changed at all, really, because the only time that any university is at its very best is when you yourself are a student there, and the hell with what it was before you arrived or will be after you leave. Yes, I thought, that is its only and its finest time. I took a pull at my pint and felt very moved as I recalled Queen Elizabeth's departing words, which I had read that morning: "Farewell, farewell, dear Oxford; God bless thee and increase thy sons in number, holiness, and virtue."

"Cheer up," Ruby said. "We shan't always be poor." —JOEL SAYRE

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R.V.P.

A. Excelsior, shredded paper, straw, and tissue paper.—*Miami Herald*.

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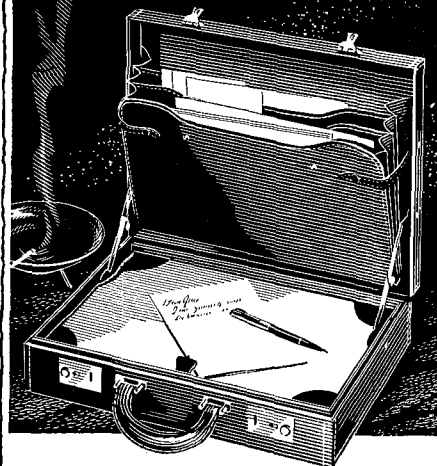
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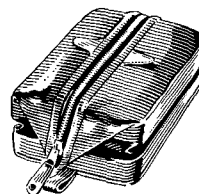
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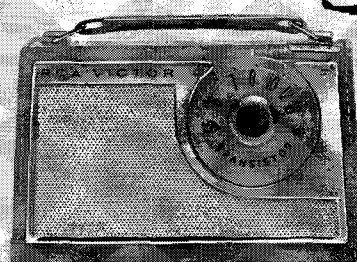


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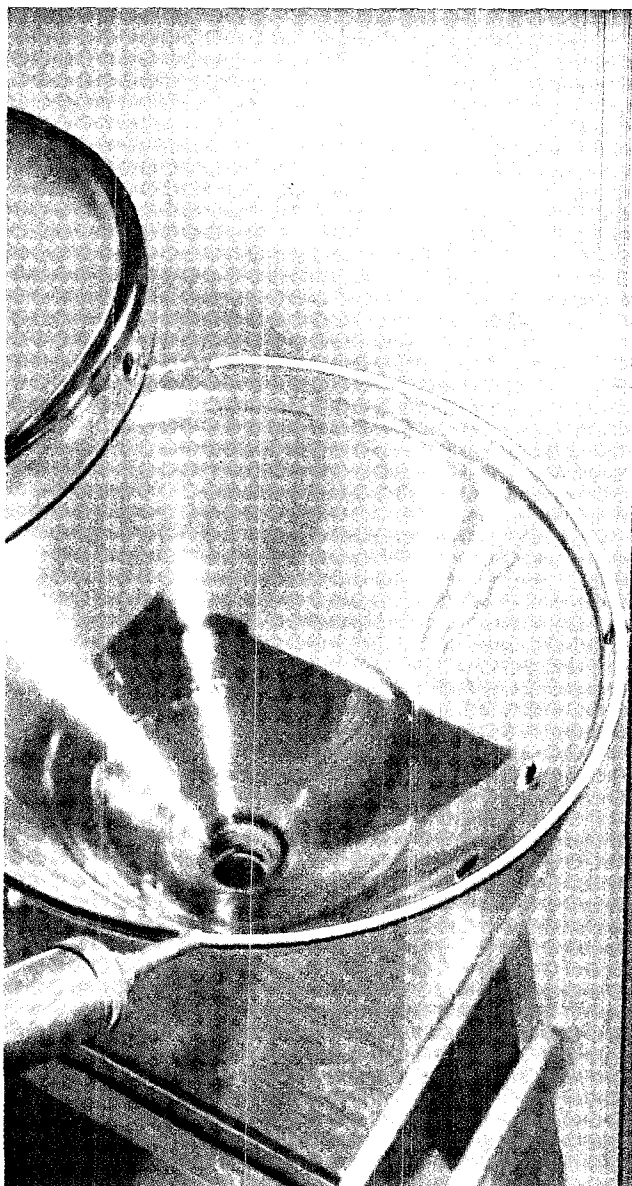
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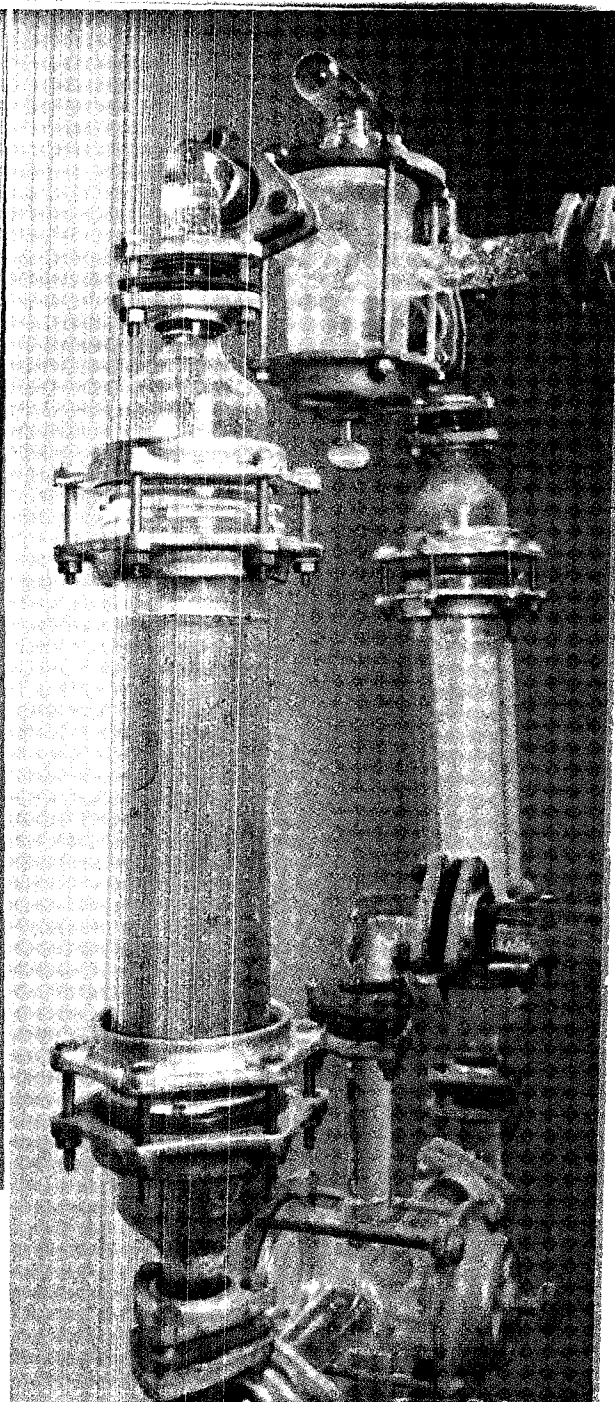
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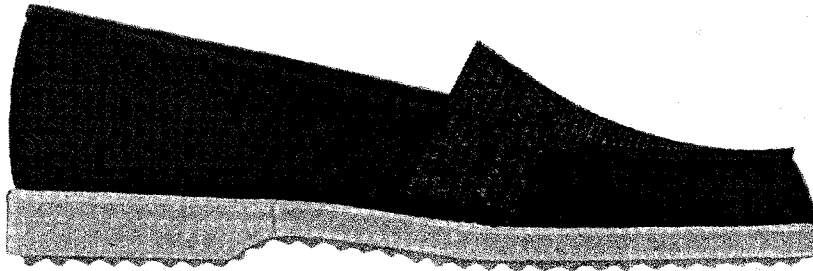
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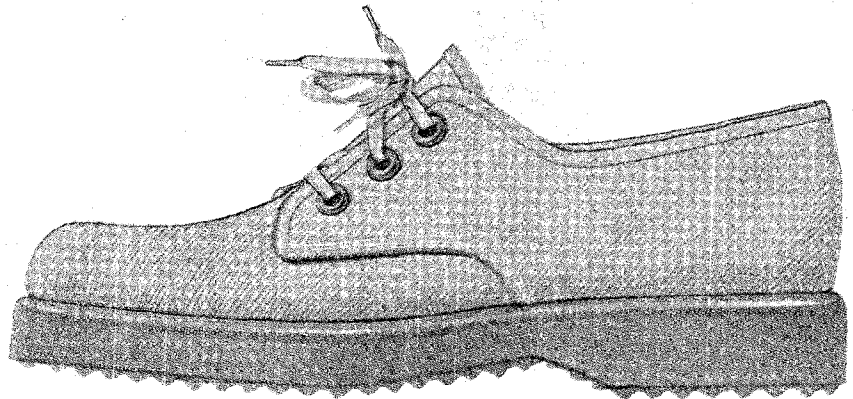
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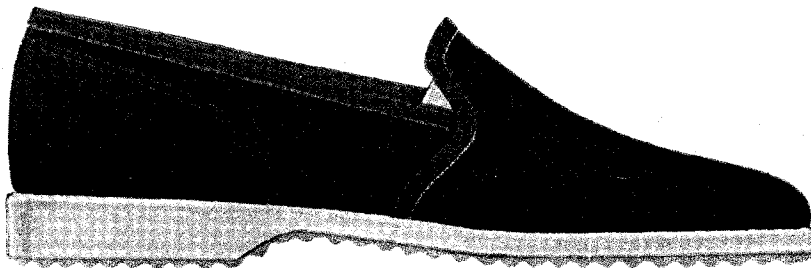


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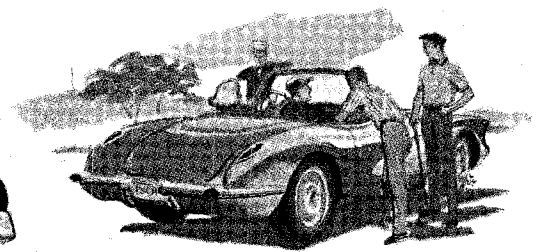


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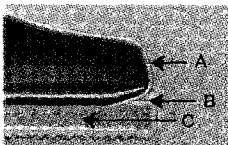
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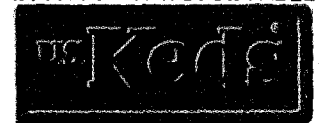


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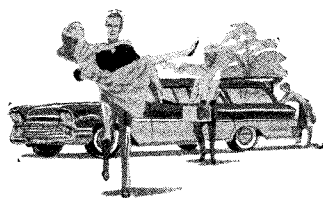
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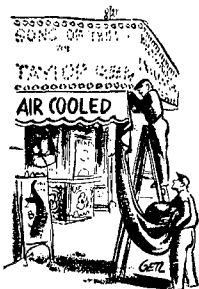


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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poor Joe Is Dead



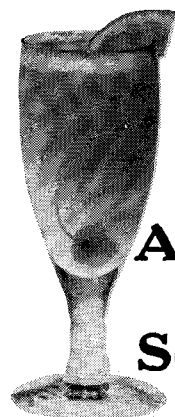
"TEN NORTH FREDERICK," based on the novel by John O'Hara, and adapted to the screen by Philip Dunne, who also directed the work, is a prolonged obituary notice of a Pennsylvania gentleman named Joe Chapin, a resident of the town of Gibbsville, the habitat of so many O'Hara characters. As a piece of fiction, "Ten North Frederick" was a burly affair, and in boiling it down to reasonable proportions for the movies Mr. Dunne has had to jettison a good deal of the background material Mr. O'Hara included in his book to explain why Joe Chapin found middle-class mores impossible to stomach. As a result, the motivations of our hero and of the people who surround him are difficult to follow on the screen, and it isn't until Chapin plunges into a May-December romance with a model as he nears the end of his career that the picture acquires a touch of warmth.

Before this interlude, we have watched Joe Chapin being driven to distraction by a family that comprises his wife, who is a Gibbsville Xanthippe; a son, who is mad about jazz; and a daughter, who has been seduced and then married by a trumpet player looking every inch a rumpled and real-gone guy. It is Chapin's notion that maybe his son would be better off studying law at Yale than music at Juilliard ("What's Juilliard?" he inquires when the subject is introduced), and that his daughter's husband is not a particularly happy addition to the family circle, even though she contends that he is the McCoy, in contrast to the Gibbsville bloods she used to hang around with. When the old boy has finally shipped his son off to Yale and arranged for the annulment of his daughter's marriage, he gets to agonizing about these decisions as head of the house. His soul-searching left me vastly uninterested, because, after watching Sonny fidgeting around a piano, and after a look at Daughter's hepcat, I saw no reason to fault his judgment about what would be best for the kiddies. I was also something less than stirred by Chapin's attempts to become lieutenant governor

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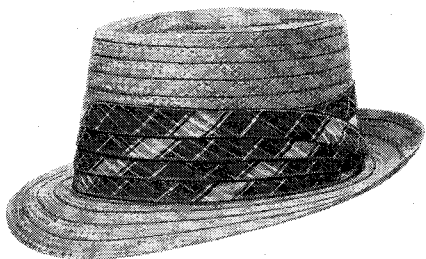
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as a stepping stone to the Presidency of the United States—a scheme cooked up by his wife, who struck me as eminently certifiable. In the fell clutch of professional politicians, our man does not whimper or cry aloud, but when they have relieved him of a hundred thousand dollars and then tossed him off the ticket, he does take a few drinks to solace himself, and before he and the picture are finished, he is belting the bottle enthusiastically.

The cast assembled for "Ten North Frederick" is headed by Gary Cooper, who turns in an ingratiating performance, as does Suzy Parker, who portrays the lovely model so kind to him in his later years. I don't suppose that anybody could make much of the role of the incredible termagant, Mrs. Chapin, but it does seem to me that Geraldine Fitzgerald's interpretation might have been just a trifle less shrill. During some of her more emotional outbursts, the sound track threatens to shatter one's eardrums. As the get of Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, we have Diane Varsi and Ray Stricklyn, both of whom would seem to represent the sort of young people who could make even an optimist worry about the future of the race, and as an opportunistic Irish political boss, we have Tom Tully, who plays it grasping and crude.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

Down the ages human emotion has sought expression through the dance. Research into the history of primitive civilization resulted in the proof that dancing was the first art. All nature teaches rhythm. We can observe it in the movement of the waves of the sea—the swaying of the trees.

Uncivilized man expressed sorrow with a slow mournful rhythm—fear with a furious beating of the tom-toms and many swift steps. The worship of the Gods, which comprised the greater part of their religious ceremonies, was manifested by the dance. These were called magical dances. Intense desire for rain or sun found utterance in the act of dancing, and when he wished for rain, or sun, he obeyed the simplest impulse and executed a Rain Dance or a Sun Dance which was done publicly by a collective authorized body of the tribe for the public good.

And in the present day living, we do not abandon ourselves to the expression of joy in so primitive fashion.—*Roseland menu.*

Still, Roseland is Roseland.

Speaking in Ogden, Utah, Norton said the United States now has rockets powerful enough to boost into orbit a two-tone satellite—a half-ton heavier than the satellite launched by Russia Thursday.

—*Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune.*

Yeah, but the Russian one has power steering.

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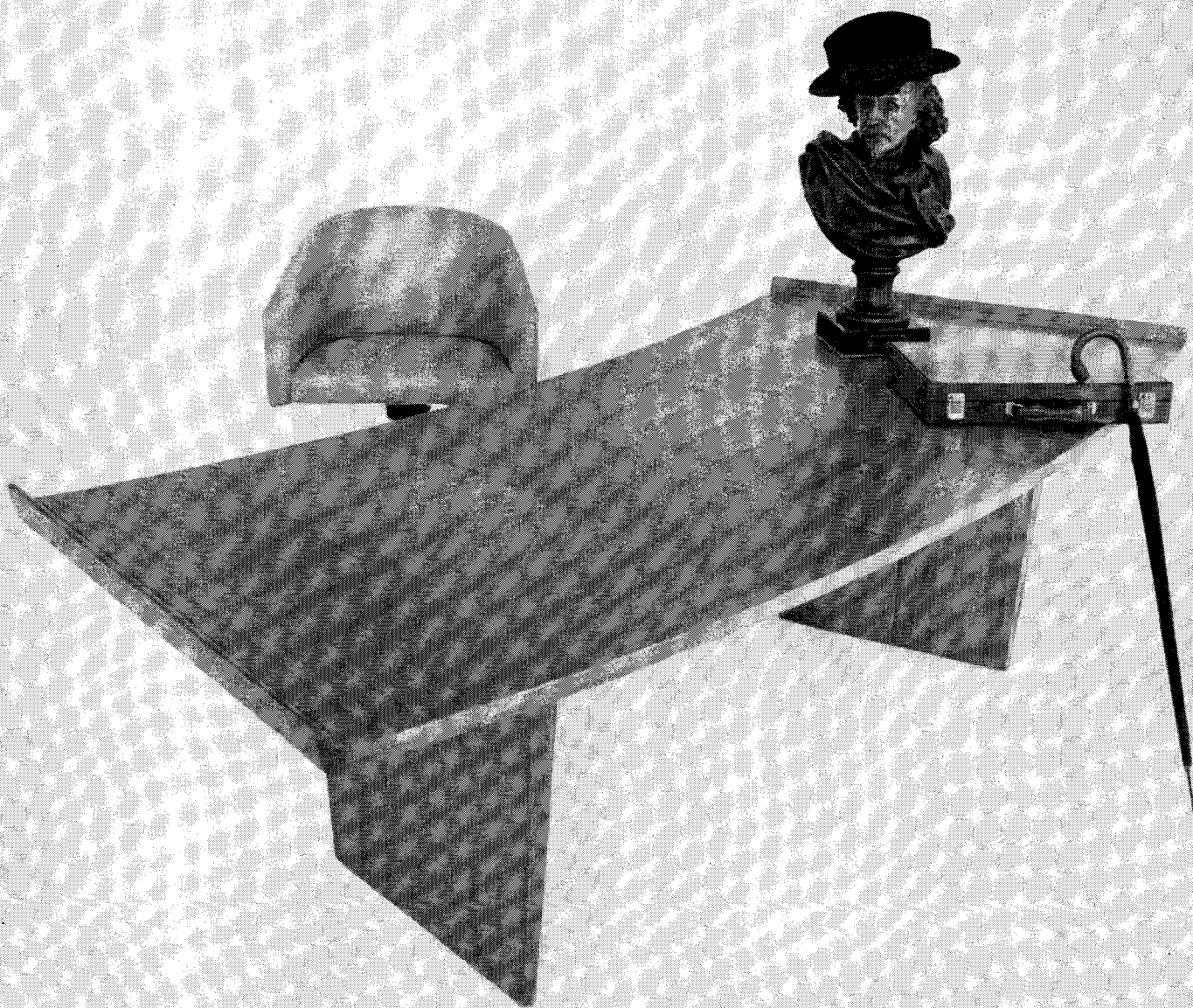
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 25

FOR the past fortnight, the French Fourth Republic has functioned in what has seemed a state of unrealities that have become facts, upon which it still survives, with difficulty.

Wednesday evening, the pro-Gaullist newspaper *Paris-Press* said, with irony, "To sum it all up, the situation is now clear. Parliament has confidence in Pflimlin, who has confidence in General Salan, who has confidence in General de Gaulle, who has no confidence in Parliament but is waiting for it to show confidence in him." *Paris-Press* then undermined its concise gibe by adding that things here in France "are obviously less simple, less tragic, and less absurd" than that. Actually, the tragedy, the lack of logic to the point of farce and fantasy, and the intricate complexities have all been major, dominant, equal, and probably unavoidable since May 13th, just twelve days ago. That was when the contagious Algiers insurrection broke out against the Paris government, soon coming under the command of a military and civilian junta to which General Raoul Salan, chief of the French forces in Algeria, gave his blessing—a troubling double performance in which the General is still starring, rather like a trick cavalryman aloft, riding with one foot on the back of each of two dangerous, plunging horses. The strain on parliamentarianism and the Fourth Republic was increased by General Charles de Gaulle's stately offer, repeated at his press conference last Monday, to take over power in France—an offer that, as the days go by, makes him seem the inevitable, unique, and perfectly non-Republican solution to the Fourth Republic's present political drama of paralysis.

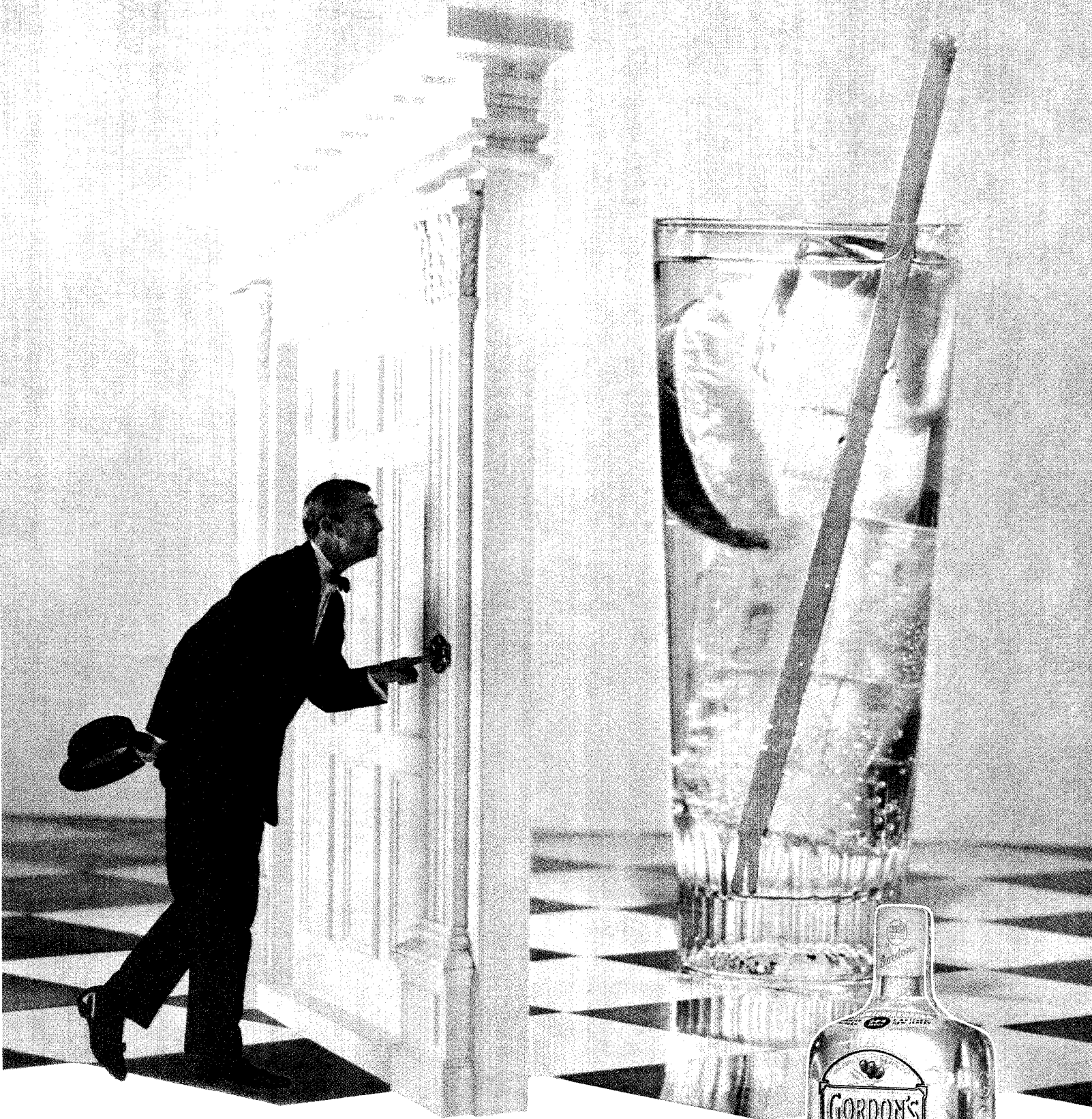
In the accumulated confusions, one thing alone now looks clear. For the first time in peace, Paris is not the political capital of France. Temporarily, at least, the colonial city of Algiers is the French political epicenter, is making the violent, dominating political news, is claiming to be the revolutionary leader "of the renewal of the French spirit," and has been making the active decisions, to which Paris is helplessly susceptible. Even if in the next few days, or possibly weeks, President Coty, equipped with all due legality squeezed from the Paris parliament, should offer

de Gaulle the leadership of France, Algiers would still triumph, because its citizens—by the hundreds of thousands—lawlessly shouted for him first, crying, "De Gaulle to power! *Vive de Gaulle!*" This is a call for the savior that has not yet been massively heard here on the Paris streets.



THE two weeks' growth and emerging aim of the Algerian uprising constitute the most peculiar colonial rebellion of

modern times. The dissidents' goal—since it was a movement from the Right, drawn from Algeria's million French *colons*, or white settlers, who are the country's prosperous racial minority—was not to obtain independence from France but to attach themselves indissolubly to it, in order to make sure that they would not be abandoned by it through the unsuccessful ending of the three-and-a-half-year-old, ill-fated French war against the liberty-loving *fellagha* rebels, who are the activists among the nine million Moslem majority. In case you have not been able to unravel the tangled Algiers events since May 13th, it seems that on that afternoon there was a solemn, angry memorial service at the city's Monument for the Dead to honor three French Army soldiers killed by the Algerian nationalist forces in reprisal for the execution of native soldiers by the French. After this patriotic service and the chanting of the "Marseillaise," a gigantic riot occurred, in which thousands of the French citizenry, instead of assaulting the Moslem quarters, as usual when enraged, sacked the French Government Building, aided by anti-*fellagha* Moslems. According to the latest newspaper reports here, the riot was the opening battering ram of a well-laid plot by a group of hard-core *colons*, who had distributed tracts all morning to both the white and the Moslem populations. The tract urged an uprising against "the worn-out system," meaning the weak Paris governments of splintered political parties, and especially the Pflimlin government. Pflimlin, the tract said, was scheming to hand over Algeria to the *fellaghas* in a negotiated peace, stranding the *colons* in costly independence from France—a money-losing, undesired liberty indeed. There was also, perhaps, a less well-laid plot for May 13th among certain professional French Army officers, long bitter against what



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they have called the inefficient, ignorant, unpatriotic Paris politicians, who, they claim, engineered their defeat in Indo-China and, peace being more popular with most French voters, have been hamstringing the Algerian war. Friday, the independent Paris paper *Le Monde* printed a May 13th letter that the youngish Brigadier General Jacques Massu, of the crack, brutal 10th Paratroop Division, sent to his whole division, officers and men, which at one point said, classically, "The hour is grave." Then it assailed the Paris stabs in the Army's back, "aimed at dishonoring us and weakening our accomplishments," and asked that the letter be sent to the soldiers' families in France. "You, our parents, and our friends in Metropolitan France have an obligation to help us in denouncing the campaigns against the Algerian war by so-called intellectuals, lay or Christian, and those who have lost their national sentiment and now play the game of the foreigners, whether of the East or West," it said—meaning Russia and the French Communists, who call it "the dirty war," and the United States, with its anti-colonial and supposedly pro-Algerian foreign policy. That May afternoon, Massu, with his red beret, his Cyrano de Bergerac nose, his brown-and-green camouflage battle dress, and his jumping boots, was reportedly a noticeable stalwart in the frenetic Algiers crowds, which, as the excitement, violence, and rioting continued, became host to a new phenomenon—fraternization between *colons* and Moslems in a sudden brotherly unity that, after a hundred and thirty years of French occupation, is already being called "the miracle of Algeria" and that, to common cries of "Long live French Algeria!," is still going on all over the land.

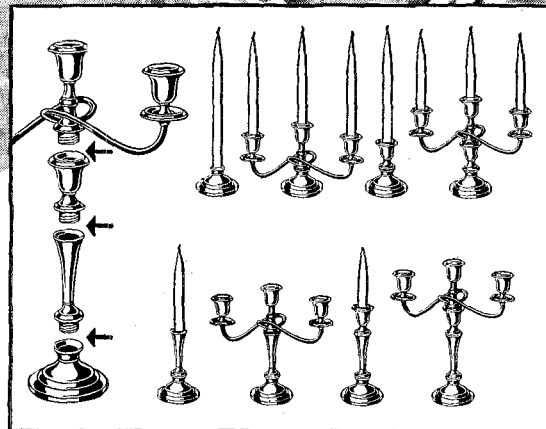
To restore order among the delirious mobs, General Salan took command of the uprising, and just before midnight issued a communiqué saying, "Having the mission to protect you, I have provisionally taken in hand the destinies of Algeria." By May 15th, the General was himself shouting with the crowds for de Gaulle. Since then, Salan has been nightly addressing throngs of about fifteen thousand and invoking the installation of de Gaulle from a rostrum that now flies the tricolor of France barred with de Gaulle's Cross of Lorraine. Three nights ago, on Thursday, when the still wild and enthusiastic crowds shouted their newest slogan, "The Army to power!," he thanked them for "*cette bonne parole*" (for "these good words"), adding, "We

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inquisitive,
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shall all march up the Champs-Elysées together and be covered with flowers."

The final statement of the *colons* May 13th Algiers tract exhorted Algerians "to demand of Coty the establishment in France of a Government of Public Safety"—it was the Committee of Public Safety that started the Terror during the French Revolution—"which could govern over the heads of political parties." Two days ago, a newly enlarged Comité du Salut Public de l'Algérie et du Sahara held its first meeting in the Algiers Summer Palace, with a red carpet, an honor guard of spahis holding sabres aloft, and General Salan in the chair, surrounded by delegates from the Departments of Oran, the Sahara, and Constantine (some of them natives who had been flown in), and by about three times as many French *colons* as Moslems. General Massu and Mohammed Sid Cara, former Paris deputy from Oran, were elected joint presidents. The official report of the meeting declared that the Salut Public movement had done more work in three days than any Paris government had done in three years, and added that it was its firm resolution to set up in France "a public-safety government, headed by General de Gaulle, to demand a profound reform of the Republic's institutions."

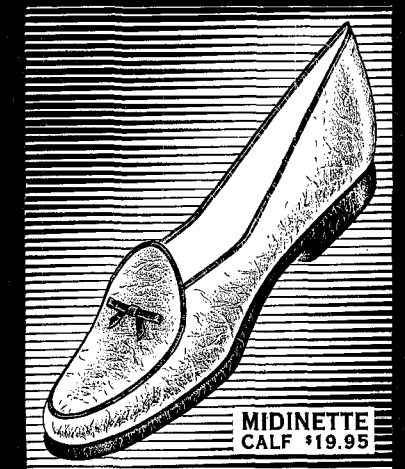
Yesterday afternoon, according to a prepared speech by Pflimlin that, inexplicably, was first broadcast on the national French radio at two-fifteen this morning, when the French were asleep, the Prefecture of Ajaccio, in Corsica, was captured by force by Pascal Arrighi, Corsican Radical Socialist deputy to Parliament here, on his return from a visit to Algiers, an action in which he was aided by some local Ajaccio citizens and a hundred and fifty French Army paratroopers stationed there. Premier Pflimlin came almost out in the open in his speech when he said that "despite the culpable conduct of certain men," the fraternization between French Europeans and Moslems had "given hope for the birth of a new Algeria," but that there was no such pregnant excuse for illegality in Corsica. "I have not the right to hide from you the fact that the same danger exists in France," he went on. "It is my duty to warn all those French who are attached to their liberties as guaranteed by the Republic's laws that sedition-mongers here are attempting to drag us to the brink of civil war."

AS seemed natural and heartening, Pierre Mendès-France made the major dihard liberal speeches recently in the Assembly. He not only denounced

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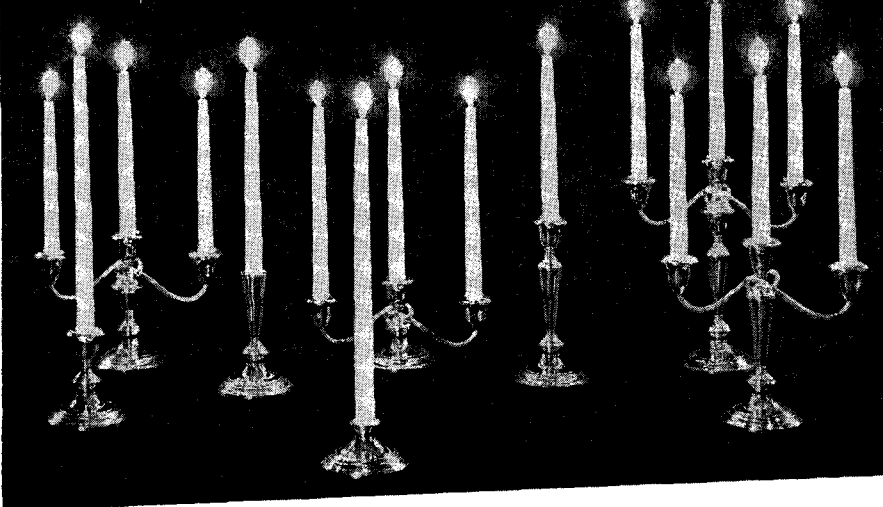
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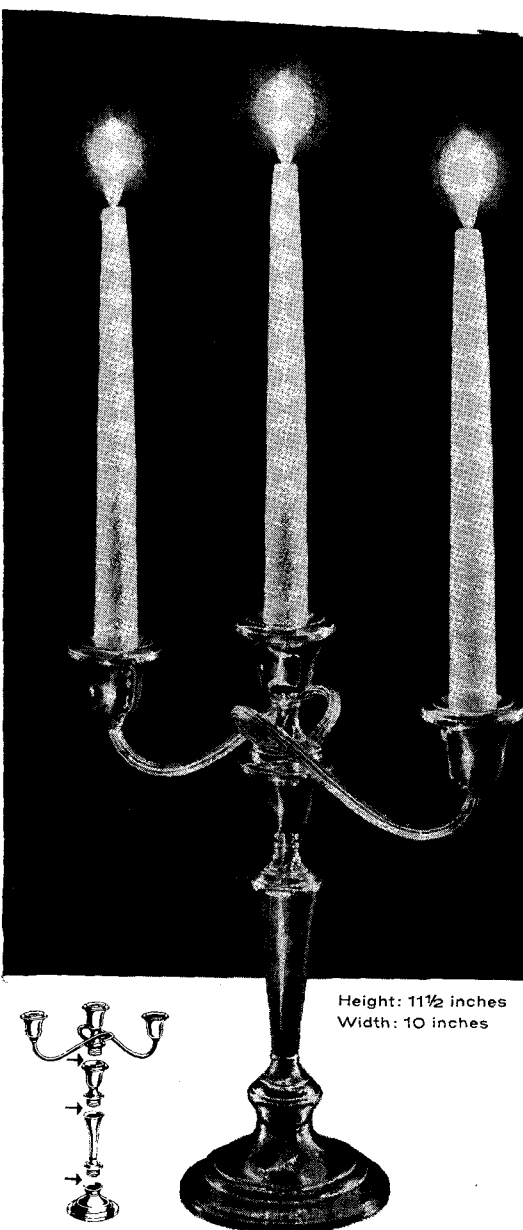
the Algerian generals but declared that the more important general, Charles de Gaulle, had "aggravated a dramatic situation" in his press-conference speech last week. Mendès said that during the war he had been a follower of de Gaulle, in which he took some pride, and had always thought that someday—Mendès himself being a critical pessimist in political affairs—de Gaulle would once more become the artisan of a national reconciliation, fatally due in France. "However," Mendès said, "sedition has just broken loose in Algiers. Civilians and military men took a weighty decision in invoking the name of de Gaulle, and immediately afterward, alas, the voice of June 18th"—a reference to the day in 1940 when de Gaulle broadcast his famous resistance speech, saying that France had lost a battle but not the war—"was lifted only to condemn the political parties" and not the Algerian generals. "In the face of insolent sedition," Mendès said boldly to Pflimlin, "your strength is your legitimacy," as representing Republican law. "It is the Republic that entrusted these military chiefs with soldiers to command," he went on, "and it is time that these chiefs were recalled to a sense of their duty and honor. . . . General de Gaulle should resuscitate the emotion that he arouses in the people in order to strengthen the Republic, for which he now reserves his severities—after, admittedly, having restored it to life following the Liberation." The ill-placed Pflimlin, it is true, had at first denounced the Army's relation with the state after the Algiers uprising; in the end, General Salan was described by him in a white voice, on the Assembly speaker's tribune, as one of "the military who have restored order and Republican laws."

Half a million men of the French Army are in Algeria, and a handful are in Germany; Paris not only is without protection but, were it not for the military men who now operate as the official bridge across the Mediterranean, would be without communication with Algiers, its alarming godchild. Because of the Ajaccio uprising, Pflimlin is calling a special Assembly session tomorrow, to be followed by his bill for constitutional reforms which comes up Tuesday. It may not pass, since, with desperate intelligence, it cuts the deputies' Parliament-sitting to only five months of talk, sets the limit of a government's life at two years, and prohibits the overthrow of any government unless a new Premier and new government are all ready to replace the old one. As Pflimlin would be the first to benefit from his reform, he has declared that he will resign if

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his bill is passed. This constitutional reform has been talked of for twelve years, was cooked up in committee in four days, and is slated to be passed in one week—thus being twelve years one week and four days late in contemporary history. It is supposed that Pflimlin will be followed by General de Gaulle.

DE GAULLE's enemies will automatically be the Communists. There are well-informed Parisians who think that Moscow, with its telescopic long view of the world, will not order French Communists into street riots against him. The Muscovite vision, they say, sees any republic as a rotting fruit that will sooner or later be soft enough to drop into their hands—a process that de Gaulle, by his personal flame, might only hasten. Militant Communist Party members declare, however, that if he comes to power they will fight against him in the streets—"our skin against his"—despite his having been a war leader whom the Communist Resistance greatly served and admired. If the Communists choose to fight, they will paralyze France by strikes. The Socialists, though they have hardened in the last few days against de Gaulle, will doubtless accept him, since the choice for them now is de Gaulle or a revived Front Populaire with the Communists, in which the minority Socialists would be eaten alive, as if by political cannibals. The hour is indeed grave for the Republic. Much depends on General de Gaulle.

To judge by his recent statements, he still has no sense of human relations and no personal ambitions—nothing but his sense of sacred destiny, which has seemed to be an intermittent one. He is, as a political poet recently said, like a stained-glass Chartres window—an awkward, colorful, large male figure seen against heavenly light, a glassy symbol of devotion that, because of its optical distance from human observers, prompts them to reverence. A giant of a Frenchman in outer and also in hidden ways, he has just been critically described by Jean-Paul Sartre as "the interminable man." Loving nothing but France, he is the Frenchman of sacrifice.—GENET

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

... as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler.—From the preface of "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton.

... angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.—From Chapter I of the same book.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IT is, of course, a well-known fact that every silver lining has a cloud—and one of the clouds that hang most heavily over sensitive householders at this season is worry about what's to become of their valuables, their pets, and their potted plants while they themselves are having a fine vacation. Well, I have been at some pains recently to investigate various services and devices aimed at dispelling this cloud by safeguarding the silverware and providing suitable companionship for the canary, the tubs of privet, and other family friends during a household exodus, and it is now my pleasure to report on them.

While the possibility of thieves' breaking in probably causes less anxiety than the problem of who is going to feed the goldfish in the absence of their rightful protectors, General Electric has come up with such a neat contrivance for keeping housebreakers at bay that it should, I think, head my list of trouble shooters. The device—a time switch that turns a light on and off automatically at given hours—is obviously meant for those persons who hold the reassuring belief that thieves assume all lighted houses and apartments to be occupied, and stay out of them. Although this instrument for making a fool of a burglar functions with Machiavellian subtlety, its mechanism is simplicity itself, consisting merely of a small metal box, which is plugged into a wall outlet and into which the light to be controlled is plugged. The box contains a four-watt clock motor and a twenty-four-hour dial, which can be set so that the light will go on at whatever hour you think will be most convincing to a housebreaker who is casing the joint, and go out again when you want it to. The price of this devilish work of deception is \$17, and if you'd like to drive a prospecting burglar completely crazy, you can rig up a second time switch in, say, the

bedroom, set to go on at midnight, or whenever the living-room light goes off.

NOWADAYS, with hosts showing an increasing tendency not to include their friends' dogs in weekend invitations, and trains and buses coming up with all kinds of stuffy restrictions on canine travel, and that tiresome English quarantine remaining implacably in force, what to do with man's best friend while his natural guardian is away from home is becoming a major problem. The problem is made especially vexing by the fact that most pet shops and other canine boarding houses emit such a vaguely unhappy atmosphere that even a moderately susceptible owner can hardly leave his pet in one of them without misgivings. Moved by the dismal prospect of a lot of dogs at loose ends this summer, I made an appointment the other day with the Bide-A-Wee Home Association, at 410 East 38th Street—the very fountainhead of compassionate wisdom in canine matters—to discuss this perplexing question. To my surprise (I had known of the Association simply as a founding institution, not as a boarding establishment), I learned that Bide-A-Wee offers not only advice on the subject but a home away from home for dogs—in fact, two homes, one in town and one in the country.

Any animal lover, with or without a dog-boarding problem, would surely

find it worth his while to pay a visit to the Association's splendid headquarters, which looks like a well-equipped modern hospital and has about it a cozy air that comes, I suspect, from the excellent relations between the staff and the animals. To give you an idea of the concern that everybody there seems to feel not only for the health of the Bide-A-Wee charges but for their comfort and happiness as well, the dogs are quartered in air-conditioned kennels while the numerous executives who have offices in the building must get along as best they can with undoctored New York weather. The pervading feel of the whole setup is so friendly (I daresay "human" is not exactly the word) that it must be something of a disappointment to a dog who needs a place to stay for several months to learn that the Thirty-eighth Street hostel recommends the society's country kennels, on Long Island, for long-term boarders. If his owner insists, though, he can stay on at headquarters, and here are some of the advantages he will enjoy: spotlessly clean and unusually large tiled pens (those for medium-sized dogs are approximately eight feet long and six feet wide), which are scrubbed and sterilized daily; a daily medical examination by a qualified veterinarian (any ailing animals are kept in strict isolation, and their attendants are not allowed to come in contact with dogs who are in good health); and whole-

some meals of fresh meat, biscuit, milk, and plenty of fresh water. (Special diets are provided when necessary.) The fees are \$1.50 a day for a small or medium-sized dog and \$2.50 a day for an animal that weighs more than eighty pounds. All dogs must be inoculated against distemper and hepatitis before being accepted, and all boarding arrangements are by reservation only. I suppose I should mention that the Bide-A-Wee people also welcome cats into the Thirty-eighth Street establishment, on more or less the same



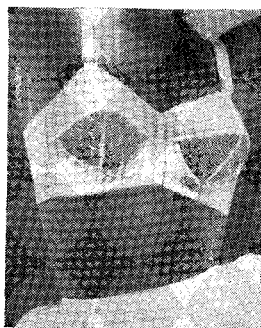
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by
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The president of one of Kentucky's colleges once called on us for a sizeable contribution.

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"Don't worry," he replied. "We figure that money has been working for the Devil long enough. Let us have it for a while!"

Such candor brought forth my checkbook!

I could not refrain from reminding the good Doctor, however, that through the years education in Kentucky has benefited considerably from our industry.

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(Advertisement)

basis as dogs, but I don't intend to get into the subject of boarding cats, because it seems to me that every cat (and every cat owner, for that matter) is a special case, requiring individual attention beyond the feeble powers of this department to prescribe; besides, most of the cat-boarding services I have heard of are such small enterprises, dealing with no more than four or five cats at a time, that it would be impractical to list them here.

Conditions at Bide-A-Wee's country branch, a two-hundred-acre estate on the Old Country Road, at Westhampton, are very much like those that prevail at the town hostel, except that no cats are accepted. The Long Island kennels have an even more relaxed atmosphere, suitable for guests *en villegiature*, but the same sparkling cleanliness is in evidence, and there is the same careful supervision of health and comfort. Indoor quarters six feet long and four feet wide are provided in two long stucco buildings accommodating some thirty-five dogs each, and the indoor quarters open onto individual outdoor runs eight feet long and six feet wide—fenced in, of course. Dogs of good character—not vicious, that is—are let out for a while each day, four or five at a time, in a seventy-five-foot runway. In addition to taking in boarders and foundlings, the Westhampton establishment has something called a pension plan, by which elderly dogs are received, at a charge of \$300 a year (or \$275, if payment is in advance), to live out their days in honorable retirement. I saw a number of these dignified pensioners, who are taken for daily walks by an attendant and, altogether, are treated with very special consideration. (One dog, I was told, has an almost psychopathic fear of lightning and thunder, and the manager of the kennels makes a point of being with him during electrical storms, even if it means sitting in the kennel half the night.)

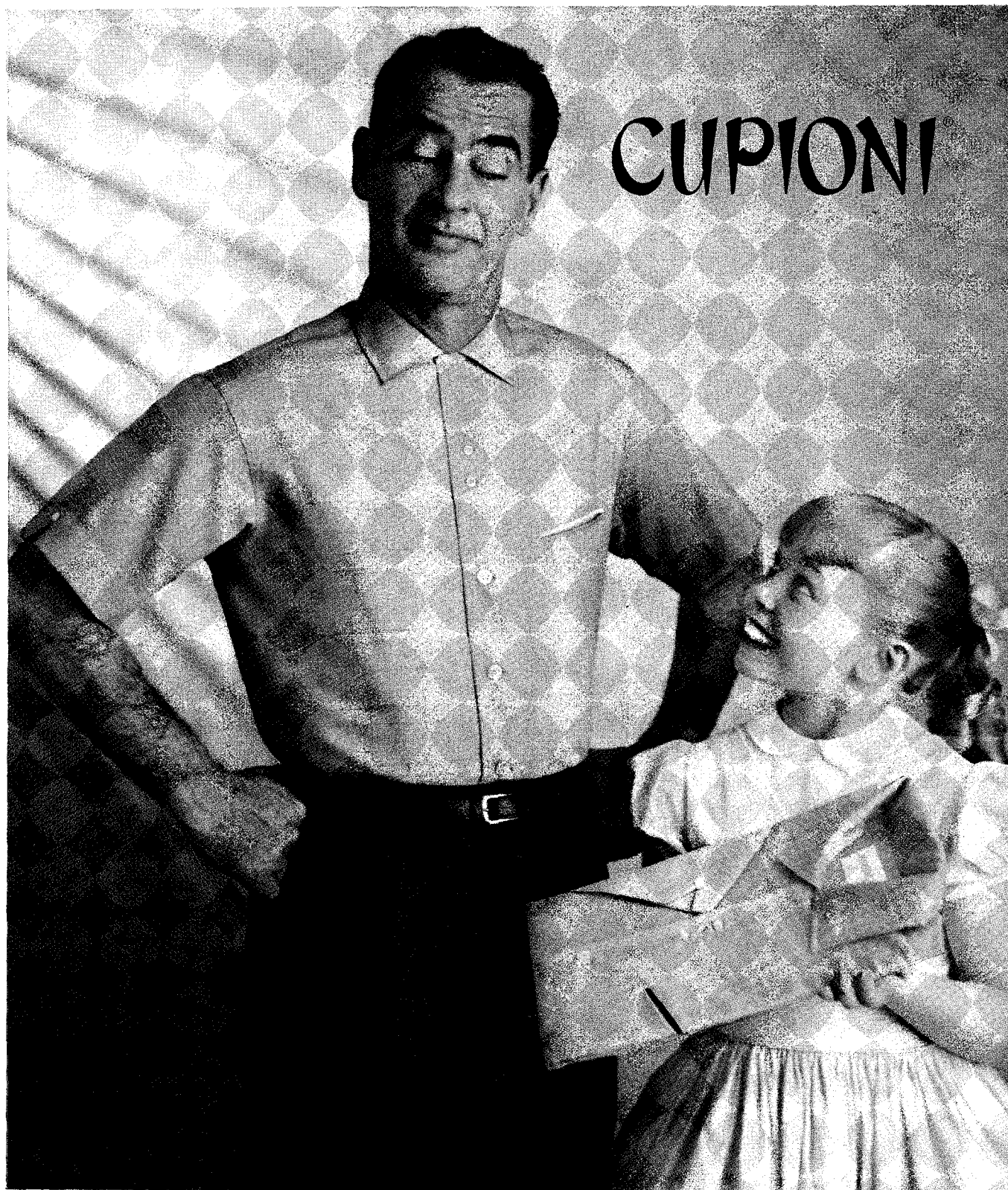
ALTHOUGH you probably wouldn't catch a hard-bitten dog man like Mr. Kenneth MacBain holding a neurotic dog's paw during a thunderstorm, the animals I saw under his care at his boarding kennels, in Closter, New Jersey (Closter 5-0300), appeared so very cheerful and in such fine shape that I felt a lively confidence in his stewardship. After the substantial elegance of the two Bide-A-Wee homes, the MacBain kennels may seem rather shabby, not to say makeshift, but they



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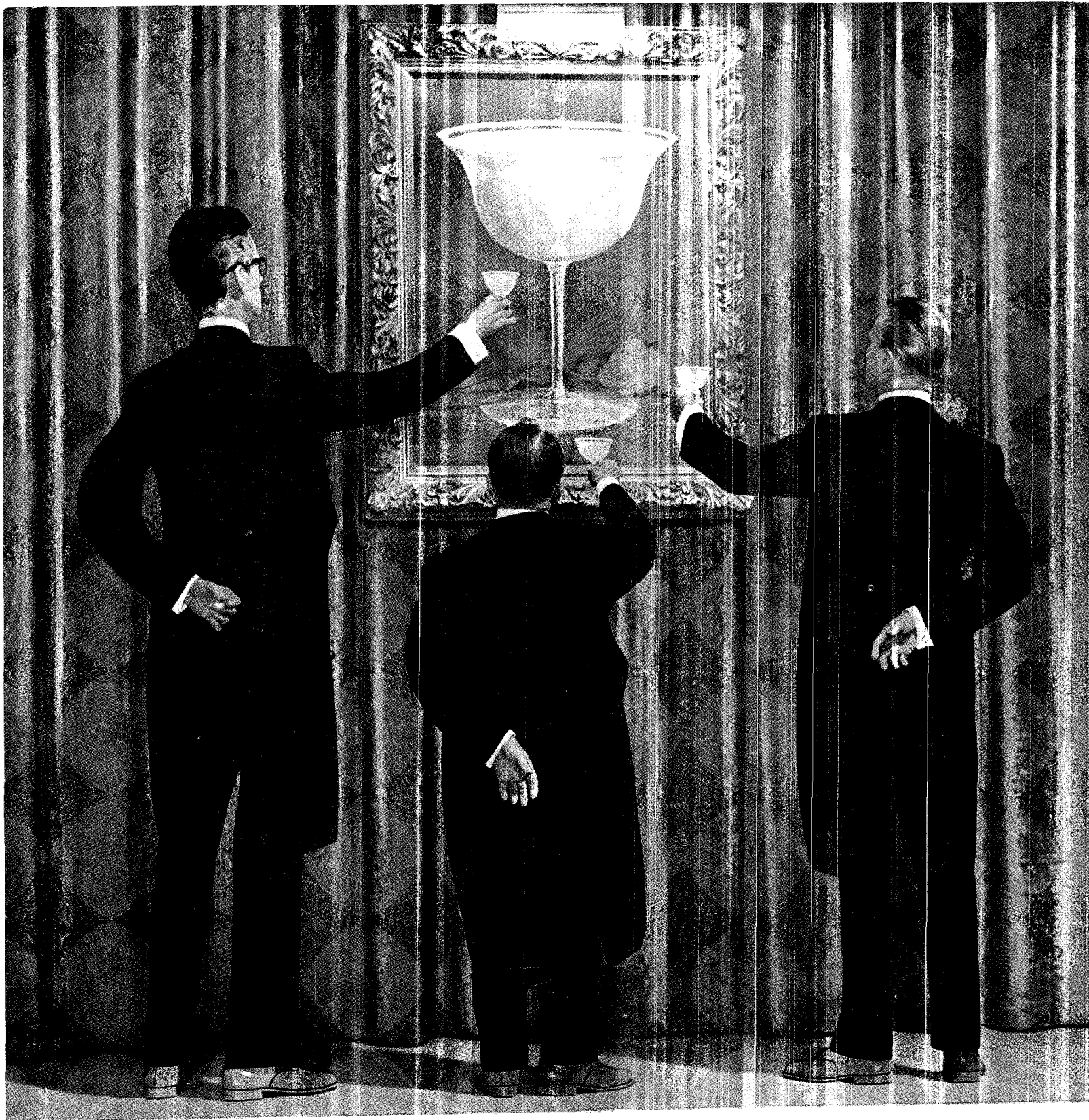
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are kept extremely clean, and even pets who are used to luxurious surroundings seem not to mind roughing it a bit. I thought the pens were rather small, but the dogs are let out into vine-shaded runs for several hours every day, if the weather is nice, and, for an extra fee, arrangements can be made to have them taken on long walks by one of the three young women who serve as Mr. MacBain's assistants. Rates begin at a dollar a day, for small dogs, and go up to two dollars, for Great Danes. Boarders are washed, without charge, when the necessity arises, but, like most experienced dog men, Mr. MacBain thinks the necessity for washing a dog arises mighty infrequently. The dogs are clipped, too, when that is needed, but there is a fee for it. While there is no veterinarian in regular attendance, a qualified practitioner in Closter is always on call, and it may even be that some dogs will feel more at ease with the less anxious physical supervision at the Jersey kennels than with Bide-A-Wee's tender concern. Mr. MacBain also boards cats.

UP until a short time ago, when I looked into the tropical-fish situation, I would have thought it unlikely that any very strong bond of affection could exist between a goldfish and its owner. Now, having observed several almost fanatical fish fanciers with their pets, and having overheard a conversation in which one amateur ichthyologist reported to another on the high I.Q. of his protégés, I am not so sure. Affection or no affection, though, no responsible owner can just take off on a holiday without giving some thought to the left-behind dependents in the fish tank, so I feel I should do what I can on their behalf. There are, it seems, any number of pet shops in town that will send attendants into the homes of absent customers to feed and otherwise care for the fish, but since this service may not always be feasible, I recently set out in search of a reliable establishment where fish were taken in as long- or short-term boarders. And if the objection should be raised that the fish you get back may not be the fish you put out to board, I trust no cynic will inquire "Who cares?" To prove how far such an attitude is from that of the really involved ichthyologist, I was told at one shop about a customer who left a couple of fifteen-cent goldfish as boarders for three months, at \$10 a month, rather than accept the shop's offer of a straight exchange for fish of the same species, with no cash passed. Getting



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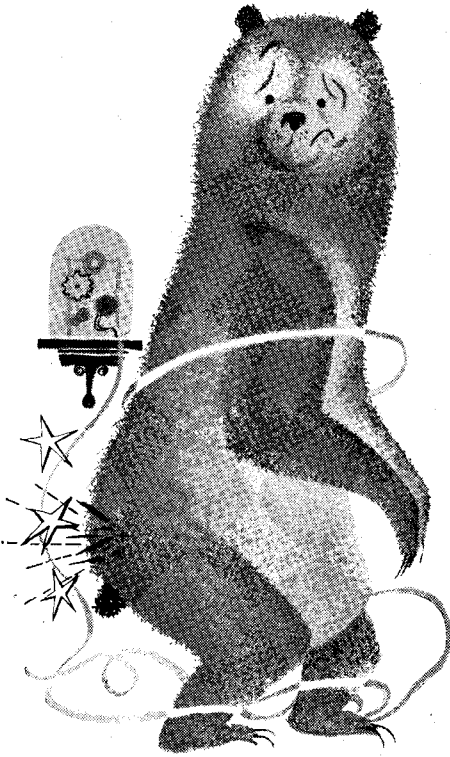
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The Bear Who Sold Himself Short

(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

Once upon a time, a bear named Basil had Wall Street panicked. He'd liquidate a broker's liquor, replacing it with colored water. Since the proxy potation matched perfectly, no one could spot the watered stock. Then he drew a sneak draft of Bellows Partners Choice one day and the Alcoa® Pilferproof Closure signaled fraud. Basil went over the counter so fast to escape he splintered his seat on the Stock Exchange.

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back, after this improbable digression, to a consideration of piscatorial lodgings, I recently visited, at the suggestion of the New York Aquarium, a shop called the Aquarium Stock Company, at 31 Warren Street, from which rare tropical fish are sent to fanciers all over the country. Since my visit was aimed primarily at investigating the firm's boarding facilities, I shall try to stick to that aspect of the business, and not go off into a dazzled report on a collection whose like is not often seen outside particularly splendid public aquariums. The Warren Street company, to accommodate its more nervous patrons, will take in an average-sized tank of boarders at \$5 a month; however, in its considered judgment it is perfectly all right to leave fish for three or four weeks in an empty apartment under the ministrations of an automatic timer and an automatic feeder, which the shop sells for \$10 each. The first of these attachments is designed to turn the light in the tank on and off at the required intervals, and the feeder is a device that, by revolving very slowly, drops in dry food twice a day. (It is assumed, of course, that every tank already has its automatic filter, without which only the most underprivileged fish could be expected to get along.)

SOME years ago, I reported at length in these columns on a home for birds kept by Mrs. Pearl McCullough, a trained ornithologist, at 200 West 69th Street. At that time, I found the place just about ideal from the point of view of a vacationing bird, and on a return visit the other day it seemed to me that the small shop was more immaculately clean, the birds more vociferously cheerful, and Mrs. McCullough's affectionate indulgence of their every whim more unrestrained than ever. Except to note some slight changes in the boarding rates (\$3 a week for parakeets, canaries, and finches; \$6 a week for parrots and cockatoos; \$7 for mynas; and \$10 for macaws), I have nothing to add to my previous report. If you want to give your bird a bang-up outing, this is still the place.

ALTHOUGH the householder may not be as emotionally involved with his potted plants and his window boxes as he is with his dog, what is to become of the prettily planted flora on the penthouse terrace or in the back yard can cause as much anguish to a town gardener about to take off on a holiday as the problem of how his four-

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footed friend is going to get along in his absence. Fortunately, the horticultural problem may be satisfactorily solved this summer by an outfit called the City Gardener, at 437 Third Avenue (30th), which is prepared to send one of its trained men to the rescue of your annuals and flowering shrubs while you are away. The service includes spraying, pruning, fertilizing, the clipping of hedges, and occasional replanting, as well as, of course, the necessary watering, done by somebody who knows when to water and when not to water. (Daily watering chores, however, are beyond the scope of the firm; its staff isn't big enough for that.) The minimum charge is \$5 a visit, which seems a small price to pay for both a flourishing garden and peace of mind.

I must not leave you with the impression that the City Gardener is concerned only with the care of other people's horticultural efforts. Actually, the company's chief interest is the designing and planting of penthouse and back-yard layouts, to which it brings practical knowledge and a lively and original taste. Before starting on an operation of this kind, Mr. Philip Truex, who heads the firm, will meet with the prospective customer to discuss the relative space to be devoted to plants and to people. If there is a long-term lease, and the terrace—and budget—is unusually large, elaborate bricked-in planting areas are sometimes worked out, and flowering shrubs, evergreens, and trees are planted in big containers. If the garden is only a temporary affair, Mr. Truex will set out a decorative display of annuals, ivies, vinca vines, and so on, in boxes placed attractively on sills, ledges, or stands. To give you a notion of the cost involved, a fairly modest planting of this kind usually runs to around \$100; for a really ambitious garden, you had better figure on at least \$500. —S. H.

To: All Announcers
FROM: Programming

AFTRA informs us that announcers cannot be required to carry their own music racks into the control room from the music library. (It is manual labor and subjects the announcer to health hazards—loss of weight, ruptures, etc.)

Therefore: This morning's memo on announcers carrying their own music is rescinded.

(and let's NOT find a copy of this memo in next week's New Yorker)

—WINS interoffice memo.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Things Past



NOSTALGIA runs like a thread through a number of this week's offerings—an appropriate emotion, now that the season is drawing to a close. The heaviest concentration of it is to be found at the Whitney, where an organization called the Friends of the Whitney Museum of American Art is holding an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and other works from its members' collections. It's a big show, maybe a shade too big, for with some hundred and eighty pieces filling most of three floors, it approaches the size of a small museum itself, and there's a slight feeling of disconnectedness about it in consequence. But it's not as cumbersome as might be expected, and I found it on the whole one of the pleasantest big affairs I'd seen in some time. This is largely because of its nostalgic connotations, for it's full of reminiscent items, and, indeed, as I wandered through, it seemed to gather an aura, a distillation of all the old Whitney Annuals from the time the series began.

One of the earliest paintings I noticed in the collection is George Bellows' muscular boxing study called "Club Night" and dated 1907, closely followed by the romantic little "Boat and Inlet," by Louis Eilshemius, of the year after. Both of these, I guess, are a bit before your time or mine; in fact, they antedate the Whitney by a couple of decades. They set me to pondering our changes in taste, and to remembering that strange flareup of interest in Eilshemius that occurred in the early nineteen-forties, when, for the space of a year, half the galleries in town, it seemed, were showing his pictures.

Coming closer in time, and choosing almost at random, there's a Marin "Midtown New York" to remind us of this man's importance as one of the earliest American experimenters with abstract techniques, as well as a portrait study by that equally precocious innovator Alfred Maurer. Arthur Dove, who, now somewhat neglected, was one of the most ingenious practitioners of the new techniques, is represented by a charmingly colorful canvas based on flower motifs called "Alfir's Delight" (and, one wonders, was the "Alfir"

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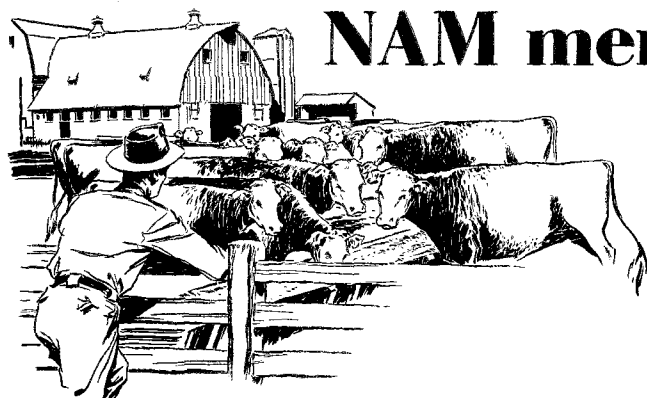
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his friend Maurer?), in addition to a more boldly patterned "Snow Thaw," while Maurice Prendergast, another of the earlier men now frequently overlooked, is recalled in, among other works, a gently colorful, friezelike Impressionist park scene called "Summer."

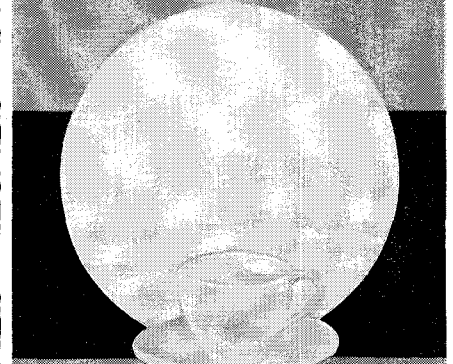
As often happens in an exhibition drawn from so wide a variety of sources, the selection is extremely eclectic, and the result is that nearly all phases of the development of American art during the last half century are covered—on the naturalistic side alone, from John Sloan (a whimsical back-yard scene called "Spring Planting") and William Glackens ("March Day, Washington Square") to such more or less contemporary members of the school as Reginald Marsh (a spirited, if a bit too patly patterned, "Steeplechase Park") and Raphael Soyer (a delightful study of a seated girl called "Reflection").

Because of the vast span in time the collection covers, there are interesting contrasts here and there between the early and late styles of a number of the older men. Charles Burchfield's "Black Iron," of 1935, one of the big, powerful industrial studies he turned to at that time, is markedly at variance with the quirkily fanciful style of "The Song of the Katydid," of 1917—a style, incidentally, that he returned to later on. Edward Hopper's "Morning in a City," of 1944, when compared with his more romantically treated "Railroad Crossing," of 1926, dramatizes his evolution toward that mixture of apparently cold objectivity with deep underlying emotional suggestion that is now almost uniquely his, while if one goes from the early Marin just mentioned to such later ones as "Movement—Sea and Sky" and "Roses in Vase," one sees, similarly, his progression toward an even surer, simpler statement.

But I mustn't dwell on the veterans to the exclusion of the younger men. The sculpture section is limited almost entirely to contemporaries, and this, I think, limits its interest a little. Apart from this, it's an attractive selection, and its range in styles is from William Zorach's more or less classic nude torso, "Victory," to José de Rivera's elegantly convoluted, non-objective "Construction, No. 21." In between, I'd cite Seymour Lipton's enigmatic but effective "Night Hunter," Theodore Roszak's spiny "Thistle in the Dream," and Robert Cook's animated "Bullfight." Among the contemporary paintings, the emphasis is largely on the Abstractionists and Abstract Expressionists, with Ad Reinhardt's vibrant "No.

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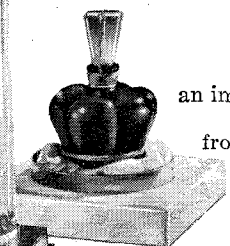


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7A" and Stuart Davis's "Stele" perhaps the best in the first category and Hans Hofmann's strikingly colorful "The Ravine" the leader in the second. But there are enough others to suggest the other styles now current, and in general the selection is well rounded. I liked, too, for both their nostalgic appeal and their value as art, such pieces as Ben Shahn's playground scene called "World's Greatest Comics," Max Weber's "Hasidic Dance," Marsden Hartley's "Fishermen's Last Supper," Yasuo Kuniyoshi's "Somebody Tore My Poster," Jackson Pollock's "No. 8," and Niles Spencer's "Two Bridges"—the last four men dead now, and two of them in mid-career.

THERE'S nostalgia, too, in the Charles Demuth show at the Downtown, principally because his work has been so rarely seen in recent years. The Demuths are a trifle dated, but not unpleasantly so. They're almost all water colors—water color was his special medium—and there's a thinness, a preciousness about them that relates them more to the moods of a couple of generations ago than to our present rough-and-tumble one. Demuth was a remarkably competent still-life painter, though, able to catch unerringly the delicacy of a flower or the sheen of fruit, and since most of the pieces are in this genre the show is quite successful. I admired especially his "Iris" and the nicely contrasted "Apples and Tomatoes."

The mood at the Hammer Galleries is similarly sentimental, for it is showing, in one large group, paintings by Maurice Utrillo, his mother (Suzanne Valadon), and his widow, who signs herself Lucie Valore. The surprise is Valadon. Mme. Valore, I'm afraid, is not greatly talented, and Utrillo is, well, Utrillo, and while the collection contains a number of canvases that are out of his usual run (among them the still-life "Vase de Fleurs" and the curiously moving "Calvaire"), one still knows what to expect of him. Valadon, though, the poor artist's model, who taught herself everything she knew and lived every which way, reveals herself as a really fine natural artist, with a good feeling for line in her drawings, and in her paintings (notably in the charming "Chien sur Coussin") an excellent sense of color. —ROBERT M. COATES

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HOW CULTURE CAME TO SAND SPRINGS, OKLAHOMA

I HAVE just written for tickets to Meredith Willson's musical comedy "The Music Man." The show, I have been informed, concerns the bringing of culture to a small Iowa town in the nineteen-twenties by a pitchman, played by Robert Preston, who sells musical instruments to children who have heretofore never heard of John Philip Sousa or the other finer things of life. Mr. Willson has said that all this actually happened in his own Iowa town when he was a boy, and that he ended up playing a flute in the town band. I can only conclude that this sort of thing was a common cultural phenomenon in the Middle West three decades ago, because I had precisely the same experience at the age of nine, when a music man came to our town of Sand Springs, Oklahoma. I, too, ended up playing the flute.

Sand Springs was feeling expansive and ready for culture when the man from the Hinkham Music Store, in Kansas City, came to town in the autumn of 1928. Oil wells were pumping steadily just outside the city limits, and refinery gas flares, burning off waste, glared orange-red across the damp sand-bars of the Arkansas River. One Sand Springs man had devised a method of extracting table salt from oil-well brine, and was considered a cinch to make a million within a year. Station KVOO was broadcasting programs like "The Twenty Singing Colonels" from the Philtower Building, in Tulsa—a structure we could see faintly on the horizon from Sand Springs. Bulletins in the *Tulsa World* reported that, C. C.

Pyle's cross-country Bunion Derby would shortly come hobbling through Tulsa, Sand Springs, and other nearby towns. In this atmosphere of good things happening everywhere, it was not surprising that the man from the Hinkham Music Store was made welcome in Sand Springs and immediately invited to address the Boosters' Club. My father, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was a Booster, and since the meeting was to be a Father and Son Luncheon, he took me along. I can still see the Boosters at that meeting, seated on folding funeral chairs at a long table in the Excello Cafe and blowing cigar smoke at the ceiling as they listened to the Hinkham salesman make his pitch.

"If Sand Springs wants a school band," the music man said earnestly, "I

know it wants a *good* band—just as good as the one I just helped start in Sapulpa. And if Sand Springs is to have a good band—a *snappy* band—it has to have a *complete* band, and by that I mean a band that includes every single living instrument! Not just your trumpets and clarinets and drums but their faithful cousins—the gentle mellophone, the strident trombone, the lively bassoon, and, of course, the tuba, that noble work of metal which... well, which supports the *whole* band, harmonically, like Atlas holding up the world!"

He paused to drink a glass of water and to let this point reach home plate. In a few seconds, he continued, "Now, naturally, some of these fine instruments cost more than others. There's a lot of metal—a *lot* of metal—in those tubas, and some of these band instruments are like a veritable bunch of Swiss watches, they're so hard to put together at the factory. Let's face the facts. If we left it for each youngster's parents to pick out a horn without paying attention to what the other kids were buying, why, we'd have an unbalanced band, an *in*-complete band, and, I'll tell you, perhaps no band at all! You need *all* the instruments, and somebody has to buy the tuba, the saxophone, and so on down the line. Now, here's what the Hinkham Music Store is prepared to do. We are

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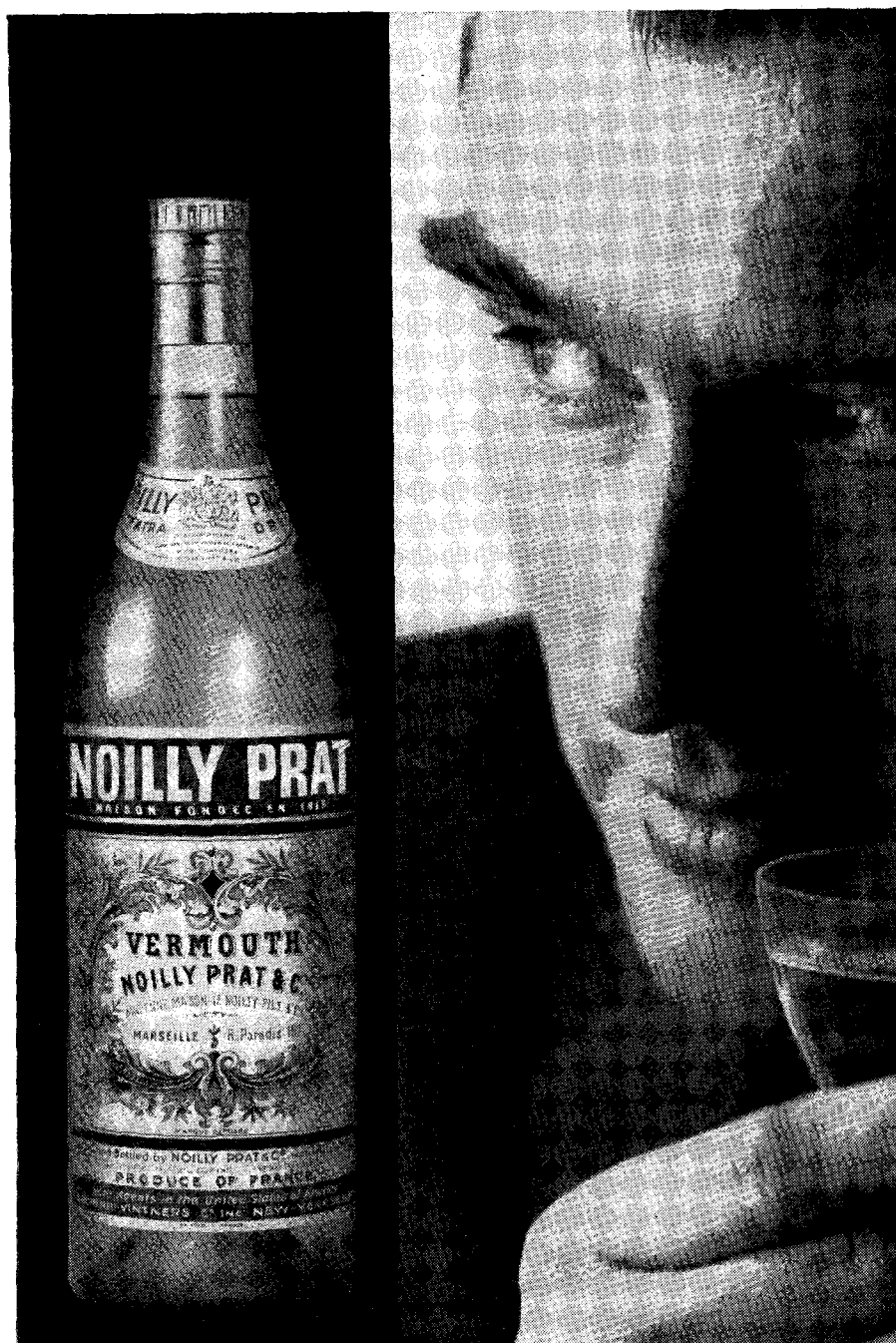
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Nothing, apparently, seemed fairer or easier or more desirable to Sand Springs. At the end of the meeting, the Boosters generously and unanimously



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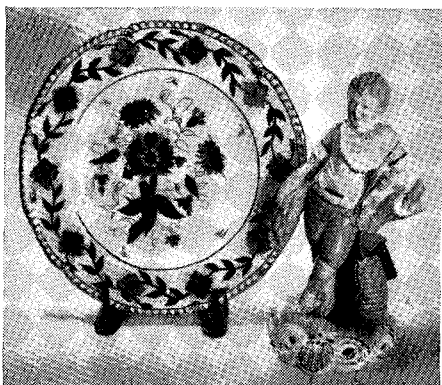
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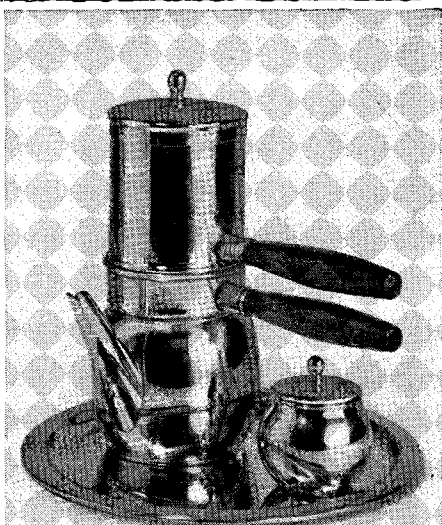
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voted to underwrite the entire cost of uniforms for a high-school band. In the next few days, the Hinkham man also addressed the faculties of the high school and the Central and Garfield elementary schools. After that, he spoke directly to the children, at school assemblies, where he told us that the school system had contracted for a complete band and that the instruments would be displayed in a week's time in the high-school gymnasium. "Now, it's up to you fine young people," he said to our assembly at Central Elementary, "to decide on the instrument of your choice and then speak to your parents, being sure to point out the modest down payment."

BEFORE the arrival of the Hinkham music man, I had lived a fairly irresponsible life for the son of a minister. My father and his congregation were not hard Calvinists, and I was permitted to enjoy myself. We had a family ministerial pass to the movies, which was kept in the oak sideboard in our dining room, and which allowed me to visit the Star Theatre on Saturday afternoons. A parishioner who owned both an amusement park and a local interurban railroad had given us another pass, which I used frequently, riding both his Dodgem cars and his trains. With these advantages, I might have remained a pure hedonist if it hadn't been for my mother. She believed in culture, and culture to her meant music. She played the piano every evening, sitting under her framed diploma from the Columbia Music Institute. Father had a collection of sheet music—songs like "The Red Scarf" and "Asleep in the Deep"—which he kept in the hinged piano seat, and sometimes he sang while my mother played. It was therefore not surprising that Mother passed up elocution and tap-dancing lessons for me, and enrolled me instead in the piano classes of Mrs. Stevenson, a stout-hearted widow who could easily encompass an octave and two notes on the keyboard with each hand.

Mrs. Stevenson was the local representative of the Melody Way piano system. Each of her pupils was equipped with the system's patented cardboard keyboard, which looked exactly like the real thing but did not play. For practice on our pianos at home, we were given cardboard keyboard finders—a sort of musical slide rule showing the relationship between the notes on the music staff and the keys on a piano. Twice a week, half a dozen of us sat in Mrs. Stevenson's living room and drummed out the first tune in the Melody Way

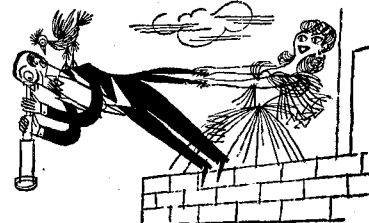


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music book on our dummy keyboards while Mrs. Stevenson walked around the room clapping her hands, **correcting** our posture and hand positions, and smiling, always smiling. We sang aloud while we played mutely, “The Mell-oh-dee Waay-ee is eez-zee to plaay-ee!”

Then, one by one, we went up to Mrs. Stevenson's piano, which had a plaster collie seated on a lace doily on the lid, and took a crack at the real thing while the others continued with their Braille pianos. "Bright eyes, I spy!" Mrs. Stevenson would cry as she placed our fingers on the proper notes. "Practice makes perfect. Music soothes the savage beast."

After a month of this kind of instruction, Mrs. Stevenson informed my class that we had been booked for a recital in Tulsa. I was thunderstruck, and instantly soured on the Melody Way, the piano, and the deviousness and pushiness of culture in general. Protests to my mother that I was not ready did no good. On the appointed day, she rode with me to Tulsa on the inter-urban car and then sat with the other mothers in the recital hall. I played a simple variation on the Melody Way theme song, and it was a *nightmare*, mostly because my left hand was still totally unsynchronized with my right. On the way home, I delivered an ultimatum to my mother on further lessons with Mrs. Stevenson. "Very well," Mother replied at once, "if you want to start tap-dancing lessons instead . . ."

It was precisely at this difficult point in my life that the Hinkham music man came to Sand Springs, bringing what seemed to be a solution to all my cultural problems. After listening to him at the Boosters' meeting, I was hooked. Playing in a band, I decided at once, would be much more fun than playing for Mrs. Stevenson, and would also furnish me with a perfect excuse for giving up the Melody Way.

IT didn't turn out to be quite as easy as I had hoped. For one thing, Father, who had the last word on such domestic matters, tabled judgment on whether or not I should be allowed to join the band until the day when the instruments were to be spread out on the gymnasium floor. Unfortunately, he was unable to give his decision that morning. He was called out before breakfast to the bedside of a man who had been injured in an oil-field accident. Mother said we would have to wait until after school to get Father's approval.

I arrived home at three-fifteen that

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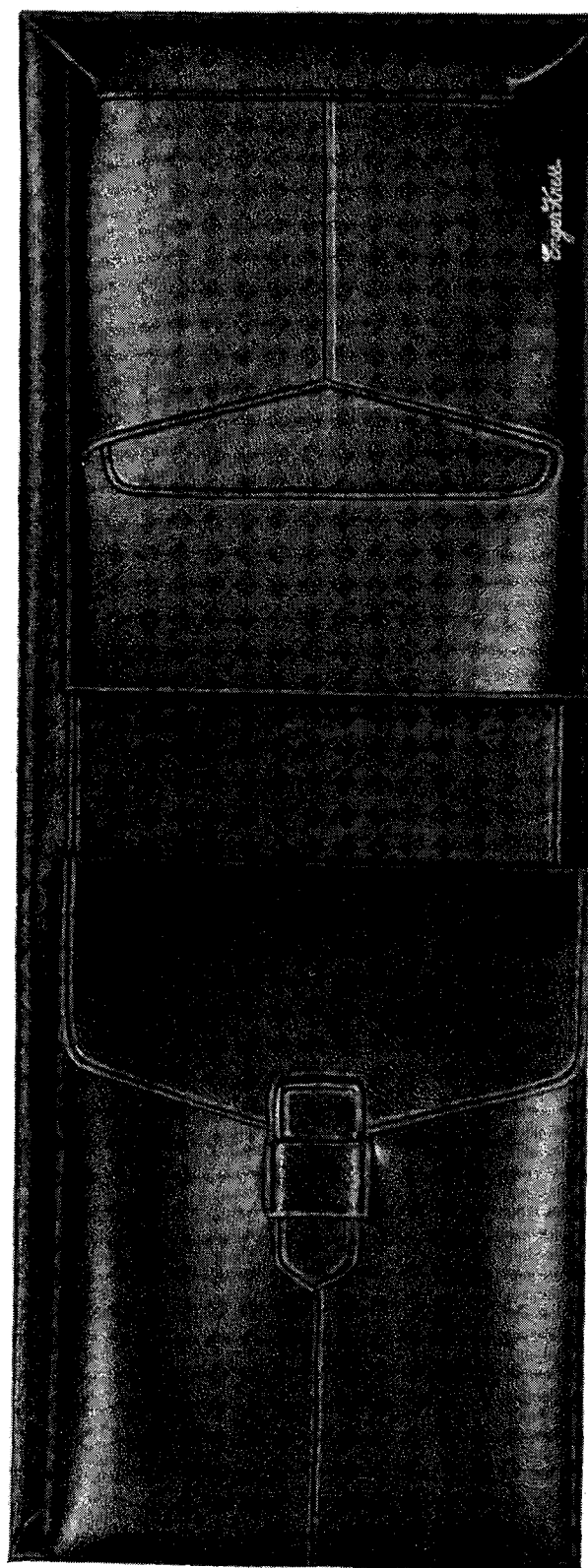
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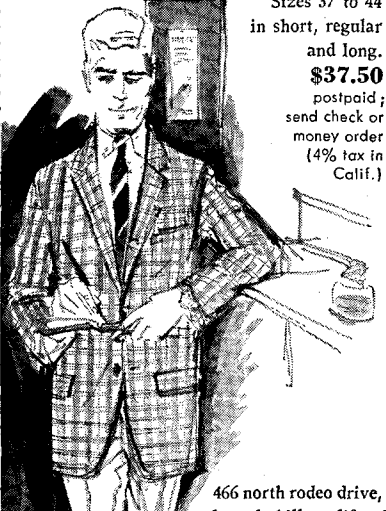
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afternoon, and Father still had not returned. "Look," I pleaded. "By the time we get to the gym, all the instruments will be gone. The soprano saxophones and drums are already finished, and there are only a few peck horns and junk like that left."

"We'll wait until four for your father," Mother said, "and then— then we'll see."

Father had not returned by four, and Mother quietly put on her coat. As I picked up my cap, she stopped at the front door and said, "I'll take the responsibility for letting you join the band. But in return you'll have to promise me that you won't give up your piano lessons."

I protested vigorously, but I knew I was trapped. By that time, my own vision of myself, in a resplendent uniform, tooting on a tuba or a French horn as the band swung down Main Street had become too vivid. "O.K.," I said, finally, "but let's hurry."

The gymnasium floor had been fairly well picked over by the time we arrived. The Hinkham music man was hopping, broken-field style, over the remainder of the instruments, stopping occasionally to run an arpeggio on a trumpet or to play a few bars from "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" on a clarinet.

I despaired of finding anything. One tuba was left, but the saxophones were signed for and the mellophones and drums had long since evaporated. When the Hinkham man realized that the remaining instruments—mostly clarinets and lighter woodwinds—were not doing too well, he looked at his watch and reached into his vest pocket for a pitch pipe, which he blew for attention. Then he jumped up onto a platform, tucked his thumbs in his vest, and delivered a short speech about the relationship between teeth and the playing of certain band instruments. All the parents and children present were awed by his store of information. The gist of his talk was that children, so often inclined to have protruding upper teeth, would be wise to choose a clarinet or an oboe, instead of one of the more flamboyant horns.

This announcement had entirely the wrong effect upon my mother, who quickly walked over to the Hinkham man and explained that I was in the middle of an expensive program of orthodontia with a dentist in Tulsa, who was trying to get my upper teeth to grow forward, not back. The music man looked at my teeth and then flicked his eye over the remaining instruments on the floor and the line of mothers with

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bucktoothed children that had formed up behind my mother.

"Have you considered the flute?" he asked.

"No, we haven't," Mother answered. "I had thought a cornet might be rather nice."

"Well, the flute is a happy little instrument—a little tricky to play, but I'm sure your son will master it easily. A sheer pleasure to have around the house. Not so noisy and blustery, you know, as some of its brothers in the band, and easy for a lad your son's size to carry. You can go far on a flute."

By this time, the floor was almost bare; only the flute, an oboe, and two clarinets remained. Mother looked around at the line behind her.

"We'll take the flute," she said quickly, and handed the music man five dollars.

That evening, Father told Mother that her decision had been sound. After supper, we took the flute out of its case and tried to put it together. The two pieces of pipe would not fit, for some reason, and we were unable even to fit them back into the narrow purple-velvet-lined case, for fear of bending the keys. Thus, I had to go to the first band practice at Central Elementary carrying my fragmented flute wrapped in tissue paper from an old hatbox, with the empty case in my other hand.

THE Hinkham man had done his job so well that when the last instrument had vanished from the gymnasium floor, it was discovered that Sand Springs had contracted for no fewer than a hundred and fifty instruments, and had on its civic hands the responsibility not for one but for three entire bands—one for each school. The school board immediately hired a Mr. Dale Watling, a recent graduate of normal school, to train us all in bandsmanship. The moment he was appointed, the football committee of the Boosters approached him and asked if he could have a band ready to put on the field for the Bartlesville game the next fall. My father told me that Mr. Watling had smiled bravely and said he'd try.

I saw Mr. Watling for the first time when I reported for our initial rehearsal, which was held in the main entrance hall of our school, in the class period right after lunch. He was a pale man and quite short, but I decided almost at once that he was a person of great taste and self-assurance. After seating us by sections in a semicircle of folding chairs, he started showing each of us how to hold his instrument and



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how to blow it. When he came to me, he smilingly unwrapped the flute from its tissue paper, removed a small ring that was guarding the greased end of the mouthpiece joint, and easily fitted the flute together. I was embarrassed that my family and I hadn't been able to figure that one out.

"Now, hold it like this," Mr. Watling said. "Left hand here, right hand here, fingers here, here, here, and here. Hold your elbows up like you're saluting the flag. You'll get tired at first, but you'll get over that. Put this mouthpiece under your bottom lip and blow across this little hole, just like you'd blow over the top of a pop bottle. Try it. Say 'Taaa!'"

I tried it. Nothing happened.

"Again!"

Still nothing. "Mr. Watling," I said, "I feel a little dizzy." Some of the new clarinetists giggled through their buckteeth.

"Let me have it a minute," said Mr. Watling. He put it to his mouth, pursed his lips, and blew. No sound came out, and I looked around defiantly at the other bandsmen. He tried again, still without success, while the giggles spread to the saxophone section. "Hmm," he said. "Very strange. Ver-y strange."

He seemed about to give up and move on to the oboe player when he upended the flute and looked inside. He broke into a big smile. "Ha!" he cried. "Here's our beastie. Son, you left the swab brush inside. No wonder it wouldn't blow. That's a good one on you!" He pulled out the swab, re-assembled the flute, and then played what seemed to be several thousand cascading notes. He handed the flute back to me. "Now you try," he said. "Remember—like a bottle! Taaa! Taaa!"

I took the flute and carefully adjusted my lower lip. A small, clear whistle did indeed come out.

"Splendid!" he cried. "Now, later, when I have the whole band play at once, I want you to blow just that way, with your fingers down on all the keys. Remember! Taaa!"

He had fifty bandsmen to tutor in just this way, and I was astounded at his virtuosity and cleverness. One girl, I remember, began to cry when she couldn't get a sound out of her cornet. "Pretend you have a hair on the tip of your tongue and you're trying to get it off," Mr. Watling said. She did, and a fine blast ensued. "Splendid!" he cried, and moved on.

Half an hour later, Mr. Watling stepped up on a small podium before us,



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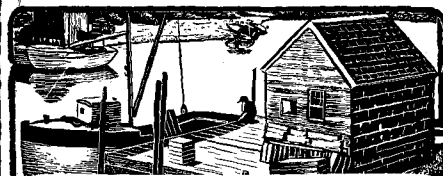
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wiped his forehead, and buttoned his coat. "Now," he said, "I am the conductor, you are the musicians. Together, we are the band." He held up a baton. "This little stick is just a long finger for you to watch. It will talk to you, and you will talk back to it, with your instruments. Now, when this stick comes down, blow your instruments all together, just as I showed you."

Mr. Watling raised his arms high above his head, counted one, two, three, and brought both arms down briskly.

Central Elementary had never heard anything quite like it. Teachers conducting classes for those unfortunates who hadn't joined the march to culture in Sand Springs stuck their heads out of classroom doors and smiled enormously at each other. We in the band were flabbergasted and proudly self-conscious.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried Mr. Watling. He jumped down from the podium and began distributing copies of "Wheeler's Beginning Band Book" to us all. "You have just played the first note in this book. Take the books home and keep practicing that note. Next time we meet, we'll add three new notes."

Within two weeks, we were playing "Tenting Tonight."

DURING the winter, our band blew its way through the Wheeler band book, progressing note by note, phrase by phrase. Some of the bandsmen dropped out, but their places were quickly taken by recruits who could not resist the twice-weekly noise out in the hall. My flute came along handsomely. Mother and I played duets on "Melody in F" and "Le Secret." She and I organized a sort of bootleg Sunday-school orchestra, entirely independent of Mr. Watling, and sent away for the ballet music from "Rosamunde," which had a flashy flute part. Then Mr. Watling announced one day that elementary-school musicians who showed exceptional promise might be allowed to join the high-school band, which was going great guns and was already drawing a steady bead on the "Light Cavalry Overture." Privately, he told me that my own chances of achieving this step would be improved if I could manage to add the piccolo to my repertoire of instruments.

The piccolo, I quickly discovered, is a shrill flute, an octave higher than its larger brother. I thought it would be easy to play, since it fingered exactly like the flute. Unaccountably, the Hinkham man had not included a piccolo among his instruments—for good reason, Father muttered, because no piece

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of pipe eight inches long could possibly be worth sixty dollars. But it was Father who bought me a piccolo; he came home from a Synod meeting in Oklahoma City with one that he had found in a pawnshop. It was indeed small, but it peeped mightily for its size.

Mr. Watling was as good as his word, and immediately promoted me to the high-school band. A classmate of mine, Harold Vogler, who had proved to be a natural on the saxophone, was also moved up, and Mr. Watling arranged for us to be excused from hygiene and spelling classes to attend the senior band practice. I was proud of myself, and scarcely cared that practically all my spare time was now given up to practicing, since I was now a member of two bands and the Sunday-school orchestra, and was still in the toils of Mrs. Stevenson and the Melody Way.

The arrival of the uniforms was a great moment for us all. They were delivered during a high-school band practice, and we all stopped playing and started ripping open the crates in which they were packed. We discovered at once that they weren't full uniforms at all but only capes and overseas caps. Mr. Watling told us that we were to supply our own white shirts and white duck trousers to wear with them. We were happy anyway, for the capes—black flannel piped with gold stripes and lined with gold satin—were beautiful. The caps had graceful lyres, surmounted by the initials "S.S.H.," embroidered on the left side. Unfortunately, the capes were all the same size, and much too big for me, and I had to stuff newspaper into the sweatband of the smallest-sized cap in order to make it fit. Nevertheless, we were all inspired by this physical evidence that we were, at last, a real band. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," Mr. Watling said to us that afternoon, "if our band—this very band—could march onto the field during the half at the Bartlesville game next fall, playing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'! We might even arrange for a corps of girls in costume to accompany our performance with a flag drill. What a spectacle!"

This dream—"The Stars and Stripes Forever" rendered perfectly by the full band—became an obsession for us all, but especially for me. "The Stars and Stripes Forever" displays Sousa's evident love for the piccolo. The instrument has the entire second refrain all to itself in obbligato. I went to work on the part immediately at home, trying to master the intricate trills and runs, and particularly the high, sustained notes



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that are meant to shaft piercingly above every other noise in the band. Meanwhile, we added special after-school practice sessions to our already jammed schedule of rehearsals.

Spring came at last, and as Sand Springs thawed, we moved outside for marching practice. It was quite a while before we were able to march and play simultaneously, and Mr. Watling, who was beginning to show the strain of his job, proved to be a stern drill sergeant. He could be quite nasty when we failed to keep our files dressed up. I had other reasons for finding the marching not half as exciting as I had thought it would be. It was downright tiring for me. Trombones come first in the classic marching formation, and in our band all the trombones were played by the older, leggier high-school boys, who liked to see which of them could take the longest strides. My place was way in the rear, behind the trumpets and clarinets and the last of the woodwinds, and I quickly discovered that it was impossible for me to keep up, even while taking the longest steps imaginable, without adding a quick skipping step after every fifth or sixth pace. Later, when we marched in uniform, I realized for the first time that my cape was *much* too long. Instead of coming to my knees, it hung down right to my ankles, where it managed to trip me up every few yards, usually when I was skipping to catch up with the others.

Another disheartening moment for me was my discovery that there is no practical way for a piccolo player to carry sheet music. The other instruments had handy clip lyres attached, but a piccolo is so small that such a fixed music holder torques it forward and out of playing position. I tried holding an underarm stick with the music attached at the end, and then I tried a head lyre, but both were too uncomfortable. I even tried pinning my music to the cape of the trumpet player ahead of me, but it was almost impossible to see the jiggling notes when we marched. There was nothing for me to do but learn all the piccolo parts by heart, including the one for "The Stars and Stripes Forever." In the meantime, I discovered that when I forgot a phrase or two in the middle of a tune, a high trill, sustained for a few bars, made an acceptable piccolo part.

ONE afternoon toward the end of the school term, we trooped into school after a particularly demanding marching session, with our shoes covered with asphalt melted by the hot May

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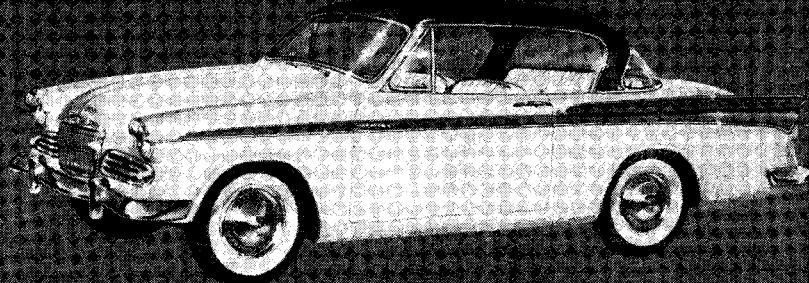
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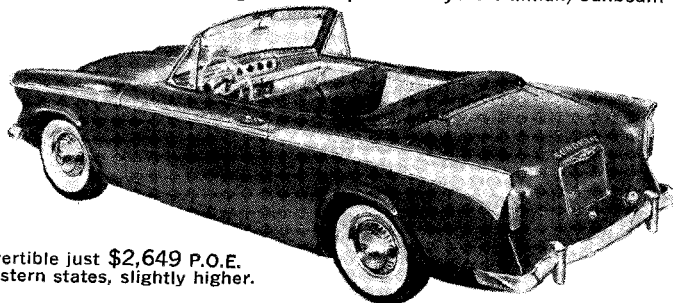


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sun. Mr. Watling wiped his forehead and announced that we had had enough marching. He told us that we were to give a concert on the last day of the school year. "The Stars and Stripes Forever" was to be the final number on the program.

Panic seized me. I thought of the Melody Way recital disaster, and wondered bitterly why, oh, why culture had to make such a spectacle of itself. But I was part of a movement, and I realized that I had to face up to my responsibilities to Sand Springs. I started practicing the piccolo part of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" during my lunch hour, as well as in the evenings.

One night shortly before the concert, I had stopped my practicing long enough to catch my breath. I was sitting in our dining room, listening to "The Twenty Singing Colonels" over KVOO, when I heard Father yell sharply from the living room. "Fiddlesticks!" he cried. He walked into the dining room carrying my piccolo in one hand and the evening paper in the other.

"Why did you leave your piccolo on my chair?" he demanded. "Of all the fool things to do! I sat down to read my paper, and look what happened."

The pipe had been bent into an arc. The trill keys, so much a part of the instrument's personality, were hopelessly stuck. I tried to blow a scale, but only two or three sad peeps emerged. My mother bit her lower lip and slowly shook her head, while pain and relief, in almost equal quantities, flowed through me.

It was humiliating to tell Mr. Watling what had happened. He looked at the bent piccolo and shrugged hopelessly. Programs had been printed for the concert, but without the piccolo, he said, we would just have to give up "The Stars and Stripes Forever" as the finale. I felt I had defrauded him.

The concert, though, set Sand Springs on its ear. Playing in the secure company of two high-school flutists, I did a good job on the "Light Cavalry Overture" and felt slightly redeemed. Parents, already more than halfway through their monthly installment payments to Hinkham's, pressed each other's hands in congratulation, and the reporter from the Sand Springs *Leader* gave us a fine notice.

Mr. Watling had arranged to have the piccolo repaired, for less than ten dollars, and when it came back from the shop, it worked fine. The music season had ended by then. I ran into Mr. Watling on the street one day at the beginning of vacation, and he told me that he

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was off to the State University to study for his Master's degree. "Forget about the concert," he said to me. "We'll have a crack at 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' next fall, in plenty of time for the Bartlesville game. It will be a spectacle this town will never forget!" As he spoke, I saw in his eyes the same fervent gleam I had seen that afternoon in November when he raised his arms to bring forth the first extraordinary blare of sound from our elementary-school band.

I practiced "The Stars and Stripes Forever" all summer and got the piccolo part down cold, but I never had a chance to show Mr. Watling what I could do. My family unexpectedly moved from Sand Springs to Warrensburg, Missouri, in September of 1929, and I took my flute and my piccolo with me, joining the school band in our new town. The stock-market crash occurred at almost exactly the same time as the Bartlesville game that year, and I never learned how Sand Springs reacted to that, or who won the game, or whether Mr. Watling ever found a new piccolo player. But I feel sure that the end of the boom years meant nothing to the town on that particular afternoon, when its band, all brave in gold and black, first swung onto the field. Culture was on the march at last.

—TOM HOLLYMAN

SEASCAPE

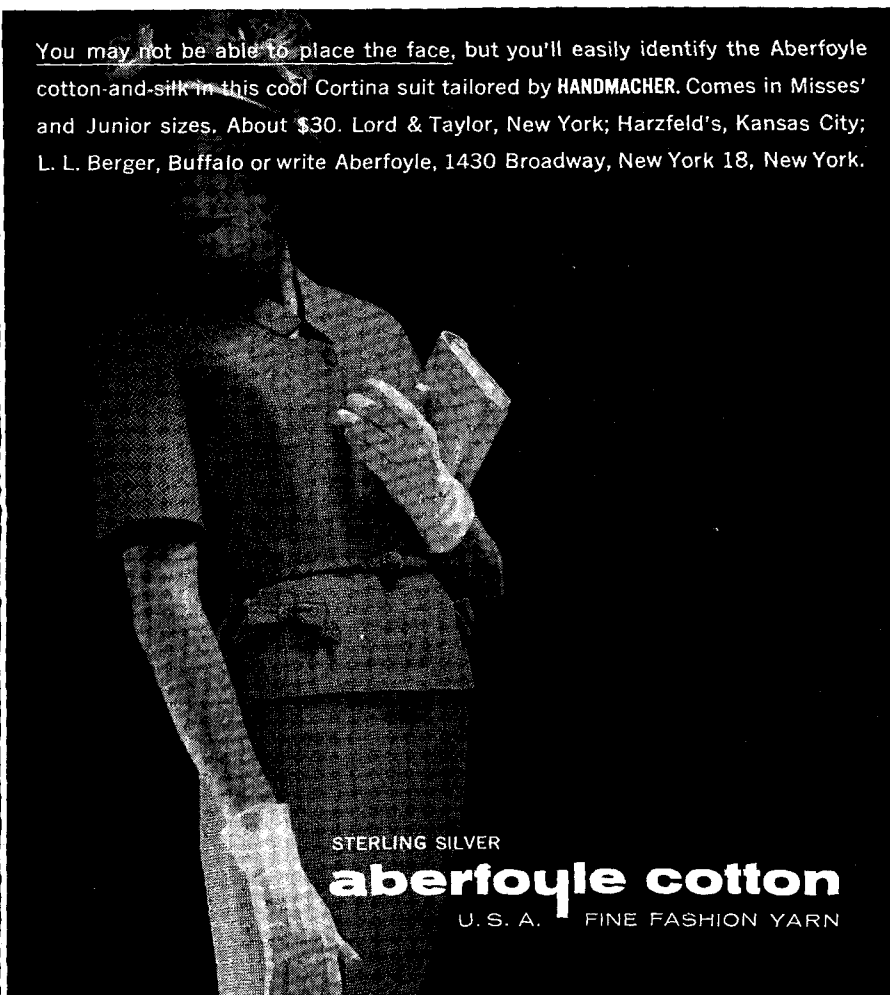
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Is fresh as paint, and friendly,
Like salt.
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Spends mica's childish glitter.
At the end of the jetty, erect,
Domestic,
A herring gull
Is the finial on the newel.
He stares westward,
No more prospecting for dinner
Than a saint on his pillar.
Marking the tip of the cape, the light-
house
Off there is the size of the gull,
Equally singular, equally white.
The hush that sparkles in the sun
Is noon.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

Tokyo—(AP)—If the party or parties who removed 2000 gallons of sake—rice wine—from a government warehouse sample the loot, they won't like it.—*Vancouver (B.C.) News-Herald*.

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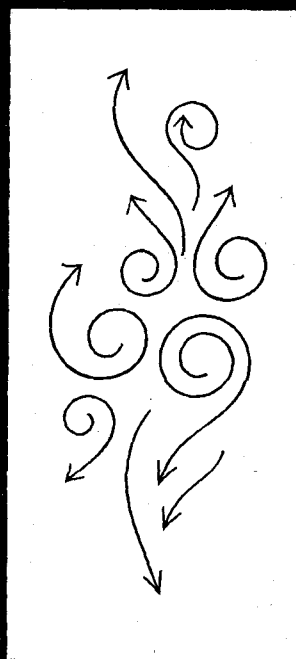
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LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 23



THIS has been a strange, worrying week that has felt like a sort of crisis to many but has looked like placid normality—just as the leafy, flowery parks and squares look like spring, though a chilly nip in the air these last few days seems to have brought back winter. In the unpleasant seasonal mixture, Londoners have been getting along quietly with their own business, as if the large black word "FRANCE", printed on the street-corner newsvenders' posters did not exist and all that they had on their minds was the chance of the current bus strike's maybe coming to an end before the Whitsun holiday this weekend. Uneasiness is there, all right, but it is mainly voiced by the sort of people who read the newspapers with care and fiddle nervously with radio and television knobs to catch the fresh news bulletins. On the whole, the average public reaction to the extreme seriousness of the items coming in from Paris, Algiers, and Lebanon seems to be the same as the Government's—which is, apparently, to sit tight and wait until it becomes a little clearer who has won or how much the NATO alliance and European unity in general may have lost.

In the House of Commons the other day, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, answered anxious questions about Mr. Dulles's statement concerning a possible United States landing in Lebanon to protect American interests there if necessary, but the only political views on France and Algeria have been given by members speaking more or less informally in their own constituencies. Parliament here has as yet made no comment on the grave crisis of Parliament across the Channel, whatever agonizing reappraisals of the situation—or of a possible entirely new situation—may be going on behind the scenes in the Cabinet. As the man in the street sees it, the crisis is only the continuation of the previous crisis and the one before that, and of the long series of groggy French administrations. As far as can be judged from ordinary opinions now being expressed in bars and trains and over taxi-drivers' shoulders, the emergence of General de Gaulle as the strong man who may be able to pick up the pieces of the present acute situation

has not aroused much emotion except for some memories of his being "awkward" during the war—or, in the popular British connotation, unaccommodating and unbudging. (A story that has unfortunately not been forgotten and that has been frequently repeated during the past week is the one about Winston Churchill's saying that of all the heavy crosses he had to bear, the heaviest was unquestionably the Cross of Lorraine.) The Left Wing, naturally, has reacted to the General with doubt and alarm. Lots of British find no cause for relief in his reiteration that he will do nothing illegally, without the consent of the Assembly, since they recall grimly that Mussolini and Hitler also came to power by strictly constitutional means.

The General's integrity, awkward or not, is being remembered with hope by many, however. There are also large numbers of people here who undoubtedly feel a good deal of sympathy with the French determination to keep Algeria French. They are the ones who stubbornly maintain that Suez was right, and who now point regretfully to Sir Anthony Eden's policy, which would have transformed the whole dangerous Middle East situation, they insist, if it had not been for misguided American and Labour Party interference. The wild, rapturous applause for Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at last autumn's Conservative conference—obviously for his having been Eden's Foreign Secretary at the time of the Suez catastrophe, rather than for his still being Harold Macmillan's—showed how strongly the feelings of nostalgia and hurt national pride still persist in many English hearts.

The newspaper comment has mostly been somewhat cautious, with the Beaverbrook press—which dispatched Randolph Churchill to Algiers to report for the *Evening Standard*—seeming the most pro-de Gaulle in tone. Several of the commentators, in trying to clarify the complex, tortuous Algerian situation for the British, have pointed out that the French feeling about abandoning Algeria, with its more than a million European settlers, must not be compared with British feeling about, say, India, where Britons settled for a spell of duty and then sailed thankfully back to a snug villa on their native soil. An analogy nearer home and more painfully understandable to all readers who are old enough to remember is with Ireland—also a bloody, bitter business, which left a legacy of enduring hatred

by the time independence was finally granted.

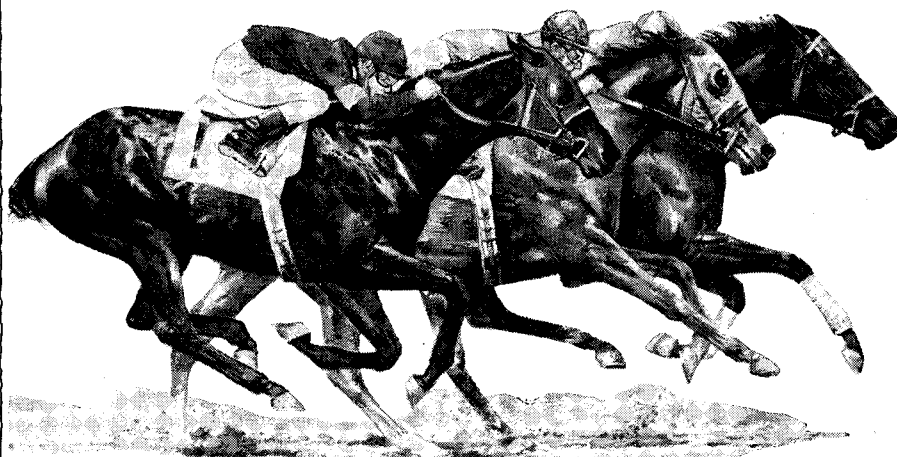
The immediate local result of the French crisis has to do with tourism. At Whitsun, thousands of English like to take themselves off to Paris, which this year suddenly looks less alluring. Thomas Cook says that its telephones have hardly stopped ringing with calls from intending travellers asking whether the agency has heard any further news about threatened French strikes and how it means to get everybody back to London if the transport services decide to come out. To date, apparently, few people have felt jumpy enough to cancel their trips. The news about the fierce cut in the French travel allowance has been received with some anguish by the hotel trade here, since the French are Britain's keenest European visitors. It may be the French tourist industry's turn to be anguished later on this summer, if prospective English holidaymakers decide to transfer themselves and their sterling to someone else's more settled landscape.

AS a background to all this, the London bus strike is now three weeks old and, after some hopefulness last week, still shows no sign of ending. This has become a city of walkers, striding along at the business rush hour like a surprisingly cheerful army. It has also become a city of women dressed for the urban life as far as the legs and then tapering off into the kind of sturdy, clumping footwear that would look good on a golf course. The striking busmen have just been warned by Sir John Elliot, the chairman of the London Transport Executive, that their service has been losing customers steadily during the past few years, as more private cars have come on the road, and that it stands to lose still more when the strike finally breaks and the walkers are free to choose their method of getting to work. To judge by the numbers of citizens who have written to the papers saying that walking saves money and makes them feel better, and that it's fine to breathe air uncontaminated by diesel-oil fumes from the buses, this may well be so. This last week, the biggest traffic jams of determined hikers mixed up with cars and taxis have been bearing down, non-stop, on the Chelsea Flower Show, where one of the most admired exhibits has been a genuine imported French flower-and-vegetable garden, all a-blowing and a-growing in the way that France's friends here wish she were herself.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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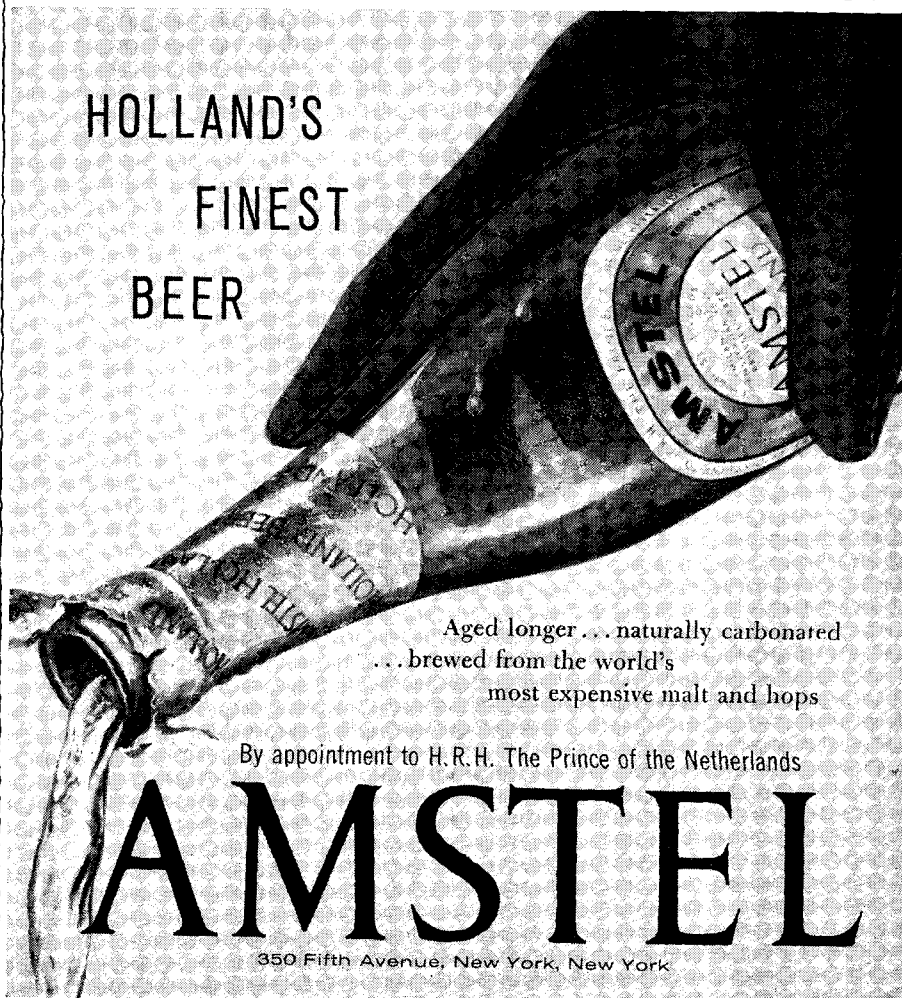
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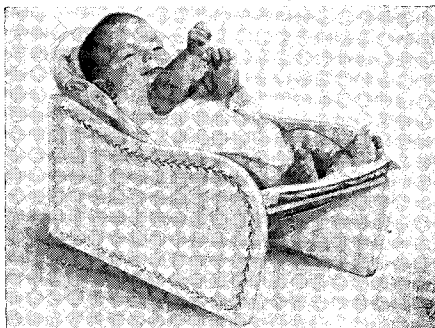
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THE RACE TRACK

Big Effort



THE week's sheaf of reports contains only a few notes from Belmont that we need bother with. The Acorn Stakes for three-year-old fillies, which had its twenty-eighth running last Saturday, is supposed to tell who is going to win the Coaching Club American Oaks, but it really doesn't, since only five fillies have ever brought off the double. That's one reason I hesitate to make any predictions about Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Big Effort, the latest—and a very convincing—winner of the Acorn. Another reason is that unbeaten Idun, the wonder filly of last season, wasn't in the race. It seems that she recently went off her feed a bit, but she's all right now, and it is fully expected that she'll be out for the Oaks, on June 21st. There were eleven starters in the Acorn (if Idun had run, she would have scared off half of them), and it was a thrilling race to watch, with Ramadel, Charming Hildy, and Shy Dancer going at a breakneck pace for more than half the mile run, and Big Effort coming around the leaders on the turn for home to win by six lengths from Polamby, the second choice, and Lopar, the favorite. Curiously, Big Effort, who has the air of a racer, was lightly regarded in the betting (she paid a \$23.80 mutuel), although she had beaten older and more seasoned runners in her first race this season, four days earlier. I suppose the horseplayers were attracted to Lopar because she had won her last two starts, and to Polamby because she was ridden by Arcaro.

In a seven-furlong sprint over the grass course just before the Acorn, Arcaro rode Pantene, a French horse who caught my eye. Taking the lead quickly, Pantene stood off half a dozen challenges before he won by more than a length from Anxious Moment, and paid \$37.20. (Arcaro wins on long ones, too.) Pantene, who was imported by the Cockfield Stable, was well fancied abroad, but his efforts on dirt tracks in this country have been dismal. His form on turf may be something else again.

So many of the two-year-olds have been coughing and sneezing (the same old epidemic comes around every

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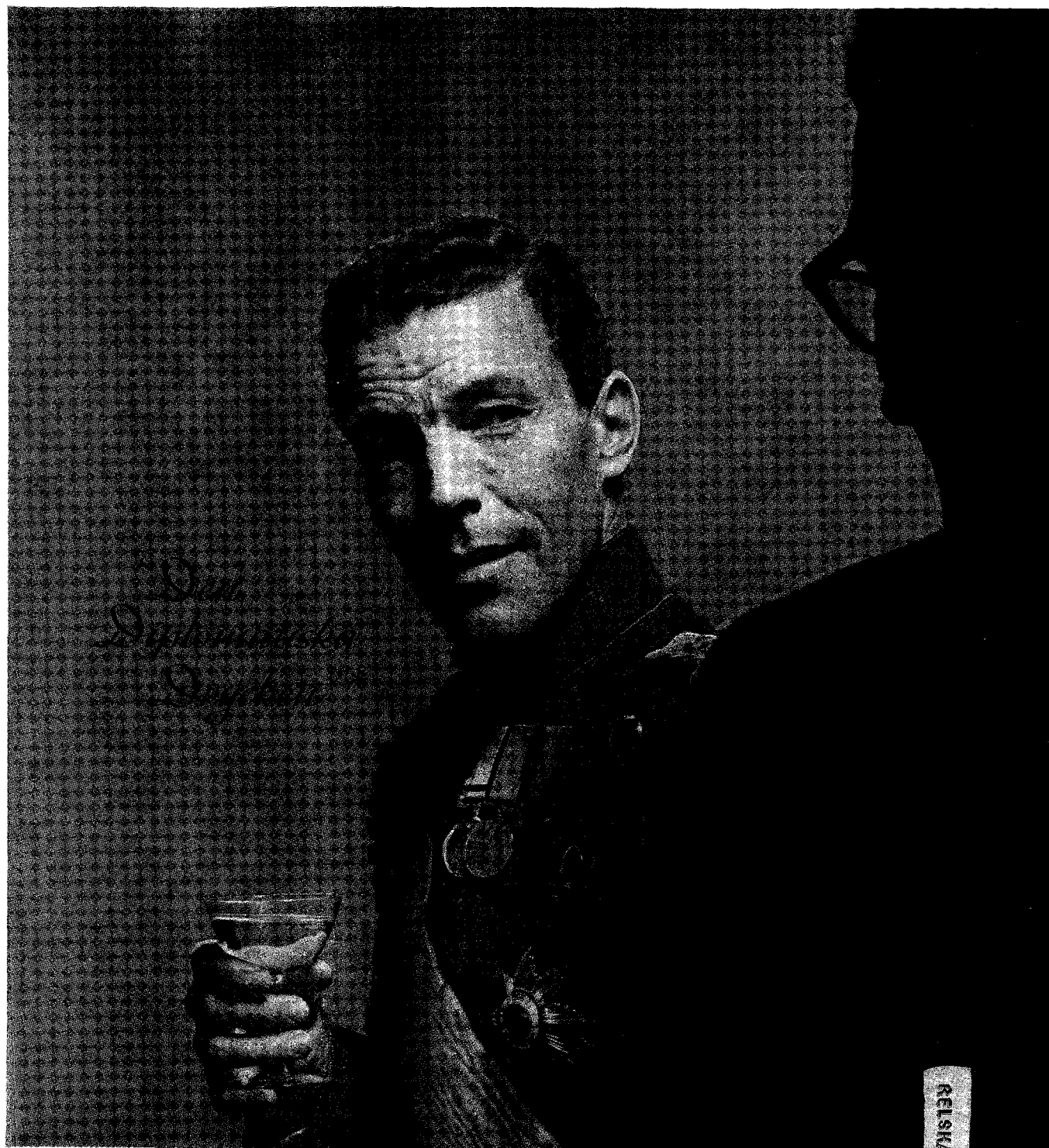
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¼ cup water
1½ tablespoons salt
3 tablespoons
sugar
1½ teaspoons
Tabasco
2 to 3 broiler-
fryer chickens,
quartered

Heat to boil Mazola Oil, lemon juice, water, salt, sugar and Tabasco; keep hot. Brush chicken with sauce. Grill 12 inches from heat, skin side up. Cook slowly about 1 hour, until tender. Turn and baste often with well mixed barbecue sauce. Serve extra sauce with chicken.

For highly seasoned sauce, increase Tabasco—add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

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spring) that it's hard to tell much about them. I can report, however, that Lawdy Claudy, a filly who has escaped the scourge, galloped off with the Fashion Stakes the other afternoon. Aesthetic, a hundred-to-one shot, was second, and Hope Is Eternal (named in honor of horseplayers, I suppose) was third. Lawdy Claudy won more easily than she did in the Rosedale at Jamaica last month. She's a showy black filly by Woodchuck, a useful sprinter who won the Paumonok in 1952.

As interesting an item as any at Belmont last week was the return of Gallant Man, who worked out between races there for the Carter Handicap, on Memorial Day, in which he'll meet Bold Ruler. It was a good gallop—six furlongs in 1:11 $\frac{4}{5}$ —but what impressed me was his looks. Last year he was light-bodied and on the small side, but over the winter he has grown and filled out amazingly. He'll run well in the Carter, which is at seven furlongs, but I venture to predict that he'll go better in the Metropolitan, which is a furlong longer, and best of all in the Suburban, at a mile and a quarter.

SPEAKING of Gallant Man and Bold Ruler, their last year's rival, Round Table, was beaten in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park last weekend. Seaneen, carrying twenty-one pounds less than Round Table, who carried a hundred and thirty, won by four lengths, and Terrang was third. The Californian is an unlucky race for top horses. Round Table finished second to Social Climber in it last year, and then proceeded to win five straight at the same track—the Track of the Lakes and Flowers, they call it—and in 1956 Swaps lost the race through no fault of his own, but let's not go into that again. Anyhow, second money brought Round Table's total earnings to \$1,025,764.

NOBODY, I'm sure, expected anyone but Lincoln Road to win the Jersey Stakes at Garden State Park last Saturday. He had speed and an advantage in the weights over his more dangerous opponents, and he made use of both. From all accounts, Talent Show, who came in second, was by far the best of the others, including Li'l Fella, who made a strong finish to be third. I was pleased to learn that Lincoln Road's stable isn't going to send him against Tim Tam in the Belmont. He just isn't up to a mile and a half. Besides, racers know when they're beaten repeatedly, and it sours them. He's too nice a colt for that. —AUDAX MINOR



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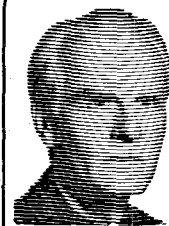
MUSICAL EVENTS

In the Grand Manner



THE buildup surrounding the return to America of Van Cliburn as winner of the Moscow Tchaikovsky Competition for Pianists had somewhat the character of the one that Charles Lindbergh was accorded following his historic Atlantic crossing, and it naturally put some thoughtful people on the defensive. Their emotions included doubt that the Russians were capable of holding any sort of competition that was not rigged for political purposes, annoyance that we had to wait for them to put their stamp of approval on one of our own artists, and a certain amount of irritation over the fact that our own government does not sponsor competitions of this kind, which would help young musicians soar to comparable heights of public glory. But early last week, when Mr. Cliburn made his much heralded appearance in Carnegie Hall, accompanied by the Symphony of the Air, all such carping quickly evaporated.

The Russians, it turned out, had been quite right. The long, weedy-looking twenty-three-old Texan with the furiously tomentose scalp and the fingers reminding stalks of asparagus actually proved to be a pianist in the grand manner. In saying this, I am referring to a special, rare, and profoundly impressive kind of piano playing. Mr. Cliburn is not, like many of his contemporaries, a neat, antiseptic technician who shines in Scarlatti and Bartók. He is a living representative of the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century school of virtuosity, which included such formidable artists as Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Lhevinne, and Josef Hofmann, and it is indeed heartening to find the traditions of this school flourishing again in one so young. Mr. Cliburn has plenty of technique. His octave passages are electrifying; he can produce a tremendous volume and variety of tone; and he could, if he desired, make a magnificent impression as a master of the showier side of his art. But the most arresting thing about his playing is his mastery of other things—the tasteful and assured use of rubato in the style of the distinguished virtuosos of the past, the delicacy in executing pianissimos, the sure sense of musical phraseology, the feeling



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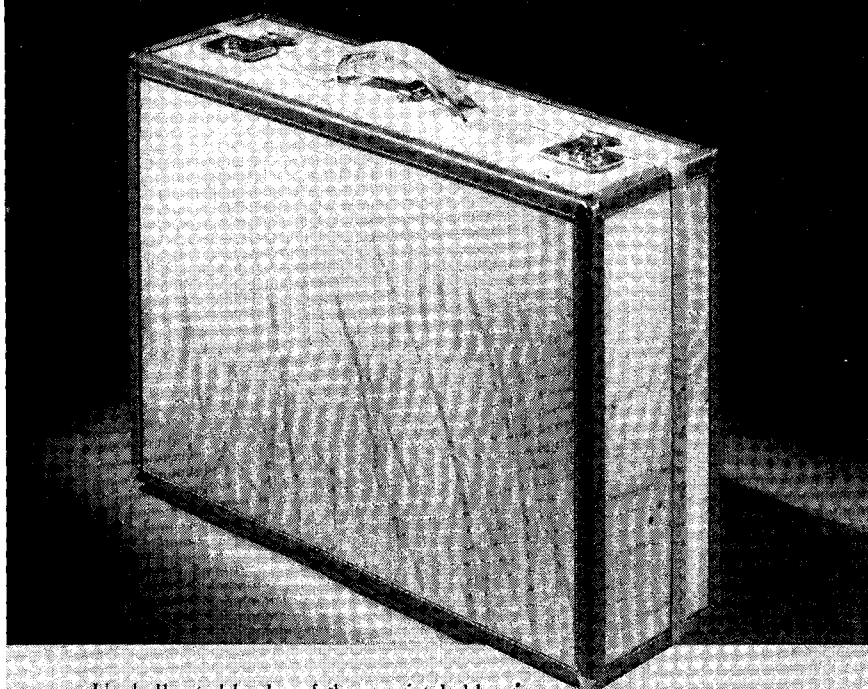
for restraint as well as climax, and all the remaining elements of musical sensitivity that go to make up a superb keyboard artist.

The works Mr. Cliburn chose for the occasion were the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto and the Third Piano Concerto of Rachmaninoff—and he played the latter, by the way, in its original version, including those passages Rachmaninoff himself later deleted, on the ground that the composition was too difficult for most pianists to tackle. It is now fashionable in some circles—notably those inhabited by composers incapable of writing effective piano music, who today constitute a majority—to disparage these celebrated works as mere showpieces. They seem that way, however, only when played by a mediocre pianist. Actually, they represent a complete command of the instrument and a deep understanding of the psychological purposes of pianistic artistry—qualities that are practically extinct in contemporary music. Mr. Cliburn's performances of the two concertos gave them all their inherent dignity, fire, and romantic tenderness, and in listening to him one realized anew what eloquent works they are, and why during their period the piano ranked as the most expressive of musical instruments. There are, of course, on the current horizon a number of pianists—one thinks of Artur Schnabel and Louis Kentner, among others—who have a commendable grasp of the tradition embodied in these and similar works, and some of whom, owing to greater maturity, play them with even more finesse and suavity than Mr. Cliburn. Still, in all my years of listening to pianists I cannot remember a youthful artist who seemed to comprehend the traditions as well, or to give comparable promise of becoming a great virtuoso.

The Symphony of the Air was conducted the other night by an imported Russian named Kiril P. Kondrashin, who provided unusually perceptive accompaniments, as well as a highly disciplined and incisive performance of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony." I suspect that if it had not been for the furor over Mr. Cliburn, Mr. Kondrashin would have been quite a hit, too. In any case, I look forward to hearing him conduct again, for he has the dedicated musicianship and the hair-trigger control characteristic of an important maestro.

FRANÇOISE SAGAN's ballet "The Broken Date," which arrived at the Adelphi Theatre from Paris later in the

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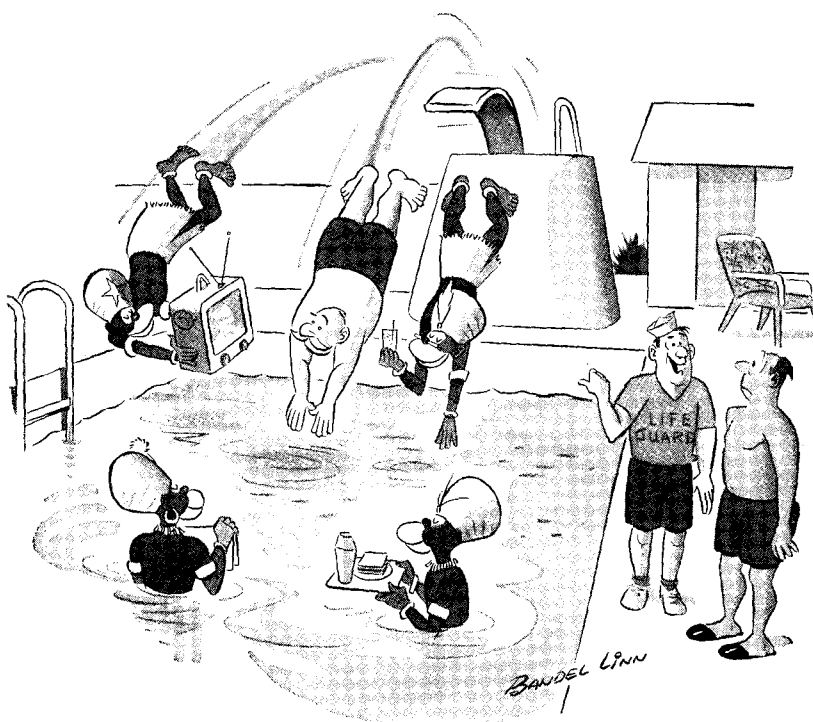
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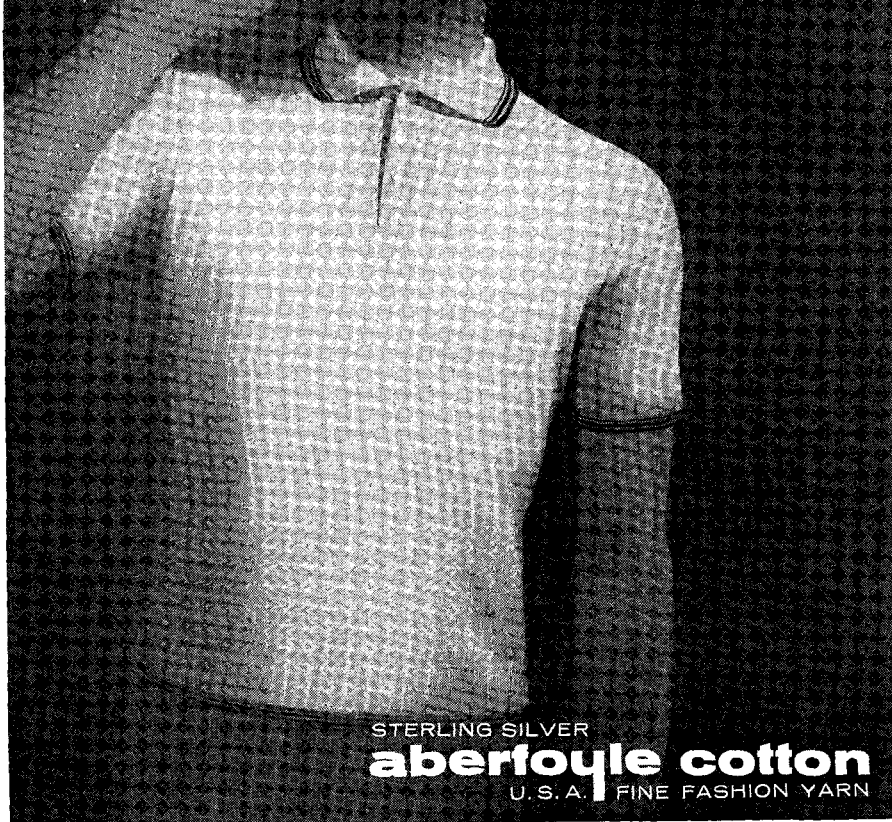
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week, is a juvenile study in algolagnia—a word that, to save you a trip to the dictionary, involves the art of gloating over sexual suffering. Its plot concerns a young man who, when his married mistress fails to show up for a soirée, seduces a sweater girl, feels remorse, drinks what appears to be a bottle of iodine, and dies just at the moment his mistress returns to him, full of love and penitence. Its scenery, by the well-known French painter Bernard Buffet, is rather scratchy-looking and not especially well suited to the theatre. Its score, by Michel Magne, is a deafening concoction reminiscent of the music usually provided for Grade B Hollywood movies. Its choreography is the work of two Americans, John Taras and Don Lurio, neither of whom seems to ply his craft with any imagination whatever. There is, as a matter of fact, very little in it that can be described as dancing, and this lack is hardly compensated for by an abundance of temple-clutching, screaming, and agonized pantomime. I could, however, discern a few evidences of talent on the part of some of the cast—particularly Mr. Lurio, who, in the role of a concierge, does a drunken dance in the middle of the second act that shows an elementary flair for Broadway comedy.

Otherwise, the ballet's claim to interest seems to rest on two seduction scenes—one of them performed in a bathroom—which are set forth with a degree of realism that makes the spectacles of the Minsky Brothers appear sedate and aesthetically formal by contrast. The choreography of these scenes involves a number of wrestling holds and a great deal of vigorous rubbing of a sort that suggests that the participants are frantically engaged in anointing each other with sun-tan lotion. Three acts of this kind of thing proved to be a dreadful bore. Seductions are, after all, like children; one loves one's own, but prolonged and intimate exposure to other people's is apt to be trying, to say the least. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

Strong then was questioned about the safe. He said the manager, Louis Green, who lives with his wife in an eighth-floor apartment, had the combination. While three thugs stood guard below, two robbers had Elkins ride them up to Green's suite.

Green was taken down to the lobby and at gunpoint ordered to open the safe. He said he couldn't open the safe. He said he couldn't.

—The News.

Get hold of yourself, Green!

BOOKS

The Emergence of Clarence



"THE CONTENDERS" (St. Martin's Press), a new book by John Wain, a young English poet, critic, and novelist, wisely makes only a pass at being a novel. Primarily, it is a work of ridicule, an obstreperous type of writing that always seems to stick out of whatever form it lands in. (The graceful perfection of Pope's couplets is invariably obscured by the steady, disturbing static of his wit, and, sooner or later, Swift's venom bulges uncontrollably out of his tidy, novel-like structures.) Mr. Wain, who is an unbridled and highly skilled clown, has patched together a genuine comedy about three men, born and raised in the English Midlands, out of old vaudeville routines—slapstick; the woman talking interminably in the phone booth; funny dialects; the fat man—and a pure, unabashed sense of the ridiculous. But he does it with the freshness of the inventor, and not as a borrower: "Myra held out her hand to me with one of the gestures they taught her in ballet classes when she was sixteen. I didn't know whether I was meant to shake it, kiss it, or get out a box of matches and light it for her." He is also a fearless writer who, unlike many of his English contemporaries, doesn't consider style an aberration; his prose is awash with inspired metaphors and similes, and, in the manner of Rebecca West, he occasionally allows them to grow into small fantasies that both illuminate and decorate. Here is his refashioning of the oldest device in the world, the drunk scene:

There was only one way to fight my fatigue and drunkenness... [by] releasing my hold on the life-line and deliberately sinking like a stone, down into the roomy depths where my headache, thirst, and lassitude wouldn't matter. I felt like a man who has died at sea and is being sewn into his shroud... for marine burial. I even muttered to myself, "His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud Drops in his vast and wandering grave." God bless Tennyson! I smiled carelessly to myself... Conversational tides, full of starfish, whales, plankton, and fragments of purposely dismantled ships, washed over me. I floated downwards through landscape gardens of sea-plants and rock-formations. The light grew dimmer. Soon I would be among the deep-sea fish, who die if they are brought within a mile of the surface. It was all delightfully relaxing.

While all the finger-snapping and soft-shoe dancing is going on, Mr.

Wain is secretly busy with an extremely difficult feat—a convincing portrait of a wholly good man, an extended joke that is not revealed until the end of the book. It starts on the first page, where Mr. Wain sidelines his real hero, Joe Shaw, by making him a raconteur about to tell the story of a complex, twenty-year relationship between his two oldest friends. Mr. Wain further dismisses him as a fat, genial, inconspicuous man who grows up full of self-pity and without an inch of ambition. The two friends are Ned Roper, a tall, cool extrovert who views life as a series of easy problems in logic, and Robert Lamb, a short, dark, self-centered rebel who never has anything under control except his talents as a painter. Both become celebrated and wealthy—Lamb as a painter and Roper as a pottery manufacturer. But they are driven by an uncontrollable need for oneupmanship that eventually becomes the mutual magnetism of hatred. They use Shaw as an unwieldy but essential mirror for their egos, as well as for a combination referee, Dorothy Dix, and Boswell, summoning him to London at all hours from their home town, where he has become

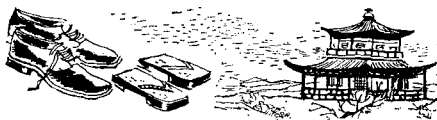
a newspaper reporter. At the same time, Shaw, however placidly overstuffed on the outside, is suffering from severe inner contusions of his own:

No one knew of [my] rebellious feelings... In reality, I was poised in mid-air between two attitudes, and couldn't have come down on either side. I needed the thick, warm stew of provincial cosiness: I was a dab hand at the "Now-lad-you-must-take-us-as-you-find-us" stuff... On the other hand I should have gone mad if my bluff had been called and I'd been asked to settle into that position for good. Without frequent escapes to London and the Continent, I'd have been lost. But of course when I was in London I felt dissatisfied there too.

But Shaw's patience runs out. His side of his relationship with Roper and Lamb—as a blue-ribbon jury that examines, judges, and rules on all the greed, meanness, and phonyess they gradually reveal to him—puts an unbearable strain on his stoicism. It is at this point that one realizes that, just as Mr. Wain has intended, Roper and Lamb are only symbols—nicely fitted out with a wide assortment of standard human characteristics—of the war between Business and Art. It is Shaw who, like an enormous balloon in descent,



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has been slowly filling the sky. In what appears to be a final act of self-effacement, he dashes off to London once more to rescue a beautiful Italian servant girl Lamb has deserted (a replacement for his wife, whom Roper has stolen), and finds her after a nightmarish search in which such irrelevancies as this become engraved on his overheated mind:

THE SHORT ONE [a barber talking with two colleagues]: Seems to be a lot more pests about this year. When I first started growin' vegetables, you didn't seem to get none of these pests, not so much as they do now, like.

THE TALL ONE: If you want my explanation, it's all the atoms in the air.

THE FAT ONE: What's that religion where they don't kill nothink?

THE SHORT ONE: Quakers.

THE FAT ONE: No, that one where they don't eat nothink that's alive, and that. They don't kill nothink.

THE TALL ONE: Yerss. And suppose a gnat comes and lands on you. You brush him off, don't you? And durin' the brushin' process 'e gets killed.

Shaw tells the girl *he* is taking her home with him, she agrees, and in a fit of grateful self-revelation he tells her his true first name ("My Christian name isn't really Joe [he has said at the start of the book]; it's an absurd name that I always detested and wouldn't let anybody use"). It is Clarence, a stolid synonym for the venerable strengths of provincial England, which, like China, eventually absorbs all evil without a ripple.

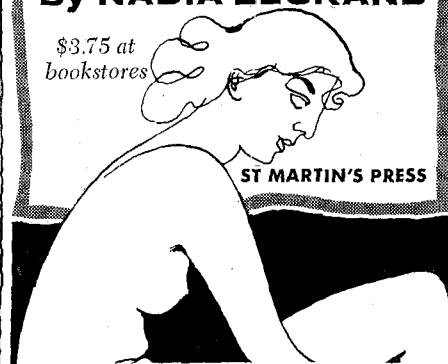
MR. WAIN has a quality of shaggy lunacy when compared to Warren Miller, a young American novelist. Mr. Miller's second novel, "The Way We Live Now" (Little, Brown), is a tight, serious, careful book, whose sentences are as smooth as baby food and whose characters often talk as if they were holding a seminar on wit. Indeed, Mr. Miller's approach resembles the devices that one uses to divert a child exposed to tragedy, for it conceals a story full of sad, desperate middle-class Americans struggling with divorce, mental unbalance, and general rootlessness. Lionel Aldridge, a thirty-two-year-old New York insurance man, leaves his wife and five-year-old daughter because he is frustrated sexually and emotionally. He moves into a Spartan apartment in Greenwich Village, and takes up unsuccessfully with a maternal divorcée, Rosalind, who suffocates him, and an old girl friend, Amelia, who, though she loves him, refuses to sacrifice her marriage or her children. Then Lionel's wife moves to

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DODD, MEAD

California with their daughter, whom he worships, and he is left face to face with himself. It is a disheartening moment. Whenever Lionel is not with his daughter or his women, he carouses with old college friends. He visits one of them, with a mutual friend, while trundling home a cot he has just purchased:

They wheeled the cot to Martha's door and rang the bell. A maid opened it and frowned at them. "What d'you boys want here?" she said.

"We'd like to speak to the lady of the house."

Martha came to the door with a napkin in her hand.

"What's all this, boys?" she asked, looking at the cot.

Nicholas said, "I told you she'd want to see this cot."

Lionel said, "I said she'd want to see the cot. *You* said she'd never forgive us if we didn't stop by."

"Well I don't know about *that*," Martha said. "Why don't you boys come in and refresh yourselves? That must be hard work."

"Oh we're used to it. Don't go anywhere without it."

"Made a solemn promise to our daddy. Take it with us always."

"Just leave it here in the foyer," Martha said. "It won't disturb the horse."

Mr. Miller almost never lets up on this bravura coating of smile, smile, smile. And the few times he allows such realities as madness, perversion, loneliness, or hatred out into the open, it is too late. As a result, his book has an air of rationed naturalism, like those precise Hudson River School landscapes with their doll-like houses, flat, gleaming water, and emerald meadows on which the artist has invariably imposed, for the sake of reality, a dead tree, a wild garden, or a vine-tangled ruin, which only stains the view, while making it twice as romantic. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE QUICK YEARS, by Jean Ariss (Harper). This story, written in a passion of love and admiration, describes the first thirty-five years of the marriage of Sarah Englemonger, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and Joseph Baer, a city-bred Jew who turns to farming in his disgust with city life. The scene is a California farm, where life is uproariously domestic—the Baers have twelve children—busy, and independent, and where the air is always alive with questions and discussions, because Joseph Baer is a man who takes nothing for granted and will allow no one near him to rest for very long. Shar-

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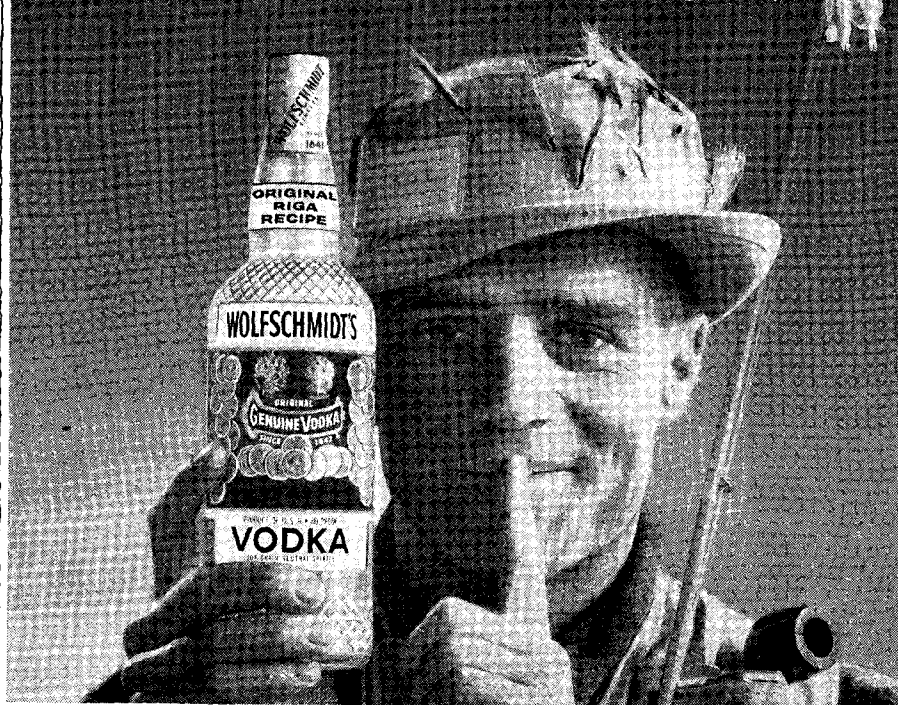
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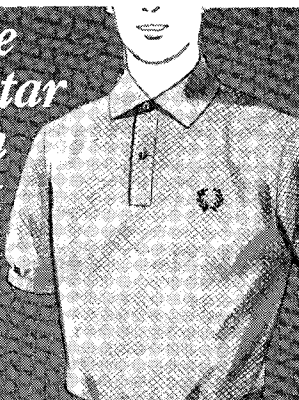
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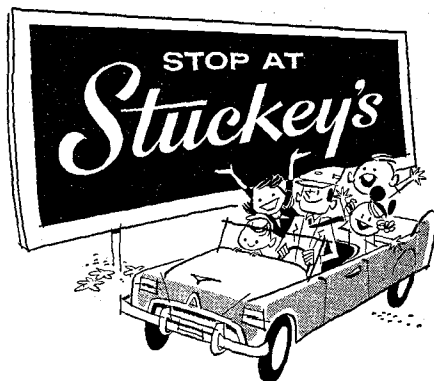
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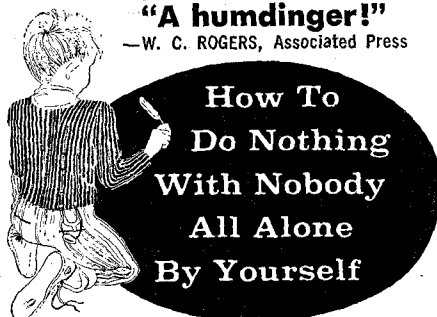
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on, a granddaughter of the family, tells the story, and through her adoring eyes we see Sarah and Joseph as giant figures, both furious, though in different ways, both generous, and, together, in absolute command of the clamorous and interesting world they have made for themselves and their clan, where love and understanding flow freely and all the instincts, except the one for privacy, are recognized and respected.

THE STARS GROW PALE, by Karl Bjarnhof, translated from the Danish by Naomi Walford (Knopf). A complex, multi-layered recollection of the period, just before his teens, when the author, a member of a poor family in a small Danish village, was gradually and inexorably going blind. Casting his book as a novel, Mr. Bjarnhof writes—with the genuine poet's feeling for the nuances and colors of both the interior and the exterior world—not of something fearful and menacing but of his narrator's step-by-step withdrawal from ordinary two-by-four reality into a nearly religious state of awareness and purpose, brought on by the cruelty of other children, by the half understanding of his parents and teachers, and, most of all, by his unfailing sensitivity and toughness of mind. Uncannily, the author seems able to relive, rather than merely imagine or long for, his past; as a result, his delineation of two of the sharpest emotions one can experience—the pain caused in a delicate, intuitive child by lack of communication with the adult world, and the quite different, almost releasing pain of loving trees, the wind, fields, and stars—never for a moment spills over into the sentimental. A moving, honest, and completely sustained work of sensibility.

ST. DINGAN'S BONES, by Julian Calender (Vanguard). Some poor, cheerful Connemara children, as enthusiastic about their prayers and devotions as they are about plaguing their parents and any other grown-ups unfortunate enough to cross their path, see a radiant airborne vision and afterward find a small bone, which they and their families and neighbors are convinced is a holy relic. When the relic gives evidence of being miraculous, the children and their village, Ballydingan, become famous, to the dismay of the local clergy, Protestant and Catholic, and to the worse dismay of some assorted intellectuals who thought they had



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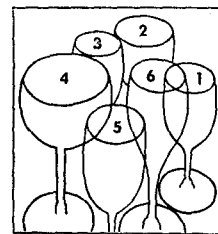
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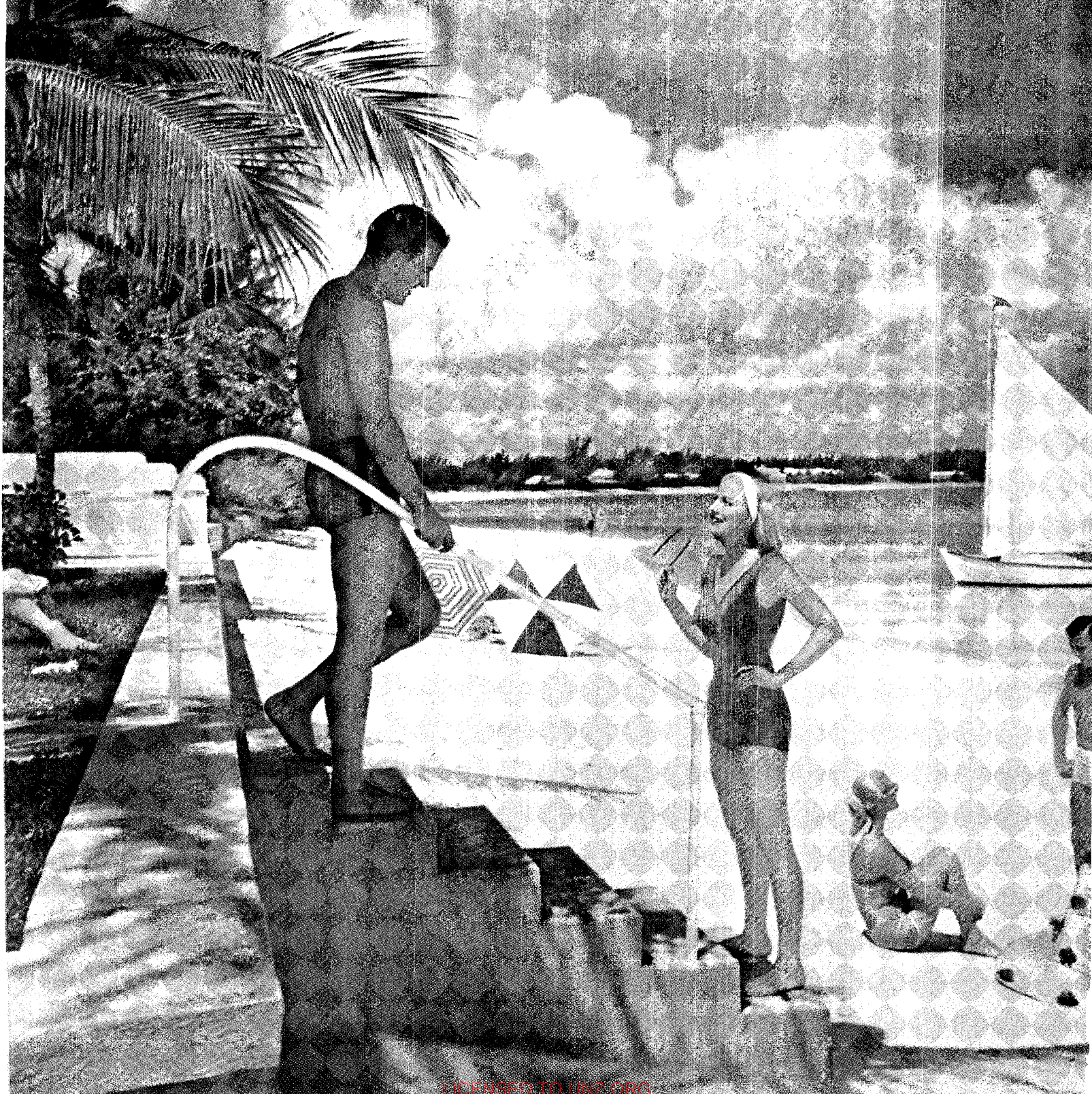
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found a refuge from the noisy world. This is a mild little novel, but fresh and amusing and parochial in an agreeable, familiar way.

ENTRY E, by Richard Frede (Random House). Callow, but alive and growing older, Ed Bogard, a university junior who is uneasy about the distance between him and what he envisions as the unpredictable, perilous hub of life—a distance that he has always cautiously maintained, because he loves secure ways and safe bets—forces himself to become involved, or, rather, immersed, in a situation that is distasteful to him and that can result in his complete disgrace. Bogard's university is in New England, and his challenge presents itself during a wild November weekend of celebration, with drinking parties and girl visitors to hasten the moment when he will put himself on trial. Mr. Frede's writing has a youthful vigor.

SEIDMAN AND SON, by Elick Moll (Putnam). The sentimental meanderings of Morris Seidman, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer and philosopher, are good to read. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

ORSINI: THE STORY OF A CONSPIRATOR, by Michael St. John Packe (Little, Brown). "This love of country is a religious mania with you Italians," the Austrian inquisitor Baron Sanchez cried out at his first meeting with the subject of this study, and then added, with something like awe, "Your life is a romance from beginning to end." Orsini's was indeed. Born near Bologna in 1819, the son of a Bonapartist officer, Felice Orsini was a fugitive from justice (on a manslaughter charge) at seventeen. At eighteen, his record cleared by the direct intervention of the Pope, he was on the way to becoming a Jesuit. At twenty-two, he fled the order and joined the Young Italy movement, where he rapidly came to the attention of Mazzini. During the next seventeen years, he served that dreamy bumbler as a dependable officer, agent, and trouble shooter in a dozen abortive uprisings and in a hundred hurried journeys throughout Europe, and was five times imprisoned by the Austrian overlords of Italy (once in the sinister fortress at Mantua, where he met Sanchez and from which he accomplished an unprecedented escape). He later broke with Mazzini, attempted to assassinate

idea of-the-month



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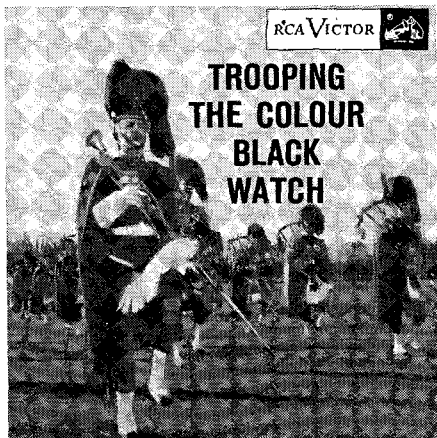
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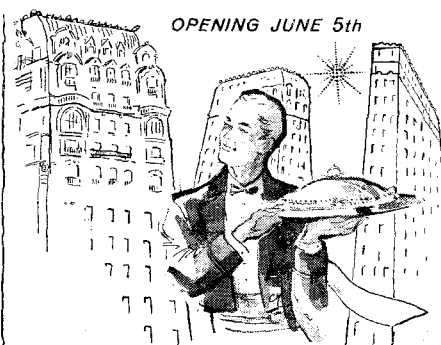
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nate Napoleon III, failed, fell into the hands of the Paris police, confessed, almost succeeded in persuading his intended victim to pardon him, and died, a contented martyr of the Risorgimento, on the guillotine in 1858. It would, of course, be impossible to make a dull book of such an astonishing career, but Mr. Packe, to his credit, has done more than merely entertain us. He shows us at once, and with considerable style and wit, a revolutionary, a man, and a crucial period in European history. The result is a book of distinction. Illustrated with photographs, contemporary portraits, and maps.

MARCEL PROUST ON ART AND LITERATURE 1896-1919, translated by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Meridian). This book came out in Paris in 1954, under the title "Contre Sainte-Beuve," and consists of a two-hundred-and-fifty-seven-page essay in which Proust takes exception to the methods of that critic, and twenty-seven short pieces, mostly about writers and artists. The essay was written in a white heat shortly before he began "Swann's Way," and he did not succeed in publishing it. Some of the chapters take the form of conversations with his mother, who had just died, and the essay itself shows signs of wanting to turn into a novel. You can even see what novel, for the theme of Proust's great work is announced on pages 153-54, and familiar places and figures are introduced for the first time—Combray and Balbec, M. de Guermantes and the Baron de Charlus (under another name). Rather shockingly, the famous *madeleine* that Proust dipped in his tea and ate, to the enrichment of everybody, is here simply a rusk, a fact that in itself opens whole vistas of snobbishness and also reveals something important about writers; namely, that they are not to be trusted. Miss Warner's translation has drive and, as one would expect, literary distinction. Her own highly characteristic style is nowhere evident, but there are nevertheless passages where the language is incandescently beautiful, making one wonder whether the C. K. Scott-Moncrieff translation of the first thirteen volumes of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," excellent though it is, is the best possible. Scott-Moncrieff tends to use many more words than are in the original text, and the original is never, of course, laconic. This is not true of Miss Warner's



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translation. In fairness, it should be said that in this early volume Proust was rather a different writer and had not completely let himself go, though those long, long sentences can be seen approaching, like fish below the surface of the water.

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE, by James Leasor (Reynal). A painstaking and melancholy study of human folly, centered on the almost medieval story of the last and biggest of the British dirigibles, the R. 101, which took off for India from Cardington, England, on the stormy night of October 4, 1930, and less than eight hours later crashed and exploded north of Paris, killing forty-eight of the fifty-four people aboard. The largest airship in the world, the R. 101 had taken six years to build, and cost the state a million pounds. She was seven hundred and seventy-seven feet long, was driven by five enormous diesel engines, sported a lounge, furnished with potted palms, that was the size of a tennis court, and was held, like the Titanic, to be invulnerable. At the same time, owing to political pressures (money, public and official impatience, and so forth), the ship was forced to leave before being properly tested (she had never flown in bad weather), she was overloaded, her engines were far from proved, and her gasbags, made of the intestinal membranes of an estimated million bullocks, were, because of unavoidable chafing against the vessel's girders, continually springing leaks. In addition to quotes from the official inquiry into the disaster, Mr. Leasor includes the transcript of a fascinating series of séances held not long after the crash, in which the spirits of various crew members and passengers explained its exact causes—a document that the court of inquiry could not legally consider and that has never before been publicly printed. Mr. Leasor's writing is remarkably polite. Photographs.

KING ARTHUR'S AVALON: THE STORY OF GLASTONBURY, by Geoffrey Ashe (Dutton). An absorbing history of the oldest Christian holy place in England. Glastonbury Abbey is a ruin today, having been destroyed by Henry VIII, but there has been some sort of Christian shrine on its site from the very earliest times—perhaps as far back as the first century. The church there survived the Saxon and Viking invasions, and by the Middle Ages the place was already so old that tradi-

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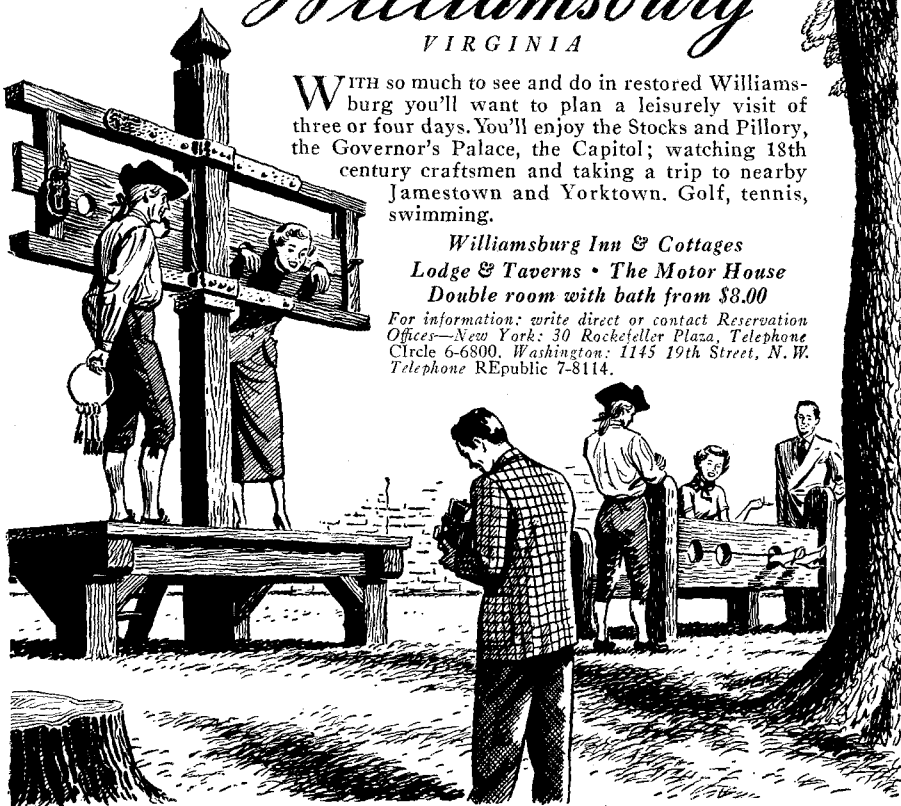
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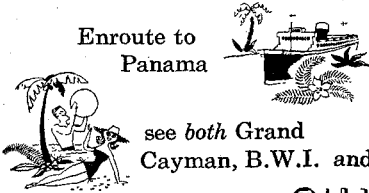
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tion named Joseph of Arimathea as its founder and identified it as the mysterious Avalon where Arthur lay buried. Mr. Ashe, who writes precise, witty, and charming prose, explores these and other legends with just the right mixture of critical care and affectionate awe.

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLIC BABY, by Philip O'Connor (British Book Centre). The autobiography of a man who has written a little poetry and who wants to tell all about his disordered life. It is hard to guess whether Mr. O'Connor means to boast or to confess that he has flirted with homosexuals, that he lived off a woman until she had spent all her money and had to go to a mental hospital, and that he has, for the most part, avoided steady work. His book comes with a garnish of critical raves from England, and a rather mugwump introduction by Stephen Spender, who appears to be unduly concerned lest he seem to endorse it. The author's fluency is pretty impressive—so impressive that it almost conceals the fact that his work is, after all, a piteous and depressing case history.

FIVE PENS IN HAND, by Robert Graves (Doubleday). A collection of recent lectures, essays, poems, and stories. Mr. Graves is a lively storyteller, an original critic, and a fizzy controversialist, whose greatest merit, perhaps, is that nearly everything he writes—whether it deals with primitive religion, life on Majorca today, or problems of translation—is a delight to read.

A thorough study of the tornadoes which lashed Southern Illinois Dec. 18 might help in planning future disasters.
—*Carbondale (Ill.) Southern Illinoian*.

Then let's study them, by all means.

TEHERAN, IRAN, April 30 (AP)—Iran demanded today the return of four royal aides and the pilot of an Army plane that strayed into the Soviet Union Sunday.
—*The Times*.

Never mind the aides. Get back that pilot.

**MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY
OF THE WEEK**

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Cleveland Press*]

SALEM, ORE.—(UP)—The surprise bridal shower for Mrs. Leroy Davis at Jefferson was indeed a surprise—for the party givers.

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is about the total cost for a week's stay at a top-flight English resort. For the same

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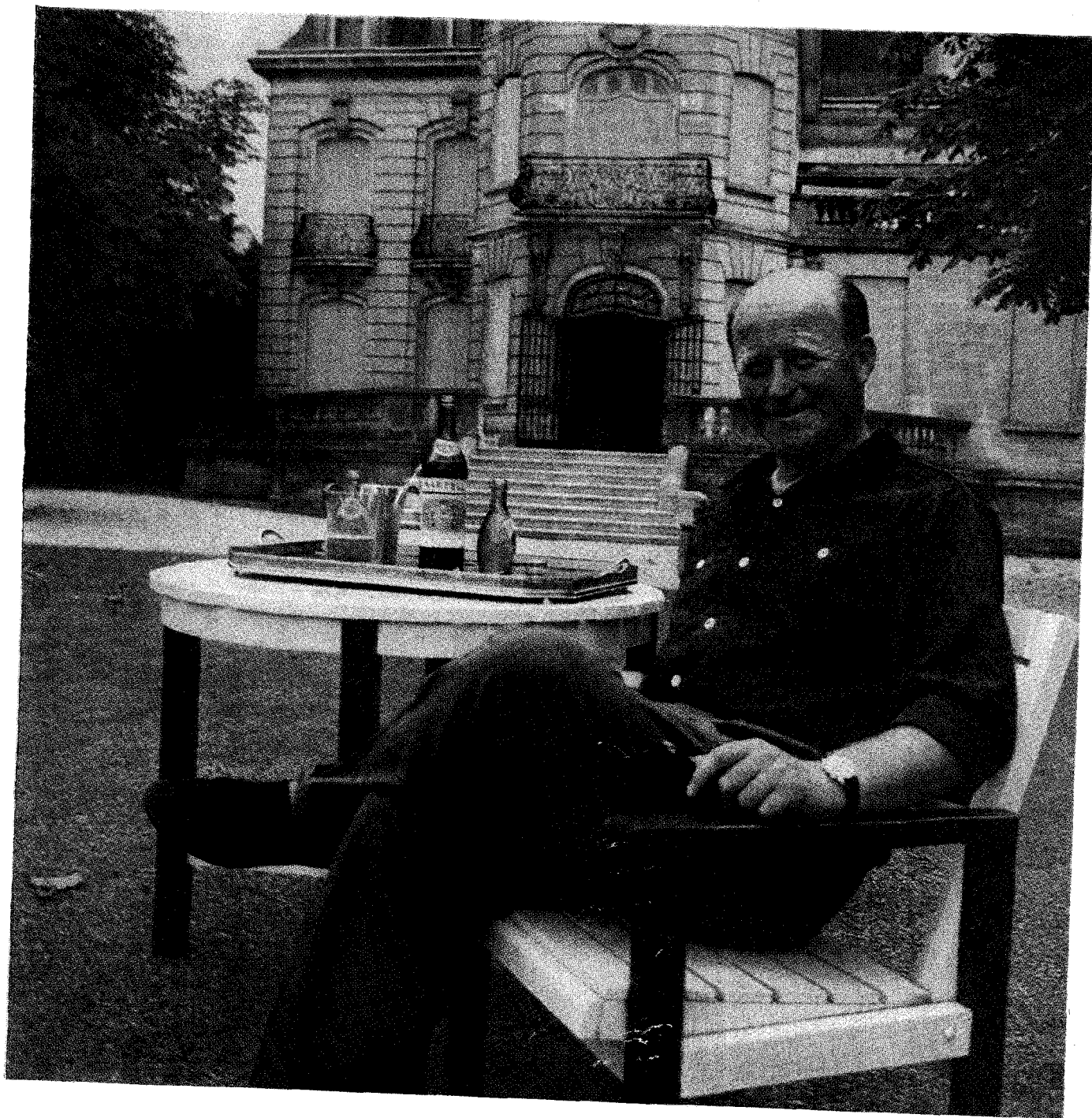
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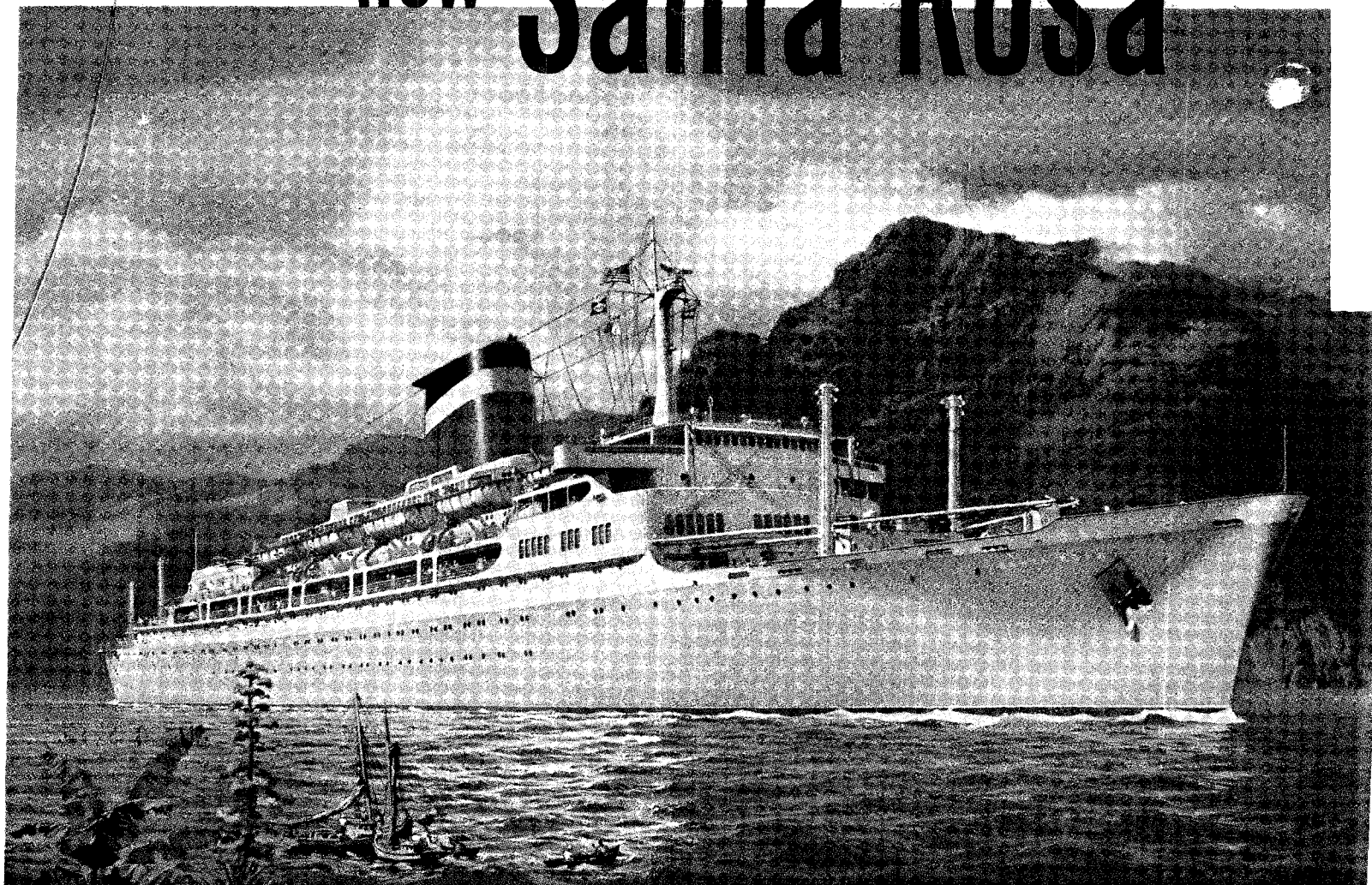
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